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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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CONTENTS.

POETRY.

		PAGE
Friendliest of Poets, To the	G. Herbert Clarke, '95	308
Human Way, The	A. E. H.	70
Lyric from Heine, A	W. S. Fox, '00	64
Madonna Mia	S.	149
Miracles	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	159
Peace	A. S. Woodburne, '06	200
Silent Man, The	M. A. Maitland	347
Songs of Home Coming:		
Hark! The Sons who Hasten Home	S. R. Tarr, '95	6
The Home-Coming	G. H. Clarke, '95	8
The Home-Coming of a Torontonian	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	10
Song of the Alsatian Wood-cutter, The	W. S. Fox, '00	247
Star of Bethlehem, The	C. S. Edwards, '06	97
Stoic, The	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	49
Stream, The	E. Edward Wells, '07	299
Voices, The	E. W. Clarke, '05	108
Wheel of Time, The	Thomas H. Moore	363

PROSE.

Address to the Graduating Classes	F. Tracy	3
Canterbury Cathedral, At	T. M.	297
Chronicles of '03, The	E. J. Bengough, '03	1
Convention in Rochester, Theological	I. G. Matthews, M.A.	103
Devonshire Village, In a	W. S. Grigg, '05	19
Dwellers in Autumn Fields and Forests	N. A. Harkness, '04	101
Edwards, Whitfield, and Wesley	Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A.	337
Enid's Love Story	Eva Wilkins, '07	302
Farewell to the Graduating Classes	Prof. R. Wilson Smith, Ph.D.	360
Freshman's Saturday Night, A	E. Edward Wells, '07	114
Funeral Exercises of Dr. Welton		264
Great Temple, The	H. R. Nobles, '06	163
Healer, The	S. R. Tarr, '95	248
Matthew Arnold as a Poet	S. R. Tarr, '95	50
McMaster Abroad: In India	Ralph E. Smith, '00	310

PROSE—*Continued.*

		PAGE
Milton's Great Sonnet	F. S. Beddow, '06	65
Moonlight Night on the Ottawa, A	Ephrem Viens, '05	68
Mount Julian at Sunrise, On	J. H. Cranston, '05	68
Need of Evangelism, The	W. A. Cameron, '06	215
Notched Stick, The	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	256
Notes on English Psalmody and Hymnody	Sir John A. Boyd	193, 241
Pages from a Modern Diary	E. F. Cohoe, '06	165
Pastor's Reading, The	P. K. Dayfoot	13
Prairie Flowers	W. G. Carpenter, '05	308
Radium and the Atomic Theory	W. P. Cohoe, M.A.	145
"Season of Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness,"	J. B. McLaurin, '05	62
Simple Change, A	L. H. Werden, '07	157
St. Paul at Athens	W. S. Fox, '00	150
St. Paul in Corinth	W. S. Fox, '00	289
Story of Antigone, The	Joseph Janes, '05	160
Three Nuns of St. Adolphe, The	G. H. Campbell, '00	98
Tracks in the Snow	V. A. Ray, '03	212
Trip to Palestine, Our	C. P.	348
Village Wood-Cutter, The	"Sophomore"	110
Youthful Devotee, A	"Onlooker"	167
Way of the Wild, The	Ralph G. Hartley, '05	201
When I was Six	Frank S. Beddow, '06	207

Editorial Notes	23, 72, 118, 169, 221, 270, 315, 365
Book Reviews	25, 74, 120, 171, 222, 316
College News	28, 75, 123, 172, 223, 273, 317, 367
Athletics	36, 85, 131, 181, 229, 281, 324, 377
Here and There	44, 93, 140, 187, 236, 287, 330, 381

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
OCTOBER, 1903.

THE CHRONICLES OF '03.

In the golden days of one October, towards the end of the nineteenth century, the charter members of '03 gathered together from almost all parts of the continent, for four years of comradeship in struggle and victory, in depression and elation. As a class we were probably as green as any that ever submitted themselves to the ripening influences of McMaster, although unto ourselves we appeared very wise, which fact naturally was merely a proof of our freshness.

A class spirit was developed, however, and one afternoon early in the term a class organization was formed and a long and complete constitution drawn up. This document was duly approved and adopted and filed away with the secretary, but it is a question whether it ever again saw the light of day. An unwritten constitution is ever the best, especially when the written one is lost.

Naughty-Three was the first class to enter the new color scheme now in vogue, and without a murmur they accepted the green ribbon as a badge of their verdancy.

> "Theirs was not to reason why,
> Theirs was not to make reply,
> Theirs was but to be the guy
> As a freshman class."

The green badge, however, became a rallying ensign, and in the Battle of the Benches on Field Day, the Seniors were given to understand that a new power had arisen, and that '03 was henceforth to be considered.

Although we gained new members from '02, the Field Day of 1900 found the ranks of '03 somewhat depleted. Misfortune reigned, and '03 met with defeat. The Chancellor wondered where '03 was, anyway ; disappointment was evident among the members of the class on the grand stand ; lamentations were heard on every side, and even the seats were in tiers.

But Naughty-Three did not "pine away"; it "spruced up," and the following year carried off the Matthews cup. The fourth year found the class still in the forefront, for in the person of E. J. Farmer it captured the McNaught cup and the Chancellor's medal.

The social side of college life was enjoyed from the first. Our freshman rally and also our sophomore gathering were held in the hospitable home of Dr. Newman, "since departed." In our Junior year we accepted Mrs. C. L. Starr's invitation, and made merry in her home.

In the fourth year a sleigh-ride was substituted for the time-honored rally. A committee appointed for the purpose recommended as an objective point an assembly room in connection with a hotel in Weston, which room had as its chief attraction "an elegant floor." Such a glowing account was not to be resisted, and the class unanimously decided to go and enjoy the luxuries so eloquently described. The evening was mild and the snow had almost been converted into slush and water ; but the company was genial and spirits were jovial, and mirth was general, and what did it matter if the sleigh did slew and ship a little water occasionally ? The class was out for a good time and it certainly found it. The expected room was reached in good time and it was truly a wonderful place. Though the floor was probably the chief feature, the piano ran it a close second. The pleasing irregularity of the scratches and fractures of the surface lent a charm to the appearance of the instrument, and the hinges of its cover made an excellent substitute for nut-crackers. But the rifts in the lute did not make the music mute, for when any of the many able musicians of the class attempted to discourse the sweet strains of some such touching ballad as "The Good Old Summer Time," the steam calliope of a circus procession subsided into insignificance in comparison.

During the fourth year the time sped swiftly by ; annual, and

monthly, and weekly, and at last daily events came around for the last time. After examinations the class met for a last social gathering before separation, in an excursion up the Humber. The day was all-glorious and beautiful, and fears had been set at rest by a message from the Registrar announcing that all members of the class had passed the required test for graduation. In this particular '03 again made a record, being the first class for about five years to come through the final ordeal without a break in the ranks.

Naughty-Three has been piloted through the difficulties and dangers of class existence by an able line of presidents. First came F. F. McEwen, who afterward left us to go into the mysteries of medicine. He was followed by C. C. Lumley, sometimes known as "Doc." but more usually by the familiar name of Charlie. His successor in office was J. N. McLean, the man with the smile that won't come off. During the fourth year Hugh McDiarmid was at the helm, and all went well. When his term of office expired, the class entrusted its future to the leadership of V. A. Ray, in the fullest confidence that he will ably fill the office *in perpetuo.*

E. J. Bengough, '03.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASSES.*

Before addressing myself more especially to the graduating classes, may I be permitted to say a word or two in a general way on the significance of the present occasion.

It seems only yesterday that McMaster University was organized. We remember very distinctly when the promoters of the new institution of learning presented themselves before the Provincial Premier and his cabinet to ask for a charter of incorporation. We remember the Guelph convention, at which the questions of location and general policy were settled, after much discussion and no small difference of opinion. We remember the enrolment of the first Freshman class in Arts in 1891. And consider, by the way, the unique character of the experiences of

*Delivered at annual Commencement Exercises, May, 1903.

that first Freshman class—with no Sophomore class to discipline them ; with no Junior class to set them a perfect example of gentlemanly and ladylike deportment ; with no Senior class to impart to the whole institution that indescribable atmosphere of culture and vast erudition without which a University seems scarcely worthy of the name. That first Freshman class had to get along as best it could, with nothing but books and professors and the like—the barest necessaries of life. Nevertheless they got along, and were graduated in due course ; and now McMaster University is graduating her *tenth* contingent of Bachelors in Arts.

The growth of McMaster University during these years, interesting as it is in itself, is still more interesting when we consider it as part and parcel of an educational development that is all-sided and truly national in its character. In the Provincial University, in the other seats of liberal learning, east and west, in the schools of primary and secondary instruction, and in the institutions devoted to professional and technical training, we have the same gratifying necessity thrust upon us, of constant expansion to meet the ever-growing demands of our constituency.

It is scarcely necessary for me to inform our distinguished visitors that the subject of education is one that lies very near to our hearts here in Canada. Among the largest items in our annual budget is the item of expenditures for educational purposes ; among the men whose memories are most highly honored are those who wrought for the educational advantage of our people ; among the ambitions most fondly cherished in thousands of our homes (an ambition for whose realization many heroic sacrifices are made) is the ambition to give to the sons and daughters all the advantages which our own schools and those of other lands are able to afford them. We are not boasting when we say that as a people we are not going to be satisfied with anything less than the very best in matters educational.

And now, ladies and gentlemen of the graduating classes :—There has been entrusted to me the very pleasant task of conveying to you on this occasion the congratulations and hearty good wishes of the teaching and governing bodies on the successful completion of your undergraduate courses, and your attainment of degrees ; and of extending to you the cordial welcome of the alumni as you take your places among them for the first time.

We hope that you will find, as you go out into the broader arena of the world's life and action, that you are somewhat better fitted to grapple with its problems, to take up its burdens, and to accomplish its tasks, on account of the time you have spent, and the training you have received, within these walls. We would beg leave to remind you that whereas during the years that are past you have been *receiving*, it will now be incumbent upon you to *give;* whereas you have been ministered unto, it will now be your turn to minister. And I have the highest authority in heaven or earth for saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive, more noble to minister than to be ministered unto.

Permit me to remind you that the world sorely needs educated leadership. Strong, true, well-trained men and women are never superfluous. And yet the world will not take it for granted that you are competent for leadership merely on account of the diploma which you hold. You must needs win your spurs on the world's broad field of battle.

Let me exhort you not to look upon this occasion as marking the completion of your education. It is rather the beginning. The University has not taught you everything there is to learn. But it has failed in its mission to you if it has not inspired you with a great love of truth. It has not achieved its perfect work in you unless you have become so fascinated by truth that you will follow it eagerly, through the remainder of your life, without any base fear as to where it may lead you. Your sole concern should be that it is truth whose light you are following, and not some base counterfeit. Let the conviction be irrevocably fixed in your minds that truth is wholly and entirely good and worthy of your most devoted service. Be assured that Festus, when he cried out, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad," committed two errors in his diagnosis of the apostle's case. In the first place, Paul was not mad; and in the second place, it is not *much* learning that makes men mad, but *little* learning and much self-conceit. Far truer than the statement of Festus is the following, written by one of your own number, in an essay that passed through my hands:—"There is danger that in living we shall fall into sin; there is danger that in thinking we shall fall into error; yet it is surely better to live than not to live, to think than not to think."

I would exhort you to buy the truth and sell it not ; to make the truth your shield and buckler ; yea, I would bring my exhortation to a close in the words of the great Apostle : "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

F. Tracy.

SONGS OF HOME-COMING.

During the past summer the city of Toronto held a Home-Comers' Festival. The committee in charge of the affair offered three prizes of $100, $50, and $25, for the three best poems treating of the sentiment home-coming in connection with the occasion of the festival. The judges chosen to decide the competition were : Professor William Clark, of Trinity ; Professor Maurice Hutton, of University College ; Professor Pelham Edgar, of Victoria, and Professor Walter S. W. McLay, of McMaster. They awarded the prizes to Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa ; Miss Helen Merrill, of Belleville, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall, in the order named. Among the competitors were three graduates of McMaster, Messrs. B. W. N. Grigg, B.A. ; G. Herbert Clarke, M.A., and Stambury R. Tarr, M.A. Though they were not successful in winning a prize, their poems were among the best submitted to the judges, another evidence that McMaster men are capable of taking a worthy place when brought into contact with other men. We are pleased to give the friends of the University an opportunity to read the poems :

HARK ! THE SONS WHO HASTEN HOME.

"Broad the breast of our home-mother,
Fair her crown of spire and dome,
Glitter at her feet bright waters !"—
Dream the sons now coming home.

Years their hearts have turned with longing,
(Scattered far from Cape to Nome)
Now their eager steps are quickening,
As the sons are nearing home.

Years the Queen's heart has been yearning,
Yearning for the sons that roam,
Sundered far from her, Toronto,—
These her sons now coming home.

Frozen North, and Ocean'd Southlands,
(Girt by wreaths of sun-gleamed foam)
Both have heard the mother calling,
And the sons are gathering home.

West her word the world had girdled,
East, till East to West has come;
Earth and sea have sped her bidding,
Hark! The sons who hasten home.

* * * *

"We have sought the West's upbuilding;
Mountain ore and prairie loam
Yielded us their hidden treasure,
Frontier sons now speeding home."

"From the old Acadian sea-lands,
From thy sister cities, from
Rivers, lakes and trackless forests,
We, fair mother, journey home."

"From the farther bounds of Empire,
(Bounds no night may wholly gloam),
O'er Britannia's sea-dominion
Swiftly we are sailing home."

"We beneath the star-decked banner
Honour there our mother whom,
Exiled, we have ne'er forgotten,—
Faithful still we hasten home."

* * * *

"Hearts of sons afar beat loyal,
(Bonds far stretched have stronger grown)
At thy call—Oh, City Mother !—
We thy sons are marching home.

"Some remain in alien borders
(They forget not—all would come),
There stern duty's bidding holds them,—
Sons whose eyes are turn'd towards home.

"Some rest now by veldt-land kopjes
(Names writ large in Glory's tome),
They in death bring greater honour,
Hero sons who'll ne'er come home.

"Hail ! home-brothers, glad we greet ye !—
Sons who from the mother roam,
Love ye for her honour's keeping,—
Other sons who bide at home.

"Hail ! Toronto, Queen of cities !
(Fair with crown of spire and dome),
Mother, loved of all, we hail thee !—
Sons whom thou would'st welcome home."

STAMBURY R. TARR.

Toronto.

THE HOME-COMING.

Home again,
From the low-brooding, far-feeling plain,
Whose breast bravely bears in the ravening roar of the rain,
The hushed multitudinous grain.
Whose breast proudly bears in the pleasure of heat and its pain,
The restless, remembering grain ;
Home once more,
From the cluster of nets on the shore

Of the lake with its deep blue havens,
From the craft that carry no cravens,
But men of Canada, men who grow never a-weary,
Stung by the crest-tossing waves of Huron and Erie ;
Home !
Back from the pines of the Northland, silent and stern,
You men of the mines, and you of the forest, turn,—
Look out upon the broad, good land that gave you birth,
Smell the sweet odour of your native earth,
And for a season hear the mother-call
She sends her sons, home-coming, one and all !

And let the markets hear, and the long streets,
Temples and courts of business, with their heats
Of doing and undoing, strife and power ;
These, too, shall feel the magic of the hour,
And come with glad affection, each the other
Prompting to old endearments of the Mother ;
And from the bar, the colleges and schools,
They who serve Right, the catholic foes of fools ;
The hands that bless the body shall be there,
The lips that win the spirit from her care,
And the dear graces of our womankind,
So deft and tender, we shall feel and find.
All these of Canada, daughter and son,
Shall gather again where her life currents run
Most eager and sure, now with joy, now with pity,
In the "City of Homes," the old Home City.

But yet there be
The hearts of thousands far across the sea,
The hopes of many an ardent Northern youth
Among the crowding myriads of the south ;
Sons of the Foster-dame, on whose bare veldt
Their valour conquered and their virtue knelt ;
And there be others of our hardy brood
Who search out Egypt, through the plain and flood ;
Heat-quivering India holds them—
Her master-servants—moulds them

To potencies undreamed of, to royal humanhood,
And far in far Australia they traverse stream and wood ;
In the dim East they stand,
Mindful of motherland,
With courage and with honour, and with tenderness and ruth,
Gentlemen of Canada, and blameless knights of truth ;
In the frank West they wander, and o'er the seas they sail
With Duty for a lodestar, for a light that cannot fail ;
And wheresoe'er they wander, whatever leagues they sail,
Within their hearts the hope of home cries : "Canada, all hail !"

Aliens, home again,
From the forest, sea and plain,
We, your brothers, meet you,
We, your sisters, greet you,
To the old Home City on blue Ontario's shore,
Where we've all come back again to learn our mother's lore,
What high tasks await her, and what deeds she did of yore—
Home once more !

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, '95.

Macon, Georgia.

THE HOME SONG OF THE TORONTONIAN.

Like a May Queen wreathed with a crown of flowers,
Sits this city throned in each heart of ours—
Rimmed with deep ravines
Where the heart may rest,
Like a tired bird
In a hidden nest,
And with world-old groves
Where the dark pine grows
Through which Humber's stream
In his quiet flows.

Wide before her shimmers a turquoise sea
That reflects the sky—her blue canopy,
And when stars steal forth
Through the dusk of day
There are dreamland nights
On the isle-girt Bay,
When the silver moon
From Ontario's breast
Like a phantom glows,
Luring us from rest.

Then the Island lights trail like chains of gold,
In the darkling waves that their links infold,
And the clustered lights
Of the ferries pass,
Like great candles burned
At a midnight mass;
And in silhouette
As we're drifting by,
Lies the city limned
'Gainst the pale North sky.

Home again! to you, dearest place on earth,
Home again! to you, that once gave us birth,
We are come with joy
Such as exiles feel
Who, repatriate,
All their hearts reveal;
At a thousand inns
We have stayed to rest;
We have drunk new wines,
But the old are best.

Though to none so dear is the thought of home,
Like the fabled Jew must the Saxon roam.
Ever back and forth,
Is our racial doom,
Like a shuttle tossed
In a pauseless loom,

But what joy we feel
That we form some part
Of the crimson blood
From the Empire's heart.

For we each can share in the work sublime
Given the Race we love in this golden time.
She must join with cables
All the continents ;
She must dot the earth
With her moving tents
As she marks its face
With twin lines of steel,
And with glinting wires
That have nerves to feel.

Now she stays the course of the ancient Nile,
Whose grim gods look down with a stony smile.
Now she spans with steel
E'en the sacred streams
Of grey India, roused
From her age-long dreams.
By the hostile mocked,
By the envious cursed,
Comes the sixtieth Cycle—
To awake the First.

If we joy to live or surrender life—
So we spend our powers in such noble strife,
Then no dream is wild
That we dream to-day,
Of our country's claim
Upon Destiny,
And no dream is wild
That we dream to-night
Of our city's part
In the future bright !

Once again, dear home, we are come to you,
Once again, dear hearts, to your welcome true.
And for those who went
But return no more,
Ah, for them, too, swings
Wide the Old Home Door.
Some we seek in vain
In this old home-land,
But their hands are held
In a Friendly Hand.

Let us end our song with a patriot's prayer
For the land we love, to such wealth the heir!
"Over every home,
As the years increase,
May God's angel, Love,
Cast his shadow, Peace!
We would ask all good—
To express it quite
There is found one word
And the word is—LIGHT."

B. W. N. GRIGG, '94.

Montreal.

THE PASTOR'S READING.*

There are two things which every pastor should do—must do, indeed—if he is to hold his own, and accomplish his best work. He must write. It is not necessary that he be always writing sermons; some of the most effective discourses ever spoken have not been written; but the man who stands constantly before the public must secure a clear and precise style; and that can be done only by constant and careful writing of sermons, or essays, or magazine articles, or some other kind of literary production. Again, the pastor must read. If he does not, he will soon become as juiceless as a squeezed lemon, and as mechanical as a phonograph. He will be barren of ideas; and

*Paper read before the Alumni Association, May, 1903.

his congregation will complain, as did the Indians on one of our Canadian reservations, that no matter what text the pastor chose, the sermon was ever the same.

It is said that a certain man went to California. He was a graduate of a great New England university, with degrees in Arts and Theology, but he was not a reader. He was never known to have read more than one book after leaving college; and that was a volume of travels in Palestine. His hearers used to wish most fervently that he would read another book, for they were weary hearing about Jerusalem, and Nazareth, and Galilee, and Lebanon, and the Valley of Gehenna; and no one lamented very sorely when he turned away from the ministry, and became a real estate agent and land speculator. Dr. Buckley, of New York, the eminent lecturer and accomplished editor of the *Advocate*, the organ of Northern Methodism, says to the young pastors of his conference, "a book a week, or down you go." This is certainly a safe rule, though there are few pastors in these busy days who can find time to read fifty books per year. Moreover, there are books, such as Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion," or Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural," which no ordinary man could read and mentally digest in a single week.

In view of the importance of reading, in the pastor's life and work, let this paper ask and answer two questions.

I. Do the Pastors read?

To ask this question is to expose one of the weaknesses of the present day ministry. By the confession of some of our pastors, and by the testimony of those who are continually meeting with pastors throughout the length and breadth of the land, it would appear that some practically read nothing worth reading; others read spasmodically, which is but little removed from no reading; and that they are the exception, who, after leaving college, hold themselves rigidly to steady, systematic perusing of good and helpful books. The plea is made that they have no time. But they have time to eat, and time to sleep; and the pastor's brain needs food and refreshment as well as his body. What about the fragments of time? If Henry Ward Beecher could read the History of England, in several volumes, while waiting for his family to come to dinner, why could not any pastor put the

margins and remnants of time, day by day, to equally good use? There are pastors who are known to waste, dawdling in favorite lounging corners, time enough to make them well-informed men, if spent in acquiring knowledge.

Another plea is, the inability to buy books. But every pastor is within reach of a public library, where, for a trifling fee, he can secure the best literature of the ages. Moreover, there are private libraries everywhere, the owners of which would be glad to place them at the disposal of a studious pastor; and there are others who subscribe for the best papers and magazines who are only too willing to give the pastor the reading of the same.

Yet there are pastors who do read. Several months ago an investigation was made of this matter. Circulars were sent to 51 pastors of the west. Of these 43 were in Wisconsin, 7 were in Illinois, and 1 was in Iowa. Replies were received from 40, and the result of the inquiry was interesting and informing. In answer to the question as to what they read, 7 replied that they read the Bible! The others evidently expected that Bible reading would be taken for granted, and said nothing of it. Tabulating the answers it was found that: 32 pastors were reading 1 to 8 papers; 32 pastors were reading 1 to 8 periodicals; 36 pastors were reading 431 books, or an average of 12 books each.

These books, classified, were—Missionary, 6; philosophy, 8; sermonic, 12; biography, 13; social, 16; devotional, 20; historical, 25; religious, 50; miscellaneous, 60; theology, 86. Such was the reading of these western pastors; and if the same investigation were made in our own land we would probably find a similar condition of affairs among the pastors of Ontario.

II. What should the Pastor read?

It is impossible to lay down a course of reading for another. As well try to tell a man what he should eat, as what he should read. What edifies one man would weary another. One reader delights in Andrew Murray and Thomas Law; another revels in Thomas à Kempis; and the two could not exchange with any advantage on either side. Yet there are certain broad principles by which every pastor may be guided. These may be stated thus:

1. The Newspaper.—If there is any man in the world who needs to keep himself in touch with current events it is the pastor. Now the mission of the newspaper is to gather up the happenings

of each day, and set them before us. Therefore, let the pastor read, but not in the morning, one first-class daily journal.

2. The Weekly.—The daily paper cannot linger over any thing It can only record the facts of to-day, and hurry on to catch those of to-morrow. We need then some publication that can not only lay before us the news, but can also help us to ponder the news, and reflect upon it, in a calmand dispassionate manner. Such periodicals are the *British Weekly*, the *Christian World*, the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, and others that need not here be named.

3. Standard Literature.—Years ago a theological student in the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock, was seen with a heap of paper-bound novels. When asked what he would do with them, he answered that he intended to read them, in order to improve his style. This was intensely amusing to his fellow students, who knew that he had no style to improve, and it became a standing joke among them. Years afterwards, when the student had become a janitor in a dry goods store, he read nothing but the Encyclopedia Britannica, and maintained vigorously that the earth is flat. However it may have been in this one case, the fact remains that the English novel, well read, would brighten the sermons of many a prosy preacher. The novel is a reflection of life; and there are novels that portray for us certain types of humanity, and trace them onward to their moral issues. While each reader will have his preference for certain authors, there are ten great novels which might well be read by every pastor. These are: Scott's "Ivanhoe," Hugo's "Les Miserables," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," Mrs. Oliphant's "John Halifax," Kingsley's "Hypatia," George Eliott's "Adam Bede," Dickens' "David Copperfield," and Auerbach's "On the Heights." If any one would pursue this topic farther, let him read Hillis in "Great Books as Life Teachers," in which the Plymouth pastor expounds the messages of some of the above named books, and shows how the novelist may be a prophet, speaking with a mighty power to his own and succeeding generations.

4. Special Studies.—It is impossible for the pastor to know all about everything, but he will find it exceedingly helpful to be an authority on something. So let him choose some department

of knowledge, and inform himself thoroughly therein. What a privilege it would be to hear Washington Gladden on "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all;" or Henry McCooke on "Go to the ant thou sluggard;" or Hugh McMillan on "He sendeth forth his snow like wool;" because these men, though successful pastors, have added to their general intelligence special acquaintance with sociology, entomology, and nature study. Such a course would be helpful to any pastor. It would freshen his mind; it would bring him into touch with life; and would deliver him from that dry-as-dust-ness, and general separation from human affairs that is the bane of the pulpit, and the serious hindrance to many a pastor's success.

5. Professional.—A lawyer reads Blackstone; a physician reads materia medica; a pastor should read theology. His principal book should be the Bible, which he should read in Greek and Hebrew; and it will not do him any harm if he can read it in the graceful French and the rugged German. These should not take the place of the English Bible, over which he should pore and ponder; but they will be of untold value in giving side-lights of insight into the meaning of the text.

Then there are devotional books by such authors as J. R. Miller, F. B. Meyer, T. L. Cuyler, J. E. MacFadyen, J. R. MacDuff, the reading of which will waken heavenly harmonies in the soul and bring one into fellowship with God. What of the theological masters of the day? Can we pastors afford to be ignorant of the latest words from Fairbairn, Denney, Bruce, Stevens, Adam Smith, and other twentieth century prophets?

What of Lyman Abbott, Newman Smythe, T. T. Munger, F. W. Robertson? "Heretics," you say. Certainly. But they have a message to their generation, which message we need, and the graduate of McMaster whose orthodoxy will not endure the reading of these men must be in a pitiable condition, and but poorly reflects the spirit of his alma mater.

But some one will say, "Where is the time for this?" True, the pastor of this age must be a man of affairs, and cannot withdraw himself for reading and meditation. But let each pastor fix upon the hour in the day when he is least liable to interruption, and consecrate that season to reading. It may be 5 a.m. or 10 p.m. or anywhere between. Dr. J. R. Henderson, of Chicago

University, when pastor of the great Woodward Ave. Church, Detroit, devoted 1 to 2 p.m. daily to special study in sociology, and every pastor can find somewhere in the day such a convenient and certain time.

III. General Suggestions.

In conclusion, permit a few remarks concerning the pastor's library.

1. Re-read.—Are your books worth a second or third reading? If not, give them no shelf-room. If so, read them again and again. Many a book is worth reading once—that is the book to borrow ; many a book is worth reading twice—that is the book to buy ; and when it has been read the second time, it will be found worthy a third perusal. Thus the message of the book will become part of one's own thought, and will be wrought into one's own life.

2. Exchange.—Some years ago an attempt was made to organize a book exchange among a half-dozen of our pastors. The affair ended in nothing, but the idea was good. Every pastor has a certain number of books which have served their turn, so far as he is concerned. These books would be new and valuable to other pastors. Why not exchange? In this way a library would be kept like a flowing stream, continually fresh.

3. Give.—As the years pass certain books lose their value to their owner. Perhaps he has outgrown them ; perhaps he has exhausted them ; perhaps he has not found them suited to his own mental constitution. But there are brother pastors who would be glad to own these same books. Here is a field for philanthropy. Find a brother pastor who cannot buy books, and make him happy with a donation.

4. Destroy.—There is no kind of property that decreases in value so rapidly and so utterly as books. The average life of a book is less than twelve months, except that book be a classic. Hence, in spite of all our care in buying, some books degenerate into literary lumber, and are only cumberers of the shelves. For these there is but one end—they are to be burned. They cannot be sold ; they will not be borrowed ; they are not fit for gifts. They should be destroyed.

Such, fellow students of the alumni, are the practical principles by which we may be guided in this all-important matter.

Each one must use his own method and follow his own plan. Only let us remember the word of Paul to Timothy and "Give attention to reading;" and let us follow the example of Paul, who, while he lingered in prison, longed for the parchment manuscripts which he had left at Troas.

P. K. Dayfoot.

IN A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE.

One is not now compelled to seek such a village on the other side of the Atlantic, in the county of Drake and Grenville and Raleigh, for from that home of rovers has gone forth band after band of colonists to settle clannishly in the forests of Canada. Here they may be found to-day, largely unchanged in manner and accent from what they were in the old land. By stream and river have grown up little boroughs which, in customs and appearance, are very good reproductions of the quaint villages in beautiful Devon, their chief point of variance consisting, perhaps, in their distance from the sea. The same open-hearted hospitality is here, the same frank speech, the same stalwart, daring manhood and rosy maidens which characterized Bideford and Torquay.

On one of the winding rivers emptying into Lake Huron lies such a village. It is in the midst of one of the finest districts in the western peninsula. Long since have the axes of the sturdy pioneers ceased to swing upon the trees which stood where clearings should be. Beautiful farms with well-built houses and barns line the highways in every direction. The village itself has not failed to reflect the prosperous mien of its rural environment, and nearly all its stores and dwellings speak of comfort, some of high prosperity. It is a pretty village, and not made so by nature alone. The sunny, rosy beauty of Devon seems to have entered into the souls of these people never to be dispelled, for we see evidences on every side of a love—perhaps often unconfessed—for pretty effects. Every garden plot has its flower beds, and many of the houses have odd little porches, covered with rose-vines blooming abundantly. Often the whole space from house to roadside is covered with flowers. They are the old-fashioned

varieties in many cases, but this, in such a place, does not detract from their charm. Just as delightful as the rarer and costlier species are the variegated phlox and the red-flowered honeysuckle vines, the prim sweet-william and the unpretentious bachelor's button, the periwinkle and the virgin's bower.

At the gateway of one of these houses a tall old man is repairing a paling. Near him a fine retriever lies stretched out on the walk. Noticing also the old man's clothes or corduroy, we are not surprised when informed that ere he came to Canada he had kept the game on a Devonshire estate. He is a typical representative of his country. His manner is blunt, and if his beautiful garden is well cultivated it is not because he prides himself on an æsthetic taste. Far from it. One day an agent approached him with pictures to sell. He was met by: "Naw, us doan't want none of that around yer. Us has no time to be lookin' at pictures. Takes all we can do to keep us atein'." And yet the flowers of himself and wife make a scene of beauty not often excelled.

A little farther along, on one of the "back streets," lives an old lady whom the villagers and countryside generally have come to know as "Granny." That title is not bestowed promiscuously. Not only long years of life, but long residence in the one spot, seem absolutely requisite, and this is not all. This old lady, for instance, is an accepted authority on the ordinary ailments of life, and has always been a helpful neighbor. No one ever came to her in time of sickness and went away lacking advice or any other assistance she could give. She is consulted yet in many ways, and though tottering with age, is still one of the most useful members of the community. Her aid and sympathy are extended not alone to physical suffering and needs. Back to this native spot of his came one day a wanderer, who visited, amongst others, "Granny." After the usual enquiries and recollections, the old lady propounded to him the question: "Be you married?" Somewhat surprised, he answered quickly, "No." "Wall, say, my son Sam hev tew fine maids. They be gude-lookin' an' clever."

The old lady is coming down the gravel walk that leads from her low-roofed, ivy-clad cottage to the gate. Even here some flowers bloom abundantly, though they grow rather wild, for

"Granny" is not able to do much gardening. The walk is bordered with tall hollyhocks, and by the gateway stand the lilac trees, with their mauve-colored clusters hanging in abundance. Trees and bushes are in sad need of pruning, and even a tall weed may be seen here and there, but "Granny" seems satisfied that it shall be so. She is somewhat of a philosopher, and finds consolation in the thought that she is not failing alone. Years are making her decrepit. The color is fading from her cheek and the old sprightliness is gone, but her garden is wasting too, in silent sympathy.

"Granny's" black bonnet is on, and her stick is in her hand, for this is the evening of the village prayer-meeting. Others are beginning to appear on the quiet, shaded street, and their faces are bent in the same direction. Down near the end of the street stands the church—a brick one now, but on the spot where a building of logs had first sheltered the little flock that loved to call its chapel "Ebenezer." The young people want to do away with the old name, but though they have carried the day and it does not appear on the new corner-stone, yet they cannot eradicate it from the thought and speech of the older members. The congregation is passing in, and we notice that the minister is not among them. He has a substitute, though. Down on the platform at the end of the basement an old man is turning the leaves of the big Bible. He is one of the old-time "locals." For years he has labored for the farmers of the neighborhood and in the gardens of the villagers, but his humble condition does not hinder a reverent attention whenever, on Sunday or week-night, he stands before one of the congregations of the countryside. To-night, as he rises to announce the opening hymn, there comes a smile of satisfaction to the faces of all as they recognize an old favorite. The leader's daughter is at the organ, a rosy, beautiful Devonshire maiden, whom even the Rose of Torquay would fail to oust from the place of supreme admiration here. She plays well, but the people sing lustily, and their rendering of the old hymn in their native accent takes our attention at once :—

"It is gude tew be yer,
It is gude tew be yer,
Thy perfect love drives away fear;
An' the light streamin' daown,

Makes the pathway all clear,
It is gude for us, Lord, tew be yer."

It is a fitting opening to the meeting which follows. The leader speaks quaintly but beautifully, and with gathering emotion. When he sits down, member after member follows. The simplicity of their testimonies is noticeable, but the real fervor and power with which they deliver them equally so. Presently someone, to whom the enjoyment of the hour has suggested days gone by, starts a weird revival hymn. It has not been sung for years, but nevertheless many of the old people, with brightening eye and straightening form, are soon shouting the fervent exhortation :

"Do yew hear the devils haowlin',
A-haowlin', a-haowlin';
Do yew hear the devils haowlin'
On that grate day?
Then turn, pore sinner, escape eternal fire,
Or yew won't stan' trial
On that grate day."

Soon the leader rises again, and the meeting is over. The shadows, which had begun to fall as the people gathered, have settled now, and the rays from the church windows and the glimmer of the stars are the lights by which the people wend their way homewards. The chirrup of crickets and the rustling of leaves in the evening breeze are the only sounds to be heard except the voices of the villagers and the crunching of their steps upon the gravel walks. One by one they pass through their gateways and enter their homes, and soon all is still save crickets and leaves, and their voices seem only the expression of a calm and peace which cannot be found in the strife of the madding crowd, but only in such happy little places as this.

W. J. Grigg, '05.

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Editorial Notes.

THE University has opened with a large attendance, and with every prospect of enjoying a prosperous year. The first year class contains over forty members and is the largest body of freshmen we have ever had. We take pleasure in extending a hearty welcome to the Class of '07. We trust that at McMaster they may find much that will appeal to them, and that in a very short time they may rival their predecessors in loyalty for their new Alma Mater. The return of a considerable number of former students is also a gratifying feature of this year's attendance. We are particularly pleased to welcome a number of graduates in Arts, who, after some years in the pastorate, have come back for Theology. With such a large body of students McMaster may anticipate a successful year's work.

CHANCELLOR WALLACE has returned from his year's leave of absence and is again at the head of affairs. It is needless to say that both Faculty and students are delighted to have him with us once again, and to know that in large measure his health has been restored. He delivered the address at the autumn Convocation,

and in the substance and delivery of it showed his old-time mental and physical vigor. Next month we expect to publish the address in full, and for the present will rest satisfied with saying that it was a strong statement of McMaster's educational ideals.

THERE are some slight changes in the Faculty to record this year. Dr. Ten Broeke has been granted a year's leave of absence, and with Mrs. Ten Broeke will spend the next eight months at Oxford. We shall all miss him, but are glad that he has the privilege of refreshing his spirit at such a noble fountain of learning and culture as Oxford. During his absence his lectures will be given by Dr. Cross, Dr. Tracy and Mr. D. C. Macintosh, B.A. Mr. McIntosh is a graduate of last year, and one of the most brilliant men whom it has been the good fortune of McMaster to train. We have every confidence that he will acquit himself to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Glenn H. Campbell, B.A., has returned from a year spent at the University of Geneva and will take up his duties as Instructor in Languages. Mr. Campbell is a young man of fine scholarship, of literary and artistic taste, and is full of energy and enthusiasm for his work. We welcome him most sincerely and assure him of our sympathy in his labors with us. We look forward to his becoming an able and successful member of the staff. We are sorry to lose Dr. Toews, of the University of Toronto, who filled a gap in our staff last year. We enjoyed his presence with us and shall follow with friendly interest his work in the Provincial University.

FACULTY and students unite in offering their heartfelt sympathy to Dr. Cross in the loss of his mother, who died at his home on Tuesday, Oct. 20th. That he may find consolation in his bereavement is the sincere desire of all for our beloved colleague and professor.

THE exercises in connection with the installation of Dr. Gordon, the new Principal of Queen's University, were held at Kingston during the present month, and were of a most interesting and successful character. McMaster University unites with the other educational institutions of Canada and the United

States in hearty felicitations to Queen's upon the evident prosperity she is enjoying and upon her good fortune in securing so excellent a successor to the late Principal Grant. Our own Chancellor represented McMaster at the installation functions, and was honored by having the degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*, conferred upon him. We appreciate the honor bestowed upon him, and congratulate him most heartily upon the recognition of his merits by the great Presbyterian University of Canada.

Book Reviews.

The People's Commentary.*

The sub-title sufficiently indicates the purpose and scope of the book under review. Repeated references to it, during a considerable time, have proved its real worth. The main lines of thought are seized and adhered to throughout the exposition, while the practical remarks at the end of each chapter carefully follow out much related and suggested teaching. So clear, concise, and fresh has the present writer found it in the preparation of a Bible class lesson, a prayer-meeting address, and several sermons, that but little help was received in consulting other commentaries that were at hand. R.R.M.

Sacred Geography.†

This work is an attempt to give "in brief space and popular form the most accurate and interesting information obtainable from the accumulations of the past, and the records of recent investigations and discovery," concerning Palestine. The uniform monotony of the text is relieved by some twenty reproductions of excellent photographs of towns and landscapes. A. M.

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* The People's Commentary: Galatians to Philemon. A popular commentary upon a critical basis, especially designed for pastors and Sunday schools. By George W. Clark, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

† Memorable Places Among the Holy Hills. By Robert Laird Stewart, D.D. Toronto Fleming H. Revell Co.

The Bible and Modern Criticism.*

Sir Robert writes with a sharp quill. His words bite like caustic. For all the critics of the Bible, high and low, but especially for the school represented by the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, he has an open and avowed contempt. They have much learning, but little sense, and no real piety. As special pleaders they are not expert—"any old Bailey practitioner could work up a better case than the professors—while as judges they are utterly incompetent. The evidences in favour of a spiritual revelation they are unable to weigh, because they are unspiritual men, and know not the things of God. Their work is "not the product of nineteenth century enlightenment, but of eighteenth century rationalism." The higher critics have had their way long enough, Sir Robert thinks. And so the doughty knight, with rattle of spurs and clank of sword, breaks in upon the dream-like quiet of these placid scholars in true Cromwellian style, bidding them "begone," and make way, if not for honester, yet for saner men. The plain truth is, this book is sadly marred by its contemptuous tone and its measureless condemnation of every person and position which it attacks. Yet it is far from being a hollow bit of bluster. It is a strong and serious argument against the vagaries of higher criticism, by one who is a jurist, trained in weighing evidence, as well as a profound and competent biblical scholar. Sir Robert does not argue from the standpoint of a hide-bound traditionalist or a narrow orthodoxist, for by temperament and habit he is a sceptic. His own confidence in the authority of the Bible was once shaken by the critics; but a closer examination of their claims, and deeper study of the Book, led him to the lasting conviction that it is the infallible Word of God. In his argument against the critics, he discusses the Mosaic Cosmogony, the books of Daniel and Jonah, moral difficulties, such as the destruction of the Canaanites, and the case in favour of the New Testament. Everywhere he shows a strong grasp of the situation, and writes with clearness and force, and a wealth of striking illustrations. He enmeshes the critics in their own net, and tumbles them over with a guffaw of delight. If one has been brow-beaten by the

* The Bible and Modern Criticism. By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., L.L.D. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50 net.

critics into a surrender of faith in the fundamentals of Christianity, this book will show him that he has been needlessly intimidated. If the reader be not too weakened by the poison of rationalism he will hasten home across the desert to the sanctuary of a firm and exultant faith in an authoritative Bible, and a Divine, atoning Christ. J. D. F.

John Wesley's Journal.*

John Wesley was born in 1703, and in the present year the Christian world has done honor to his memory by celebrating his bi-centenary. During his long life he kept a daily journal, recording his feelings, thoughts and experiences. Of this Journal four volumes have been published, and the remainder is to appear in due time. Few books have received higher praise than the Journal from competent critics of literature; but, notwithstanding its interest and literary power, its length must always be a bar to its being widely read. A digest of it has been a "long-felt want," and in "The Heart of John Wesley's Journal" we who live in this busy age may read the story of the great man, of whom it has been truly said that "no single figure influenced so many lives, no single voice touched so many hearts; no other man did such a life's work for England." Montesquieu, the great Frenchman, visited England in 1729, and in his impressions of his stay there states that "there is no religion in England; if one speaks of religion every one laughs." He was thinking of the upper classes with whom he associated; but his description doubtless applies to the lower classes as well. It was surely time for the Wesleyan revival. In the present volume we get a vivid picture of England as it was during the time Wesley did his work, and a graphic narrative of the great preacher's almost superhuman efforts to pierce the heart of England with the story of God's love to man. In it we get the heart of a great man as well as of his Journal, and learn at first hand what were the sources of power that enabled him to effect such an enormous revolution in English life. Preachers will find in the record of his life much to inspire and encourage them in their work, and Christians will be strengthened in their faith by reading how God worked with power through the agency of His willing servant.

*The Heart of John Wesley's Journal. Edited by P. L. Parker, with an introduction by Hugh Price Hughes, and an appreciation of the Journal by Augustine Birrell, K.C.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

WITH the beginning of University life, the recently appointed editor of this department begins to get busy. Knowing the critical nature of the public mind towards the struggling editor, and realizing the high standard of excellence reached by his predecessors, it is with some misgivings he takes the pen. But "lives of great men all remind us, etc.," with other like inspiring thoughts, and a faithful band of reporters, encourage.

THE opening chapel service for the new term was especially impressive this year, for several reasons. The number of students was unusually large for the first service. So many graduates were able to be present. Then, also, Chancellor Wallace, after his long absence, took his customary place "in the thin black line"—a feature of the service much appreciated by all. The first chapel service augurs well for a successful college year.

SINCE the dining room is under new management this year, and since it *fills* such an important *place* in our college life, it behooves us to devote some space in these columns as to how we are impressed with changed conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have not only given us no cause to complain, but every reason to be thankful that they could be procured for the position. They know how to minister to the wants of a students' "inner man." "Him suits we" all right.

NOUGHTY-FOUR have organized for their final year with the following staff of officers: Honorary-president, Chancellor Wallace; president, C. G. Beck; vice-president, Miss Culver; secretary-treasurer, L. A. Vail; corresponding-secretary, H. C. Mann; bard, J. T. Priest; historian, N. A. Harkness; football captain, W. W. Lailey; hockey captain, E. G. Blackadar. J. R. Coutts was elected councillor to the student body executive. The seniors do not wish to give here even an intimation of their rosy prospects—spring-time will tell the tale.

OF all the interesting events which have marked the opening of the school year, few, perhaps were more noticeable than the

chapel service on Thursday morning, October 1. The large attendance clearly showed the students' interest in the visitors who occupied chairs on the platform. There were Mrs. S. M. McMaster, Mrs. T. M. Harris and Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston, who has been conducting evangelistic services at the Walmer Road Church. The service was led by the Chancellor, who, after the usual exercises, turned to the visitors, and in a few words bade each of them welcome. He referred to the high regard in which Mrs. Harris was held by the students; then, turning to Mrs. McMaster, he spoke feelingly of the close relation existing between her and the graduates and undergraduates. When he had referred to her premier position in the affections of those connected with the University, Mrs. McMaster rose, and, with a few words, won the hearts of all by her evident love for McMaster, and interest in its graduates. Rev. A. C. Dixon was then introduced. He took as his theme the words which, as a young man, he had made his life motto. They are from Rev. 5: 12—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." In an inspiring and earnest address Mr. Dixon showed how loyalty to the conception of Christian duty contained in these lines, and a determination to put it in practice, would insure our acting as true followers of Christ.

With a little merriment and such sagacity as becometh juniors, class '05 met on October 8th, in class-room 3 to organize for the coming year, not forgetting to carefully close the door after them. Professor McLay was elected Honorary-President by acclamation; and bursts of applause, suddenly hushed by the memory that a class in Theology occupied the next room, accompanied the election of each of the following officers: President, C. S. Eaton; vice-president, Miss Windsor; secretary-treasurer, E. W. Clark; bard, E. A. Helie; orator, W. E. Matthews; historian, Miss Hartley; musician, J. H. Cranston; Rugby captain, J. B. McArthur; association captain, H. W. Wright; hockey captain, T. H. Peine. With this body of officers the juniors should do wonders, especially as Mr. W. J. Grigg has been entrusted with the important, if recently formed, office of ping-pong captain, for which we venture to say he is excellently fitted.

The student is often informed, with a wise shake of the head, that college days are the happiest of one's life. Aside from "plug time," it is easy for us to endorse this statement. Especially it is true of the fall re-union. The 1st of October brings to these old halls a rude awakening from their midsummer reveries, "Halloa! old man; glad to see you. Who's got a hammer?

Where are you rooming? Give us a lift with this trunk?" Sounds of hammering; dragging of trunks; opening of boxes; yells of laughter; rip and bang. Amid such scenes we naturally regret the absence of the grads. and others unable to return. "Men may come and men may go," but that old hoist, notwithstanding the yearly abuse it receives, still stays with us. It seems to exist particularly for the Sophomores who take a fiendish delight in putting the Freshmen *on to the ropes*. All the departments of the University are active again. To keep in mind the different meetings of the different organizations at the different hours and in the different places, requires a wonderful memory. There is no doubt that the term has begun.

Naughty-six has returned hale and hearty for the campaign. The class will be somewhat smaller numerically than last year. We regret that several of the most popular members of the year will not be able to return. The two who join us are: Mr. E. A. Miller and Mr. C. L. Timpany. The first meeting of the class was held on Thursday, Oct. 8th, when the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The following were elected: Honorary-president, Prof. P. S. Campbell, M.A.; president, W. A. Cameron; vice-president, Miss Philipps; secretary-treasurer, C. S. Edwards; bard, C. K. Gibson; orator, D. Campbell; musician, Miss Stone; historian, D. Buchanan; captain Association football team, W. L. McKinnon; captain Rugby football team, E. R. Gray; representative for the executive of the student body, H. R. Nobles.

An Awful Catastrophe.—On the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day a party composed of McMaster girls and boys set out for a stroll through the woods of Reservoir Park. Little did they dream of the awful fate awaiting them, as with merry laughter they made the vale resound. Now they gather on the bridge while one of the number prepares to photograph the group. Beneath, the river flows on strong, and deep. Crash ! ! ! The timbers of the bridge have given way. Oh ! let us shut out the heartrending scene from our vision. Eye witnesses of the accident report many acts of heroism in the general melée that followed. One little girl was seen to hold the lunch basket high above the cruel waters, and cry out, "Never mind me. Save, Oh ! Save the basket." People that live along the river bank, say that for some hours the current carried past innumerable articles, such as bon-bon boxes, umbrellas, hats, coats, etc. Until late in the afternoon the rescue work went grimly on. When the roll-call found everyone "present" the strollers turned their steps homeward. The afternoon was voted a *howling* success.

[*With Apologies to H. W. L.*]

There stood on a bridge in Rosedale,
A party of strollers fair,
To have their pictures taken
By the sunlight's hidden glare.

All things were still and silent,
By a stone the camera lay,
When suddenly pier and butment
From underneath gave way.

How often, Oh, how often
In the days that are to be
Will I think of that old bridge falling,
And the thoughts that it brings to me.

PROFESSOR (with impressive voice)—The ocean has a total weight of 247,689,000,000,000 tons. Careful Student—I suppose those figures are only approximate, professor?

EACH year we have to chronicle the departure from us of some of our undergraduate students. Among those who have not returned this year are Messrs. H. E. Smedley, '05; W. E. Pearson, '06; J. B. Mann, '06; Geo. F. Stephens, '05; A. Stewart, '06; A. S. Woodburne, '06; G. W. Gorman, '05; F. C. Lumley, '05; S. Casgrain, '05; I. W. Pierce, '06, and A. G. Vining, '05. We are, however, glad to welcome back to our halls several who have been absent for a season. Glenn H. Campbell, M.A., has returned from an extended European tour to resume a lectureship in languages. Others who have returned are: I. G. Matthews, B.A., J. R. Coutts, D. L. McLaurin, E. R. Fitch and E. A. Hélie.

FRESHMAN (nominating a vice-president for his year), "I beg leave to nominate oh-er-um—the third girl from the right—the one in the striped waist."

CONVOCATION.—On Friday evening, October 9th, the students and friends of the University assembled in Castle Memorial Hall for the exercises of the Autumn Convocation. At eight o'clock the faculty entered, preceded by the Chancellor. Many were present who saw him for the first time since his return from Europe, and his appearance was the occasion of a round of applause. The exercises proper began by the singing of the hymn "When I survey the Wondrous Cross," following by prayer by Rev. Geo. T. Webb, of the Western Baptist Church. The Chancellor thanked the Professors for their extra labors in his behalf during the past year; especially were his thanks due to Professor McKay, on whose shoulders much of the burden had rested. The scholarships and prizes were then presented. The following are the

awards, to whom and by whom presented: Fourth year—Crawford Scholarship, to D. C. MacIntosh, Breadalbane, by Professor Cross. Third year—Shenstone Scholarship in Classics, to R. A. F. MacDonald, Strathcona, Alta., by Professor Farmer. Second Year—Harry L. Stark Scholarship in Mathematics, to A. B. Farmer, by Mr. Harry L. Stark; Campbell Scholarship in Classics, to J. Janes, London, by Professor Campbell. First Year—A. C. Pratt Scholarship, to H. B. Moyle, Burlington, by Professor Smith; James Ryrie prize in German, to C. S. Edwards, Clarence, by Professor Clark, John Firstbrook prize in French, to E. A. St. James, Grande Ligne, Que., by Dr. Bates. The Elmore Harris prizes in Latin and Greek were not presented, as Mr. Bensen, the winner of them, was absent. The address of Chancellor Wallace, which followed, will appear in full next month. The assembly dispersed after the pronouncing of the benediction by Rev. W. E. Norton.

The members of the Theological Society met on the afternoon of October the 6th, for the purpose of organization. The result of the elections was as follows: Honorary-president, Chancellor Wallace; president, I. G. Matthews; vice-president, W. T. Roberts; secretary-treasurer, Wm. Sinclair; councillors, J. Hilts, H. Duncan. Numbering about 30, Theology looks forward to a pleasant and successful year along all lines.

One of the chief pleasures which render the beginning of the school term so enjoyable to the returning student is in seeing again the faces of old schoolmates and classmates, and in renewing old friendships and forming new ones. But we notice, on our return, some old friends whom we expected never more to see, and who, we hoped, would have been invalided during the holidays out of active service. The array of armless, backless, all but legless, chairs in some of the class-rooms brings back to the weary scholar visions of former struggles in these very seats to record in the limp notebook the wisdom that rolls so voluminously from the mouth of the professor. It is to be hoped that the powers that be will anticipate the wish of the exasperated attendant at lectures, and provide proper facilities for taking lecture notes in comfort.

The strangeness of the name Naughty-Seven is already beginning to wear away, as day by day it falls on our ears around the hall. Out of a class of 35 in all, there are seven ladies, an item of news which has been dinned into our ears from many sources. The Freshmen are entering into the life of the University in a hearty manner, and although it remains to be seen just where their *talents* lie, we have no doubt they exist, ready to be

revealed when occasion shall demand, *i. e.*, when the collector makes his rounds with the subscription list. The following are the duly chosen and elected executive for the year : Honorary-president, Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A.; president, Mr. Wm. Raithby ; vice-president, Miss Parker ; secretary, Mr. A. E. White ; treasurer, Miss Shields ; bard, Mr. D. J. McPhail ; musician, Miss Moule; orator, Mr. J. Pirie ; historian, Miss Wilkins ; representative for athletic executive, Mr. R. Young ; representative for literary executive, Mr. Geo. Irons ; captain of Association football team, Mr. Frank Wilson ; captain of Rugby football team, Mr. R. McIntosh ; representative to student body, J. Simpson.

The Literary Society held its first regular meeting of the year on Friday evening, Oct. 17th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The attendance was very large, and a most enthusiastic audience greeted the president. Miss Cutts, '05, rendered, in a most pleasing manner, an instrumental solo, and then followed the president's address. This, though very brief, said much, clearly setting forth the society's ideal—the literary development of its members. A song by W. E. Bowyer, Theo., reading by E. St. James, '06, and a clarionet solo by E. Carey Fox, '06, completed the evening's enjoyment. If we may judge from rumors around the Hall, the meeting was most successful, and we speak for the society a prosperous season.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: F. J. Scott, B.A.

The Whereabouts of Naughty-Three.

L. C. Fraser is attending Knox College.

Miss G. N. Wallace is residing in the city.

Miss E. J. Cameron is teaching in Toronto.

W. Quarrington has returned for Theology.

E. J. Bengough is teaching at Woodstock College.

F. B. Dixon is back for M.A. work in Mathematics.

J. F. Calvert is teaching school in Rosthern, N.W.T.

E. J. Farmer is in attendance on lectures in the Hall.

B. R. Allen is in attendance at McMaster, taking up M. A. work.

Miss M. O. Ardley is attending the Normal College, Hamilton.

E. J. Zavitz is pursuing studies in Forestry at Yale University.

H. T. Norman is attending the University of Toronto Medical School.

Miss A. M. McNeill is in the city, but is about to go to Winnipeg to reside.

P. A. McDiarmid is attending the Theological Seminary in Rochester, N.Y.

Rev. J. E. Miles, Theol., is pastor of the Scoten Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.

D. C. Macintosh is lecturing acceptably in philosophy in McMaster during the absence of Dr. TenBroeke.

J. A. Wallace is in the employ of the De Forest Wireless Telegraphy system, with headquarters at Toronto.

Miss I. J. Munroe is teaching school in Brownwood, Texas. Miss C. A. Sanders, '01, is also teaching in the same city.

George Langdon is located in St. Thomas, where he is working in the interests of the International Correspondence School.

S. M. McLay has been all summer in the employ of the Dominion Government, and has been stationed on Georgian Bay.

Rev. Hugh McDiarmid was married on October 7, at Villa Nova, to Miss Jennie E. Robertson. Mr. McDiarmid is pastor of the Wentworth Street Church, Hamilton.

Rev. J. N. McLean, pastor of the Baptist Church in Wingham, was married to Miss Martha Redfearn, of Harrisburg, Penn., on Sept. 24, '03. The ceremony was performed by Chancellor Wallace in the chapel of the university.

Dr. C. C. Lumley has returned from the far west, where he had been spending the summer, greatly improved in health. He is about to resume the practice of his profession—the dental—in St. Thomas.

Rev. A. A. Kelly is again in the city, taking an additional course in McMaster. Mr. Kelly was married Sept. 30th to Miss Blanche Decker, of Auburn, N.Y., principal of one of the public schools of that city.

Rev. Ralph E. Smith, '00 Arts, B.Th. '03, and Rev. A. A. Scott, B.A., B.Th. '03, and wife, missionaries elect to the Telegus, left for India, via England, on September 14.

Messrs. C. A. Grant, '02, and E. J. Tarr, '02, are studying law in law-offices in Winnipeg; and Mr. C. C. Sinclair, 02' is rusticating in the same city.

Rev. A. P. McDonald, M.A., B.Th. '92, formerly of Dundas, is now settled with the Dunnville Church.

The election of Senators of McMaster University, as representatives of the alumni, resulted as follows: Mr. A. M. Overholt, '97, of Hamilton, in Arts, and Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., '90, Theol., and Rev. W. J. McKay, B.D., '92, of Stratford, in Theology, Mr. Freeman for five years, and Mr. McKay for three years.

Miss B. E. Gile, '00, was married in Bolivia, on April 17, to Mr. Thomson, an English merchant of La Paz, Bolivia.

Rev. A. M. McDonald, '99, of Edmonton, has accepted the call of the Olivet Baptist Church, New Westminster, B.C.

The following graduates have been ordained to the Baptist ministry during the past few months: J. McLauchlan, '03, pastor at Red Deer, N.W.T.; G. C. Lamont, '03, pastor at Wetaskiwin, N.W.T.; Hugh McDiarmid, '03, pastor Wentworth Street Church, Hamilton; J. B. Grimshaw, pastor Union Street Church, Kingston; T. E. Meldrum, '02, Arts, B.Th., '03, missionary in Manitoulin Island; A. A. Scott, B.A., B.Th., '03, missionary to India; Ralph Smith, '00, Arts, B.Th., '03, missionary to India; E. A. Brownlee,' 01. Arts, B.Th., '03, pastor Walkerton Baptist Church; J. N. McLean, '03, pastor Wingham Baptist Church; A. E. Haydon, '01, Arts, B.Th., '03, pastor Baptist Church in Dresden; H. L. Kempton, B.A., B.Th., '03, pastor Baptist Church in Okotoks, N.W.T.

Rev. D. Bovington, '99, after a successful pastorate at Windsor, accepted the call of the Centre Street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, and is now settled in that city.

Revs. H. C. Priest, '94, and J. E. Chute, B.Th., '91, and wives arrived in Canada in May from India for a well-earned furlough.

Rev. I. G. Matthews, '97, has returned for his final year in Theology.

Rev. J. T. Marshall, '00, formerly of Cobourg, is now settled with the Baptist Church in Berlin.

Mr. J. B. Paterson, '96, is residing in Brandon. We understand that Mr. Paterson is married, and is doing well in business.

Rev. L. S. Hughson, B.A., B.Th., '90, B.D., '96, after serving the Lindsay Church for some years, is now settled with the Baptist Church in Windsor.

Scarcely a summer passes but that some of our students forfeit "single blessedness." This year, of several who have said "I will," the names of Messrs. Priest, Kelly, Hugh McDiarmid, J. N. McLean and Miss Elliot have come to our ears. J. N. chose Castle Memorial Hall as the most suitable place to plight his troth, and the Chancellor as the most suitable man to perform the ceremony. By this he established a precedent which may become quite the custom among McMaster grads in future years. Boom on Mac ! We wish all much joy.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: J. H. Cranston, '05.

McMaster 17, Varsity II, 11.—Such is the glorious result of our first match in the intermediate series of the Inter-Collegiate Union, played on October 17th, on McMaster athletic field. A fair sized crowd, consisting principally of McMaster students, prominent among whom were the ladies, cheered the winners on to victory. Our new athletic slogan, which begins with "Rah, rah, rah," and has such thrilling and blood-curdling notes as "Sky-u-mah" and "Osci-wowow," was heard to good advantage, Alex. Torrie leading the chorus. The success of McMaster was a great surprise to the admirers of the Varsity team, who had anticipated an easy victory. Even the supporters of our own team feared the result of the game, as our stalwarts were mostly inexperienced. Brain and muscle, backed by determination, con-

quered after a hard and close struggle. Until the last part of the second half it was anybody's game. Captain McArthur's generalship throughout was superior to that of Captain Rathburn, and in the closing minutes of the struggle McMaster forged ahead. McArthur's punting, "Buzzer" Gray's line bucking, and the superior work of the McMaster scrimmage were great factors in the victory. Others who played well were Peine, Haydon and Gibson. The wings had a very hard lot of men to handle. They were a little slow in following up, and in tackling were inferior to their opponents. Our whole team needs more practice in tackling. For Varsity strong games were played by Lappin, Rathbun, Ross, and Fletcher. McMaster began well, scoring 11 points before their opponents had any. At half time the score was 11-6. Early in the second half Varsity equalled the score, and looked to have good chances of coming out on top. The green and black, however, pushed their way to Varsity's quarter-way, and McArthur punted to the dead ball line. With ten minutes to play McMaster held the ball, and gradually worked up to Varsity's line. Gray bucked his way through for a try just 45 seconds before time. Long dodging runs for tries by McArthur and Lappin were features of the first half.

McMaster now meets Trinity on the 24th, and should we win we shall go into the semi-finals against Queen's II.

The teams were: McMaster—full back, Peine; halves, Haydon, J. B. McArthur (captain), Gibson; quarter, E. R. Gray; scrimmage, Poapst, McIntosh, Jordan; wings, Lailey, Vail, Wells, Munro, Young, Bingham.

Varsity II—full back, McGiverin; halves, Lappin, Rathbun (captain), Housser; quarter, Kenny; scrimmage, Hare, Lord, Sanders; wings, Buck, Boyd, Ross, Smith, Fletcher, Beck.

Referee, Rev. A. F. Barr, B.A.; umpire, F. D. Woodworth.

The score was as follows: first half—McMaster, try (Gibson) 5; goal (Lailey) 1; try (McArthur) 5, Total, 11. Varsity II: try (Lappin) 5; goal (Lappin) 1. Total, 6. Second half—McMaster, dead ball (McArthur) 1; try (Gray) 5. Total, 6. Varsity II: try (Housser) 5. Totals: McMaster, 17; Varsity II, 11.

It was anticipated at one time that there might be some difficulty in getting together a strong enough Rugby team to play Varsity successfully. Captain George Stephen's failure to return, and the loss of several other stalwarts, such as R. D. McLaurin, Guyatt, Vining, Brownlee, J. A. McDonald, Zavitz, McLay, and Smedley, threatened to greatly lessen our chances. J. B. McArthur was appointed captain in Stephen's place, and got his men to work with the result chronicled elsewhere. Only seven members of the team this year played on our first team last year.

McMaster 5, Upper Canada College 1.—An interesting game was played on the University campus on Tuesday afternoon, October 13th, between Upper Canada College and McMaster, the result being a victory for the green and black by 5 points to 1. The match was very closely contested throughout, McMaster doing the pressing in the first half and Upper Canada in the second. Shortly after the game began Gray bucked the line for a try, which Vail failed to convert. The College's one point was secured on a long punt to the dead line. There was the best of friendly feeling between the two teams, and it is likely that another game will be played before the close of the season. McMaster's team was: Full-back, Peine; halves, Gibson, McArthur (captain), Munro; quarter, Gray; scrimmage, Poapst, McIntosh, Jordan; wings, Riddiford, Vail, Wells, Young, Harkness, Bingham. The officials were: Dr. Mackenzie, of U.C.C. and J. H. Cranston, of McMaster.

Advice for Footballers.—The following advice to football players from the Chicago *Tribune* is decidedly interesting. We have no doubt that the writer has had some practical knowledge of American college football: "No football player is a success unless he can yell like a Comanche Indian. Sit out on your front porch and yell at the top of your lungs for half an hour. After the police or the neighbors have prevailed upon you to desist try this yell over a few times and then step out and howl it on the front porch until you are driven to cover again. You see, you don't know what high school or college will have the honor of claiming you as its centre rush, so this yell will do well enough until you know what institution you are going to honor by your presence:

Hilla kajee, a whop, a snee,
Juggle ka bosh, ka bosh, ka hee,
Knock 'em down,
Chew 'em up,
Bite his nose,
Kill the pup,
Varsity, varsity, gee, gee, GEE.

Be sure and let your hair grow long. Also fall in love. No football hero is a success unless there is a beautiful damsel in the grand stand cheering him on to victory. Practise falling down stairs frequently. Learn from the goat how to butt gracefully with your head. Practise kicking. When you can kick a chair over the fence you may rest satisfied that you will be able to make some impression on the tough person of an opposing player."

Is It Sportsmanlike?—We are very sorry to notice that those in control of athletic affairs at Toronto University are still pursuing the unsportsmanlike course to which ref-

erence was made in these columns last year. In the Rugby match played on October 10th, in the Intermediate Intercollegiate series, between Varsity II and Trinity, no less than six men from the Varsity I team played for the second. While one or two of these men may have been doubtful, we venture to assert that at least four of them were at that time sure of their places on the first team. True, they were eligible, according to the laws governing the union, yet it seems hardly fair that a university boasting the name and traditions of 'Varsity, should adopt such practices for the purposes of securing the defeat of the smaller opposing colleges. Surely a university having over fifteen hundred students to draw from should be able to place on the field a real second team, and not a hybrid, such as that which played Trinity. The smaller colleges, with less than two hundred students enrolled, might as well drop out of the running if such practices are to be in vogue henceforth.

Association Football.—In Association football we hope to do well this fall. Several strong players have been lost from the first team of last year, among them McLaurin, Guyatt, Lamont, McDonald and Zavitz. Captain Bingham has had his men hard at work, however, and they will be in good condition for the first game which will take place against S. P. S. on the 21st inst. A practice match against Varsity I was played on October 14th, with the result that McMaster triumphed by 3 goals to 0. Both teams were considerably below their real strength. The wearers of the green and black were: Goal, Lailey; backs, Vail, Wilson; halves, McDonald, McArthur, Weir; left wing, Peine, White; centre, Young; right wing, McKinnon, Bensen.

The Association football schedule for the McMaster games is as follows: Senior series—S. P. S., October 21; Medicals, October 29; Victoria, November 9. Intermediate series—City teachers, November 7; Knox, II., November 17.

New Tennis Courts.—For some time past the tennis enthusiasts at the school have been agitating for better courts than those on the athletic field. Now they are happy. The old grounds of the Varsity tennis club on Bloor street, just east of Castle Memorial Hall, comprising a cinder and grass court have been secured by the Athletic Association. E. W. Clarke has been appointed manager. It is probable that a tournament will be held shortly.

A New Departure at Woodstock.—McMaster students, especially old Woodstock boys, are pleased to note the new policy being pursued by those in the seats of the mighty at Woodstock

College. This year the authorities have allowed the Woodstock Athletic Association to send out track teams to compete with those of other schools, with the result that the college athletes have worthily upheld old Woodstock's honor and reputation. At the Interscholastic meet in Toronto, October 2nd, the Woodstock team, though it consisted but of two members, stood second place with 17 points to Parkdale Collegiate, who scored 28 points with 14 representatives. The College has also entered a Rugby team in the Junior series of the O.R.F.U. and are grouped with Brantford and Dundas. Their first game was lost by 17 to 0 to Brantford, but they hope to turn the score the other way around in the return game. Here's to them.

George Stephens, of '05, has gone to McGill to enter the medical course there. He has caught on with the McGill I. Rugby team, and is playing on the wing line. We are looking forward to seeing him here on November 21st, when McGill plays Varsity.

Football has been forbidden to Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis., on account of a number of serious accidents.

McGill and Queen's University students are playing Burnside rules in their inter-year games. This will probably result in a conversion from the ancient to the modern.

Two representatives from McMaster did very well at Toronto University sports on October 9th. They were H. Murray, '06; and E. J. Farmer, B.A. Murray got third place in the hundred yards dash, and Farmer second place in the 120-yard hurdles. Worthington, who won the hurdles, was forced to do it in 17 seconds, beating the record by 2-5 of a second.

The faculty championship at the Toronto University sports was won by University College for the first time in many years. Worthington won the individual championship.

Varsity II. won from Trinity by 33 points to 1 in a one-sided Rugby match in the Intermediate Intercollegiate series on October 10th.

The senior individual championship in the Woodstock College sports was won by M. Virtue, with L. Kinnear a close second. M. Nesbitt won the junior championship.

A Rugby match may possibly be arranged between Woodstock College and McMaster, to be played in Toronto.

VARSITY greatly surprised McGill on the 16th by coming out on top in the McGill-Varsity games by 65 points to 43. The feature of the day was the defeat of the Canadian champion sprinter, Morrow, of McGill, by E. H. Gurney, of Varsity, in the 100, 220 and 440-yard events. Several records were broken. It is interesting to note that the pole vault was won at 8 feet 11 inches, which is 12 inches below the McMaster record, held by A. E. Haydon.

QUEEN'S II won from Royal Military College on the 17th by 17 to 5.

THE Toronto Argonants won from Queen's I on Oct. 17th in Kingston by 7 to 4.

MCGILL I lost to Varsity I at Montreal on the 17th by 7 to 3.

ST. ANDREW'S 8, MCMASTER 2.—The first Rugby game of the season was played on Saturday, the 3rd inst., at 10.30 a.m. on McMaster campus. The opposing team was St. Andrew's College, who won a hard earned victory by 8 points to 2. The result was not unexpected, as the McMaster team had only had one practice and were also very weak, only three members of last year's team being on. St. Andrew's had been in training for a month, and their superior condition told greatly in their favour. A try, two rouges and a touch-in-goal made up their score, while McMaster secured two points on a rouge and a touch-in-goal. The McMaster team lined up as follows: Full back, Peine; halves, White, J. B. McArthur (captain), Munro; quarter, Young; scrimmage, Raithby, Pengelly, McIntosh; wings, Lailey, Riddiford, Wells, Bingham, Cranston, Harkness. The officials were Mr. Wallace, of St. Andrew's, and M. S. McArthur, McMaster.

MCMASTER 19, ST. ANDREWS 5.—The tables were neatly turned on St. Andrew's College one week later, October 10th, on their own stamping grounds at Rosedale. McMaster was stronger in the scrimmage than in the first game, and the wings followed up in better style. The punting of Captain McArthur, and the line-bucking of quarter-back Gray were features of an interesting match. The score at half-time was 2 to 0 in McMaster's favour, and at full time 19 to 5. The score of the winning team was made up as follows: Try, Bingham (unconverted) 5; try and goal, Lailey, 6; goal from field, McArthur, 5, rouge 1, safety touch 2. St. Andrew's secured their five points on a try in the second half. The McMaster team was: Full back, Peine; halves, Lailey, J. B. McArthur (captain), Munro; quarter, Gray; Scrimmage, McIntosh, Poapst, Jordan; wings, Vail, Riddiford, Wells, Bingham, Cranston, Harkness. The officials were Messrs. Young and McGiverin of Toronto University.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR : MARETTA GORDON.

WHEN college opened on Sept. 9th it was with a larger attendance than that of last year, for although very few of the "Old Girls" returned their numbers have been surpassed by those of the new pupils. They have taken their places in the class room, on the tennis lawn, on the basket ball field, and the school life is progressing as though no summer holidays lay between this year and next.

ON Sept. 18th the first Heliconian meeting was held to elect officers for the ensuing year. There is no reason why our Literary Society should not be as successful this year as in the past years with all our new and enthusiastic workers.

SUNDAY, Sept. 27th, Dr. Elmore Harris preached the sermon to the students in our own chapel. He chose for his text John 21:30, and gave a very clear and helpful explanation of this passage and also a general explanation of the purpose of the book of John.

OCTOBER 1st Dr. Dixon, of Boston, visited us and gave us a very helpful, as well as interesting talk. It was a great pleasure to us all to have him with us, and especially to those who were unable to hear him in Walmer Road Church. Mrs. McMaster visited us on the same day and was truly welcome, as she always is, both to the new girls and to the old. Rev. J. D. Freeman, Chancellor Wallace, Dr. Weeks and Mrs. T. M. Harris have also been with us in chapel service.

WE are to hold a bazaar again this year, and we hope it will surpass any we have ever had. It is to be held on the last Friday in November. The proceeds will go to our gymnasium fund, and we hope that our many patrons of previous years will visit our parlors again and be as generous as they have been formerly.

THE basket ball field is now the scene of many interesting conflicts. It has lost its greenness in certain well-known spots, and has donned a business-like brown. The game has been taken up with enthusiasm by old girls and new alike, and we hope soon to be in condition to try our skill on some kindred spirits in other colleges.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS : { E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.
G. GROBB.

THE Judson Missionary Society held its first monthly meeting of the year on Sept. 7th, when we were favored with a visit from Revs. A. A. Scott and Ralph Smith, missionaries-elect to India. The Society much appreciated their messages, and joined heartily in wishing them God-speed in their journey and future labors.

ATHLETICS are booming in the "old college" this year. Our track team, consisting of M. Virtue and R. B. Kinnear, won second place in the athletic meet held by Toronto University for preparatory schools. The new running track is a great aid to our athletic life. Everything points to a prosperous year under the able and energetic management of our president, A. T. McNeill, B.A. The following compose the executive of the Athletic Association :—Hon. president, Frank Hyde, Esq. ; president, A. T. McNeill, B.A. ; vice-president, P. K. Menzies ; sec.-treas., O. E. Rutledge ; Association football captain, F. W. Weston ; Rugby captain, P. K. Menzies ; Tennis captain, C. McDiarmid ; captain jr. Association football, W. Dadson ; captain jr. Rugby, H. Firstbrook. Representatives of the years are : First, O. Becker ; second, A. Pulver ; third, M. Nesbitt ; fourth, R. D. Moyle.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9th, was observed at the College as Sports Day, and proved a fine day, which coincidence was remarked upon by several. Events were in progress from 9 a.m. till after 4 p.m. when all adjourned to the chapel, where prizes were distributed. The championship cup was won by M. Virtue and the junior championship by M. Nesbitt.

THE Debating Society is again organized. The executive consists of the following :—President, L. S. Haverstock ; vice-president, R. D. Moyle ; secretary, T. J. Hind ; committee, Messrs. Menzies, Nesbitt, Pulver and Newell.

THE Philomathic and Excelsior Societies are now in full swing. The boys are taking a deep interest in literary work this year. The executive of the Philomathic is made up of the following : President, C. McDiarmid ; vice-president, J. W. Ritchie ; secretary, A. P. Ratz ; editor, P. K. Menzies ; sub-editors, H. Newell, Marshall Grobb ; critic, J. W. Russell, M.A. The Excel-

sior executive consists of the following hustling officers :—President, E. Hodson ; vice-president, W. Hewlet ; secretary, F. Grover ; editor, A. Pulver ; sub-editor, A. Fisher, Marshall, H. Moyle ; critic, E. J. Bengough, B.A.

The Judson Missionary Society executive is : President, N. S. McKechnie, B.A. ; vice-president, F. W. Weston ; rec.-sec., L. S. Haverstock ; cor.-sec., R. G. Grobb ; treas., C. J. Bengough, B.A. ; representative from Faculty, A. T. McNeill, B.A. ; representatives from student body, Messrs. Hind, Braybrook and McLean.

On Saturday, Oct. 10th, the College Rugby team met the Brantford team on the College campus. This was the first game for the College team, and while we are disappointed we are not discouraged with the score—18-0.

Several improvements are in course of construction at the College. The boiler house for the new heating plant is about finished, and it is hoped that the warm fluid will be coursing through the veins and arteries of the building before the snow flies. The running track is almost complete now. The top coating of cinders is not yet on, but the track was used on Sports Day without serious trouble.

Here and There.

Editor : W. C. Pearce, '04.

At the time of going to press very few of our exchanges adorn our table. As usual the *Notre Dame Scholastic* was the first to arrive, hard pressed, however, by this year's initial number of the *Ottawa Campus*. The latter contains an excellent article on "Why the Denominational College?"

With pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of the souvenir number of the *Newtonian* and place its name on our exchange list. The "Souvenir" idea dominates the whole number ; hence Newton, its history (in part), its equipment and buildings, its professors, and the graduates of Class '03 occupy the lion's share of the paper. The advantages of Newton are set forth in prose and picture, and the reader is introduced to the Faculty through a set

of half-tone photographs. The worth and excellence of the number justify the expectation of a large demand for it. We extend the heartiest congratulations to our exchange at the success which has marked its first year, and also our best wishes for an ever-increasing field of usefulness.

FROM an exchange we clip the following, which is very pertinent and suggestive: St. Peter—"And who are you?" Candidate—"I am a college man." St. P.—"Did you take a college paper?" Candidate—"Yes." St. P.—"Did you pay for it?" Candidate—"N-No." St. Peter—

MUSAE SILVARUM.

O singing birds, O singing birds, ye sing in field and sky
The simple songs of love and joy ye sang in days gone by;
I hear you in the meadows now and up the mountain stream,
And as I listen to your voice I dream an old-world dream.

O singing birds, O singing birds, ye sang in ancient Greece,
Ere Paris found the fatal fruit, or Jason sought the fleece;
And from the Attic mountain tops ye saw the dawn uprise,
Her feet upon the golden sea and wonder in her eyes.

Ye heard the shepherd pipe at dawn, and piped again with him,
Until the flocks came winding out where forest glades were dim;
Ye sang in dewy dell and woke the wildflower from its dream,
And watched the fauns and satyrs dance beside the woodland stream.

Ye sang your songs at noonday when Athenian crews went down,
Between the dusty walls that joined Piraeus with the town,
Until across the sparkling deep the triremes sailed away,
And up Poseidon's altar steps the women went to pray.

Ye sang your song at eventide, when on the sacred hill
The light was slowly dying down and mists were sleeping still
While two by two the maidens went, with lilies in their hand,
And asked each other of the love they could not understand.

And in the night, when stars looked down and herds were gathered in
And little brooks with tinkling voice made music clear and thin,
At intervals your note again would thrill the forest's rest,
When dreamland fancies woke your joy or breezes stirred your nest.

O singing birds, O singing birds, who pipe in shade and sun,
Ye fill the world with gladness still, ye bind us all in one;
Your songs are of untroubled days, of mornings glad and free,
And merry rivers leaping down the mountains to the sea.

O singing birds, O singing birds, the ages pass away,
The world is growing old, and we grow older day by day;
Pour out your deathless songs again, to men of every tongue,
And wake the music in man's heart that makes the old world young.

—Frederick George Scott in the Mitre.

Like Attracts Like.—When off duty Prof. Richards, of Yale, enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. He adds to the fun sometimes with a witticism of his own. Such was the case when one of the students perpetrated the following antiquity: "Professor, wouldn't you like a good receipt for catching rabbits?" "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?" "Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip," answered the youth, giggling in ecstacy. Quick as a flash came the reply. "Oh, a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."—*Ex.*

Geometrical Definitions.—A professor's discourse has but one dimension, length. A student's recitation is a solid having three dimensions, length, breadth and depth. Answers to questions are of three kinds, right, obtuse, and acute.—*The Sibyl.*

Mr. Arthur Stringer is a young Canadian, now living in New York, who is making a name for himself in the world of letters. His latest volume of verse has just been published in New York and London, and has won cordial commendation from the critics. His lyrics appear regularly in the best magazines We quote herewith two short poems from the *Century* and *Ainslee's* respectively, one a characteristically terse rendering of a fine idea, and the other an illustration of his power to paint out-door nature with a few swift strokes:

THE SEER.

Alone on his dim heights of song and dream
He saw the Dawn, and of its solace told.
We on his brow beheld the luminous gleam
And listened idly, for the night was cold.

Then clouds shut out the view, and he was gone,
And though the way is dubious, dark the night,
And though our dim eyes still await the Dawn,
We saw a face that once beheld the light!

NORTHERN WATERS IN WINTER.

Along the lonely shore stray snowflakes fall,
The waves crash on the shattered ice and crush
The surging floes upon a rock-fanged wall
Tinged gold and saffron with the evening's flush.

The sun goes down behind a blood-red west,
One cold star glitters in a pallid light,
And all the world draws to its breast
The three-fold calm of Water, Snow, and Night!

Notes from a College Girl's Dictionary.—Class-room (from necessitas)—a space enclosed by four walls, one of which

contains a door, through which the innocent—or ignorant—victim passes. Pony (from coachette)—An abridged method of conveying thought from one person to another. Quiz (a derivative from the heathen word examination)—An instrument of torture used by college professors to compel a student to give unwilling information on pain of death or exile. Flunk (a classical expression)—A peculiar sensation producing palpitation of the heart. Freshman (in college)—(1) an object which has a veni, vidi, vinco expression ; (2) one who calls all the professors by their first names; (3) the right owner of telephone and elevator; (4) the only true critic of the methods of instruction used by the faculty.

THE EDITED COLLEGE YELLS.

(A movement to revise and censorize the college yells has been proposed.)

The raucous yell
Of old Cornell
And the whooping hail of Yale;
The Harvard howl
And the Princeton growl
To a milder tone must pale.

The U. C. shriek
And the Vassar squeak,
And the Hopkins ribald blare;
Northwestern's yelp
Of a lion whelp
Shall be softer on the air.

The Wellesley squeal
And the Stanford peal
And the rah, rah of old Knox;
The West Point cry
And the Fiske ki yi
Must eliminate their shocks.

And the hoop-te-doos
Of the Oskaloos
Shall be made more circumspect—
But the college yell
Will sound like—well,
It will hold more intellect!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Some Whistler Sayings.—The late James McNeill Whistler was not only one of the greatest artists, but one of the most brilliant wits of the day. In repartee he was unrivalled. Once, when he had just let off one of his choicest mots, a rival epigrammatist, who was suspected by Whistler of plagiarism, exclaimed, "Ah! how I wish that I said that!" "You will say it," said Whistler, grimly, "after I have gone hence." How delicious, too, was his reply to the enthusiastic lady who exclaimed that the world had only known two great artists, Whistler and Velasquez. "But why," said the master, in his tired voice, "why drag in Velasquez?"

When he had a disagreement with the Royal Society of British Artists, and resigned the presidency, and with some of his friends left the society, he gave vent to one of his most bitter sayings, "The artists have left; the British remain."—*Ex.*

THE HAPPY DINOSAURUS.

The dinosaur was a brainy beast
He lived in the times archaic;
He never cared for the arguments
That cling round the laws Mosaic.

He never got into fierce disputes
On changing the world's finances;
He never wasted his sleeping time
By going to clubs or dances;

He never bothered his mind at all
With trust or with combination;
He never bleated his discontent
With methods of legislation;

He never writhed at a comedy
That couldn't induce his laughter;
He never pestered his listeners
With views on the great hereafter.

But he was a glad, contented brute,
That never grew sad nor solemn;
One brain installed in his sloping skull
And one in his spinal column.

Some say man grew from the dinosaur,
But we needn't all be flattered,
For there are men in the world to-day
Whose brains have been far more scattered.

—*W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.*

A Waterloo for Mark.—Mark Twain was recently chaffing Sir Wemyss Reid on the vagaries of English pronunciation. "You spell a name B-e-a-u-c-h-a-m-p, and pronounce it Marchbanks," he said. "And you do precisely the same thing," replied Sir Wemyss. "What do you mean?" asked Mark Twain. "Well, you spell your name C-l-e-m-e-n-s, and you pronounce it Twain."—*The Argonaut.*

THE
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THE STOIC.

A vision beautiful makes all things fair
  And can transform November into May;
Thy soul, like Prospero or Merlin rare,
  Can charm the evil hours of life away.

'Tis only thinking makes thy fate unkind;
  Thine eye the landscape every beauty brings;
The stars show not their splendor to the blind;
  The seeing soul reads beauty into things.

Transparent purple mists half veil the hills;
  Then through their filmy texture we may see
A dream-like beauty that our being thrills—
  A real and yet ideal majesty.

The silver, summer moon, that was of old
  A goddess by a thousand poets deemed,
Is but earth's satellite, drear, dead and cold—
  The orb that once the living Dian seemed.

Make we the very soul's soul beautiful,
  Then, through the crystal of her magic glass,
The dull events of each day dutiful,
  Like pageants from a heavenly world shall pass.

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET.*

Arnold's was not an eventful career in the accepted sense of the term, and a more adequate idea of his real life-development is obtainable from his writings than from any mere biography. And while no treatment of Matthew Arnold could be at all satisfactory without some reference to his prose works, still in his poetry, of all his work, is the man himself most clearly to be discovered. This at first thought may seem a rash statement, since the general public has considered Arnold rather in connection with his prose than with his verse. Nevertheless the careful reader will find in his poetry all the essential and permanent elements of value contained in his writings on criticism, theology and philosophy—and this despite his formulated, but often unobserved, theory that the poet should be objective only, in method and content. It is in his verse that his gifts of felicitous expression, refinement of taste, and intellectual acumen reach their highest powers, touched as they are with a certain degree of emotion, restrained and subdued it is true, yet at times strongly effective. One feature there is of his prose-writings absent from his poetry—his half-cynical humor. No touch of irreverence, no latent sneer such as sometimes grates upon the reader of his essays, mars his poetic work. For faiths which he cannot hold he has here no word of mockery ; a melancholy tenderness characterizes his outlook over the world's ignorance and folly.

Arnold has written no poem which, like Tennyson's "In Memoriam," reflects the evolution of his soul-life. And at first sight a complete book of his verse seems without indication of any defined line of personal development—the whole seems composed of unrelated, inconsistent and diverse parts. Yet some such development is discoverable upon consideration of his poems in an order more nearly chronological than that in which they appear in a completed volume of to-day. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1888, characterizes in the following way three distinct epochs in Arnold's mental progress :—

*Part of a Paper read before the Alumni Association, May, 1903.

"In the first he expresses the unrest, the bewilderment, the perplexity of a doubting age; in the second he has adopted paganism as his own model of artistic composition and his moral rule of life; in the third his æsthetic and moral stoicism is leavened by that Hebrew element which he affected to despise and strove prematurely to suppress."

While these three stages of Arnold's development may not have been so clear-cut and mutually exclusive as the foregoing summary indicates, some such division as this does much to elucidate not only the study of the man but of his art.

The first two volumes of Arnold's verse belong clearly to the period of perplexity and unrest, but in addition to this they indicate the tendency towards classic ideals in art and morals that culminated during the second period. In these volumes he mirrors with unequalled accuracy the soul-weariness and dissatisfaction of a transition age, which was characterized by the awakening of great scientific and commercial progress, but which seemed to many earnest thinkers barren of corresponding intellectual and æsthetic growth. The old beliefs, or at least the accepted forms of belief, were losing their hold upon many minds, that as yet could perceive no spiritual goal or purpose to satisfy their vague yearnings. Unrest, and alternations of blind eagerness with fatigued discouragement, were characteristic of the young life of the period. The new paths sought and followed by those alive to these soul-cravings varied all the way from Newman's reactionary step into Romanism to the agnosticism of Huxley. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," however, with its final co-relation of reason and faith, presents probably the solution most acceptable to the average thinking layman, of the subsequent period, who has not wandered altogether out of sight of the somewhat indefinitely marked bounds of orthodoxy.

Having thus, in a very general way, characterized the spirit and content of Arnold's two first volumes, a short reference may be made to a few representative poems. "The Strayed Reveller" was the poem which gave title to the first volume, appearing in 1849. This title-poem is fascinating in subject and treatment, but in form is one of Arnold's peculiar unrhymed lyrics—a species of verse that, though sometimes capable of force and beauty, is often hopelessly prose-like. The opening lines are distinctly good:

"Faster, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul."

A true Homeric touch appears in the epithets employed when he refers to the

"Foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea."

The opening sonnet on "Quiet Work" ranks Arnold's verse of this sort in a high class, and others, such as "To a Republican Friend," "Shakespeare," and the one "Written in Emerson's Essays," more than sustain this judgment. Towards the close of "Resignation," perhaps the most exquisite poem in the volume, is given a clue to the poet's attitude towards nature. It is with Arnold a sense of nature's soothing power that is uppermost. He comes to her for temporary solace, quiet and rest, rather than for inspiration or for an interpretation of hidden spiritual secrets. For Wordsworth, who was in a sense Arnold's teacher in descriptive verse, nature had far more of soul-stimulus than for his gifted pupil. These lines from "Resignation" also sum up in a sense Arnold's philosophy of life—the calm for which he strove if he did not always reach :—

"Enough, we live—and if a life
With large results so little rife,
Though bearable, seem hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth—
Yet Fausta, the mute turf we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream which falls incessantly,
The strange-scrawled rocks, the lonely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear rather than rejoice."

The essence of Arnold's sociological and political beliefs is indicated if not explicated in the sonnet "To a Republican Friend," addressed doubtless to Clough, whose temporary revolutionary enthusiasm at that time was not altogether shared by

Arnold. This beautiful sonnet, suggestive of Wordsworth's inimitable one on Milton, is well worthy of study.

A story of rare charm in theme and in telling is the Egyptian tale of "Mycerinus." Arnold, like Tennyson, though with striking differences in method, displays fine skill in the writing of short narrative poems. The work of Arnold, it has been well said, is less ornate and also less picturesque than that of Tennyson. About the best of the narrative poems is, however, one that is more suggestive of the Tennysonian manner than the rest, viz., the "Forsaken Merman," a work of truly exquisite beauty and pathos, telling of the grief of the sea-king and his children, whose ocean home has been forsaken by the earth-born mother :—

> "Come, dear children, come away down,
> Call no more.
> One last look at the white-walled town
> And the little grey church on the windy shore,
> Then come down.
> She will not come though you call all day.
> Come away, come away."

The story of "The Sick King of Bokhara" is a poem in which the author in more than one instance gives us some very prosaic verse. Indeed, as Stedman remarks of our poet, at times "he does not seem clearly to distinguish between the functions of poetry and prose."

"Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems" appeared in 1852 —a book of which the public took no immediate notice. While this fact is a reproach upon the literary taste of Victorian England, it is to be accounted for partly by the persistent melancholy of much of Arnold's earlier verse, its lack of emotional fervor and enthusiasm, and the absence of any dominating motive, mastering truth, or suggestion of solution for the doubts which held the poet himself. Then, too, the shorter metres of many of his lyrics, while possessing something of the irregular beauty of Greek choric verse, are often decidedly unpleasing to the ear.

In this second volume he turned more frequently to the classic past for the subjects and form of his art. In his own age (which the young poet seems to have regarded at times as a sort of cramping prison-house) he was unable to find congenial themes.

In lieu, therefore, of spontaneous song he afterwards substituted studies in the manner and spirit of an antique past. Work of this class, however finished and perfect, is at best a series of reproductions, and cannot fill the place of creative work in a national literature. Its appeal is rather to the scholar than to the nation, and this is doubtless one reason why Arnold's objective verse, as also his more subjective poetry, has not had wider acceptance. Tennyson in narrating an ancient story is far less true to the strict historical spirit, but his revivifying modern touch and his picturesque, rather than statuesque, treatment of details brings the present-day reader into sympathetic contact with the past in a way that Arnold never succeeds in effecting.

The title-poem of this second volume, "Empedocles on Etna," was one that appealed especially to Robert Browning, and indeed it is strongly suggestive of that poet's own "Paracelsus." Empedocles, so the legend goes, was a Sicilian Greek of the fifth century before Christ, who, despairing in his vain search after truth, flung himself into the crater of Mount Etna. In places this poem seems, as we read it, to find in Stoic resignation a solution to the problem of life. In his speech to his friend Pausanius, Empedocles holds firm to the principle of self-government and brave endeavor :—

> "I say, 'Fear not! Life still
> Leaves human effort scope;
> But since life teems with ill,
> Nurse no extravagant hope.
> Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.'"

But weary of effort and of life this advocate of fortitude finds in death the only solace for his own soul-pain. The conclusion of the poem suggests Arnold's own haunting dissatisfaction with the later conclusions of his own philosophy of Stoicism. The other long poem of the volume, "Tristram and Iseult," is reminiscent of the French cycle of Arthurian legends. It contains passages of undoubted strength and beauty, but is at times obscure.

Among the miscellaneous poems "Parting" ranks in a high class. In it there is not only lyric beauty but passion, an element the more effective here because so often lacking in Arnold's verse. The opening lines, too, are a fine example of Arnold's skill in

objective scene-painting. In "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens" there is a stanza that comes nearer to Wordsworth's manner of approaching nature than almost anything else that Arnold has written:—

> "Calm soul of all things! make it mine
> To feel amid the city's jar,
> That there abides a peace of thine
> Man did not make, and cannot mar."

Here it seems as though Arnold has for a moment drawn aside nature's veil, searching behind it for the eternal "calm soul of all things," rather than the merely temporary restfulness that he is accustomed to seek in the "lap of Mother Earth."

The inherent moral earnestness of Arnold, a bequest from his noted father, stands out in his stanzas on "Morality":—

> "We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire which in the heart resides;
> The spirit bloweth and is still,
> In mystery our soul abides.
> But tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

His verses on "Progress" embody his belief in religion divorced from dogma, and contain a striking tribute to religions in general.

There is a tendency with Arnold to make his lyric verse the medium of mere intellectual criticism, social, moral and religious. In such efforts he fails necessarily to achieve the highest success in poetry. As a didactic poet Arnold has too much of self-consciousness—he has not the persuasive power of highly charged emotion or deep heart-conviction. When, however, he deals with literary subjects, his æsthetic sense awakens him to a degree of enthusiasm, as in his "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon." In the stanzas entitled "Memorial Verses" there is united with this enthusiasm for art an element of worship for the poet-dead, and we have at once illuminative estimates of Goethe and Byron and a highly poetic elegy upon Wordsworth.

We now come to the second epoch of Arnold's inner life, as indicated by the character of his verse; that in which classic

paganism supplies his rules both for art and for moral philosophy. The approach to this intellectual standing-place is evident even in the second volume, but it is in the third, published in 1853, that Arnold first gives definite expression to this theory that classical objectivity is the ideal for modern verse. Though most of the poems of his earlier volumes are reprinted in this edition, "Empedocles" is omitted, and the reason given in the preface is that the subject, though concerned with persons and scenes of classical times, is not treated in accordance with the true objective method. Fortunately the poem reappeared in 1867, at the particular request of Robert Browning.

With regard to those objects essentially adapted to poetic treatment, Arnold says :—"The poet, then, has in the first place to select an excellent action, and what actions are the most excellent? Those, certainly, which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections ; to those elementary feelings which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time." This contains profound truth, but the author narrows too much the general principle when he considers that only in following the ancients is its application to be found. And, too, in ruling out all save what finds expression in external action he unduly limits the functions of poetry. Stedman suggests that this preface may have been "written shortly after the completion of some purely objective poem, like 'Sohrab and Rustum,' and the theory deduced from the performance." Some such supposition will help at anyrate to explain Arnold's neglecting to carry out his own theory. A somewhat different suggestion is made by the author of the *Edinburgh Review* article previously mentioned, to the effect that "Arnold's theory of the art of poetic composition was framed to support his moral theory of life." This suggestion is one of some weight. Certainly at this period of his career Arnold's moral standards seemed determined by ancient models. His classical theory of art was in a sense but a counterpart of a corresponding theory of life with which for the time he sought to satisfy himself. To quote again from the *Review* writer : "His moral prop is identical with his artistic prop. To insist upon calm, patience, apathy, endurance, acceptance of fate, submission to the omnipotence of adamantine laws, is to state the æsthetic principles of classicism from their moral side. With Arnold as

with the Stoics, his philosophy . . . . was bred from despair in the presence of waning faiths. Like them he sought in passionlessness a refuge from the turmoil of the world. . . His moral feelings as well as his intellectual instincts inclined him towards the classical school."

However short of complete truth Arnold's theories at this period were, the fact that he now held to any dominating thought and principle in art and life (though not always consistently) gave new strength to his work, previously characterized altogether by unrest and uncertainty. It is with the publication of this volume, and especially on account of the poem "Sohrab and Rustum," that his poetical fame really began. The work mentioned is, perhaps, the best English poem written in the Homeric vein and the most human of Arnold's longer efforts. The episode here told in stately yet vigorous blank verse has as its *locale* Central Asia. The slaying of the son Sohrab (the most sympathetically drawn of all Arnold's characters) by the old warrior-father Rustum, to whom the tie of kin is unknown, is tragic and heroic in its telling. When Rustum, realizing at last the true horror of his deed, wishes death for himself also, the son replies in these perfect lines :—

> "'Desire not *that*, my father; thou must live,
> For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
> As some are born to be obscur'd, and die.
> Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
> And reap a second glory in thine age.'"

A simple lyric of tender pathos and musical charm is that called "Requiescat" :—

> "Strew on her roses, roses,
> And never a spray of yew!
> In quiet she reposes;
> Ah, would that I did too."

"The Scholar Gipsy" contains stanzas that must appeal to Oxford men as few poems can ever do, and to the general reader they bring much of the freshness of the beautiful English midlands.

The next volume of his verse appeared in 1855, as "Poems

by Matthew Arnold—second series." Of these, two were new, "Balder Dead" and "Separation." The former, like "Sohrab and Rustum," is Homeric in style, though the subject is from Norse mythology. It lacks the human interest of the earlier poem, though containing passages of rare classic charm. "Separation," like "Requiescat," is one of those simpler poems of Arnold's that come direct from the heart, untinged by intellectual judgment as to conformity with a set theory. Subjective verses of this sort are after all the most truly poetical of his efforts. They show the tenderness and depth of feeling of which their author was capable, and to which, despite his self-conscious restraint, he was impelled at times to give way.

With the exception of "Merope," which appeared in 1858, Arnold's poetry from this on indicates that the Hellenic spirit is losing something of its absolute domination over his artistic and moral beliefs. And "Merope" was really an academic production, written in his capacity of Professor of Poetry—a skillful imitation of a Greek play, but of the form without the living soul.

From now on the poet seems to be leaving his attitude of stoic indifference and acquiescence to "things that are." He soon begins even to *hope* for the future, and we pass to the third stage of Arnold's development, that in which (to quote again) his "æsthetic and moral stoicism is leavened by that Hebrew element which he affected to despise and strove prematurely to suppress." It is true that in his prose work, notably in "Culture and Anarchy," he still proclaims even more extravagantly than before his classical theories, but from now on the careful reader who studies both his verse and prose suspects that the author is but continuing to defend positions which, while he may intellectually strive to retain, he instinctively feels to be paradoxical. This change in his verse indicates a change in his philosophical attitude. A reaction, it may be, from over-culture, a vague feeling that knowledge after all does not suffice, that the heart has thus far been starved to feed the intellect. Arnold, though he schooled himself to a coldly philosophic creed, was by nature not a stoic. Beneath his self-suppression there was a heart responsive to human suffering and human needs. He was unable, though he strove to emulate the calm indifference of Goethe's self-culture, to remain self-sufficient and self-centred. In private

life he seems to have been sympathetic and responsive, and one cannot but feel that the inherent tenderness of his nature must have chafed beneath his creed's bond of isolation and selfishness. In no other way can we reconcile with his writings the helpfulness, honest goodwill and kindly cheerfulness that seemed to characterize him in private and official life. In a word, the man was ever better than his creed, the poet than his theory.

The change to the newer attitude is well expressed in the stanzas entitled, "Obermann, Once More," contained in the volume of "New Poems," appearing in 1867. These are in striking contrast to the poem of twenty years before "In Memory of the Author of 'Obermann.'" He now pictures himself as being thus addressed by the spirit of the recluse whose isolation in his youth he had envied.

> "What though there still need effort, strife?
> Though much be still unwon?
> Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life.
> Death's frozen hour is done!"

The greatest poem in the new volume is an elegy—"Thyrsis," a monody on his friend Arthur Clough, written in the Theocritean manner. "Thyrsis" is in a sense a sequel to "The Scholar Gipsy" and like it is suggestive throughout of the beautiful environs of Oxford. In Elegiac verse Arnold is particularly felicitous, and that in memory of his father, entitled "Rugby Chapel," is notably successful in spite of being an unrhymed lyric in form.

One of the most interesting poems in the volume is the striking presentment of the mediæval legend of "St. Brandon."

Melancholy in tone, but sincere in its emotion, and at once religious and sceptical in spirit, is "Dover Beach." It sums up better than any formal essay Arnold's soul-attitude at this time.

> "The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world."

The "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" express pathetically the author's reverence and longing for the solace of a religious faith he no longer holds—

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,
> With nowhere yet to rest my head,
> Like these, on earth I wait forlorn."

In "The Last Word," though there is depicted an unsuccessful life-struggle, there is also a note of moral hope and even of ultimate victory—a belief that somehow honest battling to overthrow wrong will in the end prevail, though the fighter be dumb in death ere the "forts of folly fall."

> "Charge once more then, and be dumb,
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall!"

During the last twenty years of his life Arnold wrote but little verse—though the falling off was in quantity rather than in quality. "Westminster Abbey," composed in memory of Dean Stanley, contains lines almost Miltonic in their stately beauty, and is in some respects one of the very best of Arnold's poems.

When it is stated that the third period of Arnold's inner development is no longer characterized by the absolute domination of Hellenism in morals and art, it is not to be understood that his attachment to classic culture was abandoned. Still less is it to be concluded that the later leavening of the Hebrew spirit wrought a complete overturning in his intellectual and moral life. But, as has been well remarked, "The Hebrew spirit disputed the absolute sway of Hellenism, the religious consciousness strove with the intellectual culture, and conquered its right to a balance of power." Not that Arnold ever approximated to the doctrines of orthodox Christianity; from these apparently he drifted farther away. But his inherent, though for a time latent, moral purposefulness asserts itself, and he is concerned with righteousness as well as with beauty. If culture is still his ideal, it is more and more a moral as well as an æsthetic culture which he seeks. Nor do Arnold's writings indicate that he ever obtained the complete

repose which he sought. His verse to the end contains the note of Eternal Pain—though hope, if not peace, now relieves at times its haunting sadness. Owing to the infrequency of his verse-writing in later years we must look to Arnold's prose and to his practical life for manifestation of his matured development. While his mental life to the end was undoubtedly characterized by a certain unrest, his search for truth was increasingly eager and untiring; and a practical, if not a philosophical, solution seems in a large measure to have been reached by him—the solution of unselfish activity for the good of mankind. He had thrown aside the idle discontent and yearning of his youth, as well as the 'disinterested objectivity' and stoic aloofness of his middle life. In place of these there came about an eager participation in affairs of education, national culture, morality and politics. A passage from "Friendship's Garland" indicates admirably Arnold's matured attitude towards the life about him. The modern problem, he says, is "to make human life, the life of society all through, more natural and rational; to have the greatest possible number of one's nation happy. Here is the standard by which we are to try ourselves and one another now." His very effort to reconcile faith and reason, science and theology, inadequate as his solution may appear, is evidence at any rate of the reawakened earnestness of the man—content no longer to hold aloof from the crying needs and insistent problems of modern life. The case of Matthew Arnold seems distantly analogous to that of Imanuel Kant, who, after his Critique on Pure Reason had landed him at what seems "nowhere" to the unmetaphysical mind, took refuge in his conclusions on "Practical Reason." So Arnold, however unsatisfied his searchings after a philosophy of life in its abstract, found a degree of satisfaction, we may believe, in his unceasing endeavor to make the most of existing conditions for himself and for the world of men about him.

Whatever of doubt or gloom there is in his writings, little of it seems to have been evident in his personal contact with others, or indeed anywhere in his private everyday life. For a general summing up of Arnold the man, in this respect one cannot do better than read the sketch given by Herbert Paul in "The Englishmen of Letters" series.

It seemed almost as though, in his matured life, the heart and

will had said to the intellect: "Thus far and no farther," and had commanded that however unsatisfied its abstract speculations and yearnings, the soul's contentment in earnest work, joy in art, and happiness among friends were to be undisturbed. And this it is, I think, that accounts for his evident enjoyment of his every-day life, as well as for the gleams of hope and the exhortations to undismayed effort that occur here and there in his later verse. As poet and as man of emotion and will he asserts himself thus over Arnold the mere thinker. Neither the melancholy of his pen nor the cheerfulness of his smile, were, I believe, assumed.

Religion, Arnold came to hold as being concerned with conduct rather than with belief, though his definition of it as "morality touched with emotion" carries him beyond the bounds of his own theory, and indeed would seem almost to necessitate the positing of a Personal Deity to account for the phenomenon of such religion at all.

"To purge the ore of Christianity from its dross," to quote the preface to his last theological essays, was undoubtedly the religious desire of Arnold; though removing the dross involved to him the loss of faith in supernatural revelation and in divine personality.

And this much, too, may be said for Arnold; his desire seemed not so much to disturb those who had faith, as to point out to those who had abandoned orthodoxy that they need not become materialists because they were unable to believe in miracles. Though throwing aside the Anthropomorphism of the Deity, he yet held firmly to the thought of God as an influence for good working upon the lives of men, and to the practical application of Christ's saying that "That Kingdom of God is within you."

S. R. Tarr, '95.

"SEASON OF MISTS AND MELLOW FRUITFULNESS."

Just at the close of summer, and before the decay of approaching winter renders the earth bare and brown, comes a season of bright days and clear, cool nights, of joyous harvests and late-blooming flowers, purple and gold. Other seasons have their pleasures too—the birds are never so happy,

the leaves and blades never wear so tender a green as at the opening of the year. June's lavish wealth of flowers and foliage, the cool, green-swarded walks of July woods, and August's pastoral beauties are peculiar to summer alone. But autumn is the climax and culmination of the year, the heiress of all the spring's life and summer's growth. Robed in scarlet and purple and gold, she comes over the hills laden with blushing fruit and crowned with purple clusters. Her face is ruddy brown and kindly, and as she comes she brings joy to mankind.

An autumn day in rural Canada is one of nature's most lovely gems, the concentration of all the development of spring and summer into a few glorious hours of color, sunshine and joyous fruitfulness. The morning sun rises large and red, and as it strikes the low-lying mists, changes them to a sea of liquid light, an enveloping golden vapor, that covers all the fruitful plain. But soon the mists begin to lift and rise slowly. Now they reveal glimpses of a distant field, now they show a homestead nestled amongst its trees, and as the white layers melt into the deep blue vault of heaven, the sun bursts on such a scene as only a Canadian autumn day can show.

The fields are rolled out like a rich tapestry, the dark golden-brown of the corn-fields alternating with the green of the pastures and the black newly-plowed fallow. The woods that fringe the scene glow in the morning sunlight in colors that would make the royal robes of an emperor look dull, so bright is their scarlet, their gold, their dark auburn red, seen through the clear, cool air and delicate purple haze. The ploughman, as he reaches the crest of a rise, stops and views the glorious sight. Instinctively he bares his head. He smiles as he gazes, and perhaps a tear glistens in his eye. No wonder, for his soul would indeed be dead who did not love such a country.

Soon noontide rests on the land, and woods and fields seem still and dreaming under the warm sunlight. In the grassy pasture-land the drowsing cattle lie under the shade of some crimsoning group of maples, while past them the stream wanders sleepily on, sometimes out in the sunshine, and again in the shade of some tall elm or spreading beech tree.

Imperceptibly midday glides into the long, glowing afternoon; gradually the shadows of the trees lengthen over the

stubble-fields and across the dusty white road ; and, as the sun descends in the west, the faint tinkle of a bell sounds from the herd treading the winding path to the farmyard.

But now twilight descends over the scene, and the stars begin to twinkle in the heaven, save where the western sky is still flushed as by some huge furnace below the distant horizon. Even this dies out, and as twilight gives way to darkness even the croak of the frogs and chirrup of the crickets become hushed.

Slowly, large and round and yellow, through the distant tree-tops, rises the harvest moon. Silently she rides clear, growing smaller and more silvery as she rises, till she seems to hang above the dark masses of the trees, and throws into strong, cold lights and deep shadows the fields, the buildings, the groves and the woods. Now she seems indeed the "Queen of Night," walking in majesty the pearly pavement of the clouds, pure and cold and stately. Thus she rules in majesty, and holds dominion till the cold grey dawn begins to outline the tall forests sharp and clear against the eastern sky.

John B. McLaurin, '05.

A LYRIC FROM HEINE.

(Lyrical Intermezzo, 61.)

Last night I wept in my dreaming,
For I dreamed in the grave you were laid ;
And when I awoke, the torrent
Of tears would not be stayed.

Last night I wept in my dreaming,
For I dreamed you said farewell ;
And when I awoke, my weeping
Still was bitter and hard to quell.

Last night I wept in my dreaming,
For I dreamed your love was true ;
And when I awoke, the tears, love,
Poured down my cheeks anew.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

MILTON'S GREAT SONNET.

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.

Forget not: In Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway

The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

The above poem may safely be cited as the greatest sonnet n the English tongue. It was called forth in the year 1655 by the inhuman persecutions which at that time the Duke of Savoy thought fit to visit upon the Waldenses, a simple Protestant people dwelling among the Alps. The Duke issued an edict requiring these innocent folk to part with their property and leave his dominions within twenty days, or else subscribe to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church. Failing to comply with this peremptory order, the Waldenses were mercilessly butchered by the Duke's soldiery. The pitiful spectacle of these helpless people being driven out of their homes and murdered in cold blood on their native hillsides, produced a loud, indignant outburst from the Protestant nations of Europe.

Milton, acting in his public capacity, uttered the protest of England in Letters of State; then, in the powerful words of this sonnet, he uttered *himself*.

The reader of the poem is at once impressed by the majesty of its thought, and by the stateliness of its movement. It is not a little remarkable that an event of a character so distressing is

dealt with in lines so calm and dignified. An examination of the sonnet shows that this comes, not from any coldness of feeling on the part of the writer, but as the natural effect of the largeness of his view. Milton clearly recognizes the fact that, seem as things may, God is God. And in this firmly settled conviction he makes his appeal to the throne on high for that vengeance and that justice which the tribunals of earth fail to render. There is here no petty human fretting over calamity, no foolish blaming, no ill-considered, violent words, no unseemly extravagance of any kind, but simply a sublime, confident appeal to the Court Supreme of Heaven.

This sonnet is a prayer, noblest of all the multitude of such cries that have gone up to the ear of God from this persecuting earth—yet it is more than a prayer. Remembering the words of Holy Writ, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," the poet's utterance is not merely the cry of the suppliant asking, it becomes the appeal of one firmly—though with fit reverence—claiming the spoken promise of the Almighty. "Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughtered saints," he cries, with confidence that the vengeance shall come; and in the same bold spirit, "Even them . . . . Forget not: In Thy book record their groans."

The splendid poise of Milton's mind, even face to face with an atrocity of this fearful sort, is shown in this poem, for the sonnet looks with steady eye far into the future, and beholds, through the thick mists of present time, the ultimate triumph of the truth. And this a triumph not merely in spite of the terrible experiences of the present, but actually by means of them, for—

> "Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
> O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
>
> The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
> A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
> Each may fly the Babylonian woe."

As is so often the case in Milton's verse, telling use is made of Scriptural expressions and forms of thought. For example we have, "Thy saints," "Thy truth," "Thy book," "Thy sheep," "Thy way," all carrying with them a fragrance and an added meaning because of their Scriptural association. Then again the poet speaks of "stocks and stones," of "the Babylonian woe," of

the vengeance of the Lord, and of men multiplied "a hundredfold," expressions peculiarly apt to the subject.

For graphic effect surely these lines hardly find a parallel in literature ; and all is done in a few touches. This poem ought to be an answer to those who would have us believe it impossible to say much in few words. With one dip of the pen the great writer shows us the dreadful horror of the crime. We seem actually to see the red-handed murderers at their work, and to hear in our ears the cries and the groans of their victims. What could be more graphic than—

> "Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
> Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
> The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
> To heaven" ?

Character is here drawn in deeds. Beautifully suggestive of a simple, noble type are the words :—

> "Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones."

Then, on the other hand, how utterly heartless must be persecutors—

> ". . . . . That roll'd
> Mother with infant down the rocks."

And this cruelty is even more emphasized when we are given its effect in pitiful sounds :—

> ". . . . . Their moans
> The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
> To Heaven."

More than once in the sonnet Milton uses nature with effect in enforcing his thought, and the result seems particularly telling in the lines last quoted. Here even the inanimate vales and hills send up a plea to Heaven, so shocking is the crime being committed.

The sonnet gains in interest and power through its being probably the first composed by Milton in the calamity of blindness. The fearful news was received in the darkness, and in the darkness were traced these immortal words.

F. S. Beddow, '06.

ON MOUNT JULIAN AT SUNRISE.

It was five o'clock by my watch. So I found out after I had bumped my head against the side of my impromptu bunk on the steamer floor, muttered something underneath my breath, rubbed my eyes open, yawned two or three times, stretched myself, and realized where I was. I sat up, pulled the damp awnings aside and looked out on the waters of the lake. A heavy fog lay on the surface, through which a dull gray light was just beginning to break. In the forepart of the boat I heard the wheelman and the engineer dressing, and as I had no hope of any further sleep, I resolved to follow their example.

That was but the work of a few moments. It only meant the adjusting of a collar and tie, the lacing of a pair of boots, and the parting, at the side, of course, of some very refractory locks of hair. Then I made my way to the deck, where I found my friend Warman, who had risen but a few minutes before me. We were on the steamer "Cora," which was lying at the wharf at the foot of Mount Julian, on Stoney Lake.

We looked up at the mountain. The night before our envious eyes had been turned towards the summit, and now, in the gray damp of early morning, we resolved to climb it. We jumped to the wharf and made for the base of the hill, for really it is nothing more, being only about four hundred feet in height. To climb around and over the gigantic granite boulders, to break our way through the underbrush, to jump over crevices in the rock and fallen logs, and finally to gain the top, breathless but exultant, took but a short time.

The scene that met our eyes will never be forgotten. Stoney Lake with its eight hundred islets, their tree-clad heads standing up out of the fog, lay at our feet. To the south was Clear Lake, to the west Burleigh Falls and Lovesick Lake, one of the prettiest and most romantic of all the "bright waters" of the Kawartha chain, and to the north was the great bush-land as far as we could see. But it was to the east that we looked the most.

The sun was just rising. The whole sky was ablaze with

> "A wonderful glory of color,
> A splendor of shifting light."

As we looked on this masterpiece from the brush of the greatest of all painters, we felt how feeble and insignificant were the paintings of even the most famous of men. We knew our own littleness as we had never known it before. As the great ruler of the day climbed higher in the heavens, and the golden streaks of light played through the clouds, we saw a wondrous transformation. The fog and the mist disappeared from the bosom of the lake as if by magic. They seemed to dissolve into nothingness as they were touched by the wand of the great Magician.

A new vista of delight lay before us. The islands, which had been hidden before in the midst of the fog, were now revealed in all their natural beauty. They rose up out of the deep, dark, still waters of the lake, like so many miniature paradises, and were duplicated in every line in the mirror-surface below. Each island—and they range in size from a mere nose of rock, rising perhaps half a foot above the water, to nearly half a mile across and two hundred feet high—consists of one mass of red granite, usually covered to the top by firs, beech trees and scrub, whose roots have managed to gain a hold in the crevices in the barren rock. On the highest points of many of the islands were to be seen flag-poles, from which were flying the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes in almost equal numbers. Looking closer we were able to discover the prettiest and, as one of the ladies of our party afterwards put it, "dearest," of cottages, situated either on the summit of the islet or down below on the edge of the little cove formed by a twist in the rock. With the aid of our field-glasses we were able to discover, on some of the larger rocks, as many as three or four of these summer homes, where the rich forget their wealth, where they dispense with the eternal question of the servant girl, and in roughing it really enjoy life.

We stood for a long time entranced with the view. We looked first toward the west, and fancied as we looked that we could hear the hoarse roar of Burleigh Falls and rapids some miles distant. Then we turned to the south and the east, and then to the west, and south and east again, with an occasional glance over our shoulder to the wild country to the north of us, so lately the haunt of the red man, and where occasional deer and bears are yet to be found. It seemed as if we could never make up our minds to leave this visual feast, but at length the sound of

a breakfast gong on the porch of the hotel below told of another feast that was waiting us, and our humanity asserted itself. We made our way down the side of the mountain, though not without a sigh of regret and a hope that we might come again.

After breakfast we went on board the "Dora." In and out among the islands, through narrow channels whose perfect beauty baffles description, we steamed for two hours. It was an ever-to-be-remembered morning, and we were genuinely sorry when we left Stoney Lake behind us and proceeded on our way through the linked Kawartha waters back to our own Sturgeon Lake, which, while not so gloriously wild in its scenery, has a softer and sweeter beauty all its own.

J. H. Cranston, '05.

THE HUMAN WAY.

We grope blindly in the blackness
For the light;
Loving, laughing, sinning, sobbing
Through the night;
Dreary-hearted, tear-stained, weary
With the strife,
Till we stumble o'er the margin
Into Life

A. E. H.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

The Publication Board of The Monthly has decided to enter a new field of journalistic enterprise. Short stories have occasionally occupied a place in this magazine, but such productions emanating from the pens of the students have been comparatively rare, although the editor has been eager to receive this class of literature. In order to stimulate interest in this particular branch of literary activity, a competition has been opened for which all McMaster students are eligible.

The first contest is open to undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in arts who are now registered as students in Theology). In connection with this contest three prizes are offered. First prize, five dollars; second prize, three dollars; third prize, two dollars.

The second contest is open to graduates in Arts and Theology and others who formerly have been in attendance at McMaster University. In this contest two prizes are offered. First prize, six dollars; second prize, four dollars.

Rules governing the contests:

1. Manuscript for both contests must be in the hands of the judges not later than Feb. 1st, 1904.
2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.
3. Stories must not contain more than 2,000 words.
4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.
5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.
6. The judges are Professor McLay, Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., and V. A. Ray, B.A.

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Editorial Notes.

THE annual report of the Board of Governors to the Convention of the denomination shows that our University is in a flourishing condition, and makes it clear that the time has come for an advance. To prepare the way for a forward movement, as well as to meet the evident requirements of the present, four important changes in connection with our work have been made. Professors McKay and Farmer have been appointed Deans in Arts and Theology, respectively; Mr. A. C. Newcombe, B.A., has been made Registrar and Secretary, and Mr. C. J. Cameron, B.A., B.Th., has been chosen as the first Field Secretary for Education. We are certain that these appointments will not only commend themselves to every friend of the institution, but that they will serve to strengthen the University in its work. Ever since joining the staff, Professor McKay has acted in the capacity of Registrar, and that he has performed the duties successfully is so well known to all that it is really superfluous to state the fact. With the growth of the University, however, the duties have become so many and so onerous that no professor could perform them and at the same time do justice to his lectures and to himself. The

Board wisely resolved to set Professor McKay free from this work and to combine the office of Registrar with that of Secretary. For the new office Mr. A. C. Newcombe, B.A., has been chosen. Mr. Newcombe is a graduate of McMaster of the Class of '00, and is in every way suited to serve the University in his new position. We cordially welcome him to a share in the work of building up McMaster. Professor McKay, in retiring from the Registrarship, will, in his capacity as Dean, put his services at the command of the students in a more intimate, and perhaps more useful, way than ever before. Professor Farmer, in the same capacity, will be, as he has ever been, a wise and much-sought counsellor. For the position of Field Secretary there was one man, and one man only, whose name would occur to every person, and that was C. J. Cameron. We congratulate ourselves in securing such an able, energetic and enthusiastic graduate to present the claims of McMaster to the people of the churches. His labors will, we are certain, be fruitful of large and advantageous results to McMaster. The Monthly expresses the simple truth when it says that no better appointments than the ones mentioned could have been made, and voices the sentiments of all in congratulating Messrs. McKay, Farmer, Newcombe, and Cameron upon the well-deserved recognition of their worth and services.

Many of our graduates will have heard with deep regret of the death of Rev. Edwin Porter Churchill, of the Class of '97. After leaving McMaster Mr. Churchill was ordained at Bridgewater, N.S., where he acted as pastor for three years. In September, 1900, he entered Newton Theological Institution and remained there one year, during which time he also served the church at Dover, N.H. In June, 1901, he entered upon a pastorate at Dover that ended only with his death, on July 25th, 1903. A correspondent of the *Watchman*, Boston, states that his labors had been blessed of God, and that he had won the affection of his people and the confidence of the whole community. We who knew his worth at McMaster may well believe that his beautiful spirit and sterling Christian character would leave indelible impressions on the hearts of those who came under his influence. The following letter, which was written to the secretary of the

Alumni Association, less than a month before his death, will have a pathetic interest to all who knew him :—

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find my ballot and also the one dollar expected of each member. If I have not contributed before it has simply been neglect, and not from a lack of interest in old McMaster. The memories of the four years spent within her walls are very dear to me. Trusting that she may prosper in every respect and that many may in the coming years claim her as their Alma Mater, I am, yours very truly,

"E. P. CHURCHILL."

We shall cherish the memory of our brother as he loved his Alma Mater. On behalf of the University we extend sincere sympathy to Mrs. Churchill, and pray that divine consolation may be given to her and her two little children.

THE attention of graduates and undergraduates is directed to the announcement of the Prize Story Competition that appears on page — of this issue of THE MONTHLY. It is our earnest hope that a goodly number may compete and that we may be able to enrich the pages of our magazine with a series of interesting and well-written stories. The prizes offered are not princely, but they are the best the financial condition of THE MONTHLY will warrant. Our appeal is not mainly to the desire to win a small money prize, but to the college spirit and loyalty that we know may be found in McMaster men and women. Should the competition prove successful this year, we shall look forward to another and perhaps more attractive one next year.

Book Reviews.

INDIA'S PROBLEM.*

"India's Problem" easily takes rank as the ablest work on India and the problem of her evangelization that has yet appeared. The author is himself a missionary of over twenty years' experience, and is recognized by all who know him as one of the ablest

*India's Problem: Krishna or Christ. By J. P. Jones, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.

and most far-seeing men on the foreign field to-day. He has made so careful, exhaustive and first-hand study of the whole subject that we feel that we cannot recommend this work too highly to those who desire a true insight into the races, religions and customs of India, and the wonderful revolutions and transformations which the introduction of Christianity is producing in that empire of nations. No one can rise from a perusal of this book without at once a new conception of the tremendous problems that confront the missionary and a deep and abiding confidence that it is Christ and not Krishna that India needs. The style of the book is clear and forceful, the diction splendid, the arrangement as to subjects excellent, and the price within the reach of all. The book ought to be in every Sunday-school library and on every minister's table. J. G. B.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

THE session of the "Lit." on Friday evening, October 30th, though short, was very enjoyable. In the absence of President Warner, Mr. W. E. Matthews, the genial Vice-President, occupied the chair. In the first number, Mr. Williamson, '07's popular singer, made his debut amongst us in a splendid rendering of "The Banks of Loch Lomond" and in response to an enthusiastic encore gave "The Lover's Dilemma," Miss Stone, of '06, accompanying him very efficiently on the piano. "The News of the Week," was then presented in a condensed and racy form by Mr. D. A. McGregor, '05. This was followed by a short address on "Temiscamingue" by Mr. Wright, of '05, who spent last summer there. Then in the concluding number Miss Hartley, of '05, gave a most amusing sketch entitled "How Jack Horner Saw the Harvard-Yale Boat Race," scoring a great success. As the announcement was made that "a motion for adjournment is now in order" the meeting dispersed, expressions of enjoyment being heard on all sides.

HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR.—First Student—What do the girls think of that moustache, old chap. Smart Aleck—They have set their face against it.

That the Literary Society is one of our most popular institutions was testified to by the large attendance of students at the Friday evening meeting. The meeting of October 23rd was no exception, and besides, the gathering was appreciative and orderly. We are glad to notice this attitude on the part of the members, for there is nothing so disconcerting to the budding orator than an excess of hand-clapping and cheering, or loud remarks during his address. "Duty before pleasure," is the rule in the Lit. Society meetings, so the members braced themselves and disposed of the business of the Society with characteristic rapidity and thoughtlessness, and then settled down to enjoy the programme. Miss Fox and Mr. Blackadar, both of '04, opened the programme with an instrumental, which was highly appreciated. F. S. Beddow, '06, followed with a graphic account of Colombo, Ceylon, which he has visited, and of which he retains many amusing and interesting memories. A new item, "The News of the Week," was delivered by H. R. Nobles, '06. It is safe to say that if this innovation is as well rendered in the future as Mr. Nobles has done it, its success is assured. Miss Wilkins, '07, was known among McMaster students already as a first-class reciter, and her reading was thoroughly enjoyed. The programme was closed by a song from Mr. Jordan, '05, which was well received by the audience.

Echoes of Sports Day.—Freshman (Night before Sports Day)—Say, George, I'm going in for the hundred yards dash, the pole vault, and the hurdle race. Are you going in for anything? Sophomore—O, I'm going in for the ministry, I guess.

Right after dinner on Thursday, Oct. 22, in class-room 7, occurred one of our most popular annual events, namely, the sale of reading room periodicals. This function is always the occasion for much jollity and unbridled mirth, and this year it was a decided success, both as an entertainment and as to financial returns. The many sided W. A. Cameron, of the breezy sophomore year, filled the position of auctioneer with an enthusiasm and adaptability to circumstances that surprised even his roommates. A prominent feature of the affair was the attempt of a "ring" of magnates, seated on the ledge of one of the north windows to "corner the market" and buy up all the magazines and papers. This daring project was, however, successfully broken up by the prompt and daring manœuvers of a prominent business member of '06, who, however, high the last bid, was always willing and able to increase it to the extent of one copper.

On Field Day a new factor was introduced into the athletic life of the University—the freshman yell. We can say that it has

lots of vim and force, but when we try to reproduce it in print, we are forced to seek the aid of the secretary of '07. Copied letter for letter, here it is :—

Boomerah ! Boomerah ! we, wah, wah ! !
Vevila ! Vevila ! Bizz, boom, bah ! ! !
Macrima ! Macra ! wah, wooh, wah ! ! ! !
'07, '07 Rah, Rah, Rah ! ! !

We understand the freshmen soon hope to publish a "Key" to the Latin and Greek portions of this wierd cantation. The rest must be interpreted by the spirit in which it is given.

On Oct. 17th the Saturday Afternoon Debating Club began its year's work. The subject debated was, "Resolved, that an Arts course in a small University is preferable to a course in a large University." The affirmative was led by Mr. J. Pirie, '07, and the negative by Mr. J. Telford, '07. After the discussion, while the judges were weighing the various arguments, the society listened to an able criticism from Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A. The judges, Messrs. Vail, Fitch and MacDonald, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. The subsequent meetings of the society were interfered with by the excitement attending our football contests, so that the next debate did not take place till Nov. 7th. On this occasion the subject was, "Resolved, that Canada should contribute to the support of the British navy." Mr. C. D. Jones, '06, led the affirmative side and Mr. H. R. Nobles, '06, the negative. Mr. F. J. Scott, B.A., acted as critic. The judges, Messrs. Stokes, Johnson and Cornwall, decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. J. Simpson, '07, was elected councillor to fill the place vacated by Mr. F. Lumley, '05.

After a good game on the campus we were pleased to welcome the wearers of the red, yellow and blue to our dining hall. The dinner was presided over by Chancellor Wallace. The hour thus spent gave us an excellent opportunity of becoming better acquainted with our guests. They improved on acquaintance, and by the time dessert was served we had classed them as "jolly good fellows." After dinner the Chancellor in a few well chosen words welcomed the visitors from the Limestone City. He referred to his close connections with Queen's, being now a graduate and also a cousin of Principal Gordon's. J. B. McArthur was then called upon to speak in behalf of the McMaster team. He expressed his satisfaction at the way in which the men had worked. The game that morning had been clean and sportsmanlike and he hoped they would enjoy as good a game on the following Saturday. Mr. McInnes then spoke for Queen's. He

thanked the McMaster men for the cordial way in which he and his colleagues had been treated. He spoke at some length on the importance and benefit of intercollege athletics. He thought the football league was doing much to bring the different colleges into a spirit of unity. The representatives of both colleges then gave their respective yells and thus a very pleasant hour was brought to a close.

Sophomore.—(See a Psychology lecture)—Can a person who can't distinguish notes distinguish timber (timbre)? Lecturer—Possibly. Voice—(From back seat)—Back to the woods, old man.

The annual address from the High Kakiak to the resident students was delivered in the dining hall on October 29th. His theme was "General Deportment Around the Hall," and at the outset he took as fundamental the fact that all were here primarily for success and incidentally for happiness. He then out lined as a more or less direct means to these ends some principles and helpful suggestions of conduct in the hall, table etiquette, etc. From several of the more happily phrased admonitions the following extracts are taken: "Do not make undue noise in the corridors; plug the whistle. Let there be no bumming in rooms. Egg-knoggs, when not on the bill of fare, are only allowed in such cases as when teeth have been recently extracted. Do not eat soup with a fork, or bite notches in the cups. It would be advisable not to send for more than four pieces of pie. Do not waste unnecessary gas (illuminating) in the rooms. The approval of the listeners was demonstrated from time to time by the hearty rounds of applause which greeted the more ingenious aphorisms. When the address proper was concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were ushered into the room amidst general applause. Mr. Scott then spoke of the appreciation of their efforts in behalf of the students, and the assembly dispersed.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The first monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society for the present college year, held on October 20th, was in every respect a successful one, and proved that the old-time interest of professors and students in The Fyfe has not decreased.

In the morning session, after a helpful devotional service, the election of officers took place, with the following result:—President, Dr. Farmer; vice-president, Mr. J. Janes, '05; recording secretary, Mr. C. S. Eaton, '05; corresponding secretary, Mr. R. C. Benson, '06; treasurer, Prof. R. Wilson Smith; councillors, Messrs. Whiten, MacGregor, W. A. Cameron and Ray; collectors, Messrs. Tompkinson and C. R. Jones.

The treasurer's report, read by Professor Smith, was the next item on the programme. This report has usually been a wail of distress, but this year it contained a decided note of triumph, and was an assurance that the Society is fast approaching a solid financial footing. The total receipts for the year past were $574. The expenses were large, but the debt had been reduced to $90.

Following the business came encouraging reports from Mr. Whiten and Mr. Tompkinson on the River St. and Weston Road missions, which are under the direction of The Fyfe. Mr. Stokes and Mr. Fitch followed with interesting and stirring addresses on their summer's work.

The first two of a series of studies on India, to which the afternoon sessions of The Fyfe throughout the year are to be devoted, were given in the afternoon. Mr. A. D. Farmer read a carefully prepared paper, entitled, "A Historical Survey of the Races of India." Rev. H. C. Priest, B.A., late of India, and an old member of The Fyfe, made an excellent speech on "The Telugus : A Survey of their History and Characteristics." He said that there were two courses of their history, sacred writings and comparative philology. After discussing their history, he turned to the Telugus as we find them. He strongly denounced the caste system, and then referred to the lethargy of the people. There were two fundamental beliefs in Hindooism, transmigration and fatalism. He spoke of the people's non-appreciation of education and their lack of consciousness of sin. His closing remarks were on the accessibility of the people, in which he made a strong appeal for more missionaries to India.

If the remaining studies on India are as ably prepared and delivered as the first two, it is safe to predict an entertaining and profitable time for those attending the afternoon sessions of The Fyfe.

The Literary Society held its regular meeting on Friday evening, Nov. 6th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The program for the evening proved to be no exception to the high standard of entertainment which has been placed before the society by the committee this year. Although a number of students were in Kingston in connection with the football game, a good-sized audience was entertained with several excellent numbers. The first item of the evening was an instrumental solo by Miss Parker, '07, followed by the "News of the Week," prepared and read by Mr. R. Hartley, '05. A new feature was then introduced which consisted of an Indian Club exercise by Mr. W. L. McKinnon, '06, Mr. Geo. Irons, '07 and Mr. Motherwell, '07, University of Toronto. Mr. W. J. Sinclair, Theo., then carried the audience in thought on a trip from London to the heart of

Africa. Mr. Sinclair's address proved to be most interesting and instructive. The enjoyable hour was brought to a close by Miss B. Shields, '07, who recited a humorous selection with marked ability. Thus another very successful meeting of the "Lit." passed into history.

First Bookworm—"Ah,—excuse me, but there is some foreign substance just above your right optic. Second Bookworm—"Ah-er-um—I shall look it up directly." . . (A few moments later) "Where is my encyclopædia?"

The second meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on Friday, Nov. 13th. Miss Shields, president, occupied the chair. After Miss McLay had executed one of Chopin's waltzes with good effect and matters of business had been decided upon, came the question of the day to '05 and '04: "Resolved, that the education of the negro should be industrial rather than literary." The affirmative was upheld by Miss McLaurin and Miss Layng, of the class of '04, and the negative by Miss Senior and Miss Hartley, representing '05. The judges were Miss Bailey, Miss Wallace and Miss McNeill, graduates of the University. After careful consideration Miss Bailey announced the decision of the judges in favor of the affirmative. While awaiting the judges' decision, Miss Barker sang with much feeling, a sweet "Berceuse," Miss Culver gave a very appropriate and enjoyable reading, and Mrs. Smith, honorary president, spoke some very kind words. The meeting closed with "Thy praises McMaster."

Possibly never in the history of McMaster has the evangelistic spirit found a more healthy and hearty expression than during the weeks that have passed since the present session opened. Without any formal organization a large number of the students have banded together for a winter's campaign among the Baptist churches of the city. The plan projected is to visit a different church each Sunday evening, and to conduct the service, with the sole design of bringing men and women to decision. Already the churches have entered into most happy co-operation with this movement, and spiritual results are, even at this early stage, apparent. The very presence of thirty strong young men on the plattorm is inspiring, and as the service proceeds the unique order followed rivets the attention of the audiences who greet the band. Instead of one address, a dozen brief, earnest talks follow one another in rapid succession, while at intervals a solo or quartette, or a chorus is interspersed with effect. In response to the appeal for decision, at the conclusion of the service, men and women

quietly rise in all parts of the house, and enter the enquiry rooms for personal talk, where some have found peace in believing.

The announcement that President Edgar Young Mullins would address the students at the chapel service, November 13, insured an unusually large attendance. Mrs. S. M. McMaster also joined us on that date, and Mr. J. S. McMaster took a chair on the platform. After being introduced, President Mullins said that they were glad to get any Canadian at the Seminary and do anything with him. Quite proud were they to have made a theological professor out of a "Farmer" (referring to Dr. Farmer's course at Louisville). To have a worthy purpose in life and to put forth worthy effort in the accomplishment of that purpose was the president's measure of true success. "Give attention to cost rather than results in your struggle towards success." The address was brief, but full of deep rich thought.

Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Eaton, of Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, formerly pastor of Bloor St. Baptist Church, gave an address to the students and friends of the University in Castle Memorial Hall, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 10th. F. J. Scott, B.A., the president of the Student Body, presided.

The appearance of Mr. Eaton on the platform was the signal for an outburst, and cheers, songs and the University yell greeted him for fully five minutes.

Mr. Eaton said that he was glad to see such a large gathering of students and friends. He had thought that they would have forgotten him long before, but he was glad to get back to McMaster and see the familiar faces. The college had given him his certificate of character in the shape of an *ad eundeum* M.A. McMaster, he said, was doing a work that was hardly paralleled, and certainly not excelled, on the continent, because she developed her students on all sides of their character. It was not sufficient to touch the mental side alone or the physical side. It was necessary to give them a rounded and complete education, and not turn out a class of specialists.

He then proceeded to the main part of his address, a discussion of a small group of cosmic ideas which were gradually emerging on the religious horizon of the time. He went on to say that the world was now the most godless it has been for some time, which was not saying, however, that it was immoral. There was a great need of God and of His works. This need could be met in part, at least, by the introduction of the following two ideas into practical life. The first idea was that of the Kingdom of God, which should be substituted for "church." If the judgment of men had been lost it was because the Kingdom of God

had been lowered to "church." The great perspective of the Kingdom of God had been lost, and it could only be regained by emphasizing the nature of that Kingdom of God. A second thought that was influential was the lordship of Jesus Christ. We had watered down the message until it had become pretty thin pap. Conversion was "smoothed off" until it had become a pink tea affair. We accepted with reservation the Lord. We took Him into our consideration, and we pleaded and apologized, and were very sweet and pious. He no longer believed in pleading and apologizing, nor in asking anyone to join the church or to join the Lord. Men should be told that if they wanted to go to the devil the Eternal Majesty on high could get along without them. The result of adopting this policy—and others would endorse his words—was magnificent. He had told a Jew who was convicted of sin by a sermon he preached, that he could not help him, that he must look to God, and after a severe struggle, lasting a week, the man came to him a Christian. The mystery of acquaintance with God could only be enjoyed after going through the passion of Christ. People should be told that God had a right to them, and to all they possessed, and had earned it by His conflict with sin and death. It was not a question as to how much they should give.

It was a glorious thing to be alive in these days, and more glorious to be on the firing line. The man who saw a year more of life than another, and the developments of a twelvemonth, was fortunate. Students should not sit down and muse and muse and die, but take an active part in the world's struggles.

After a few words of hearty thanks from the chairman, the audience dispersed.

At the annual meeting of the Intercollege Debating Union held last spring, it was decided to change the old resolution form of debate to the question form. The change was added to the constitution. To discuss the matter a special meeting of the McMaster Literary Society met. While the meeting voted unanimously in favor of the resolution wording of the subject there arose some division in determining just what stand McMaster should take through its representative, J. M. Warner. This motion finally carried: "That we instruct our representative to express our opposition to the question form of debate; and that we also instruct him to withdraw from the union, or favor a dissolution, another union to be formed on the old constitution." Since then the executive again met, and by a majority vote readopted the resolution form, getting over the difficulty of the constitution by drawing up a new one. The constitution as it now stands is in the main the same as the old one. Section (b) has been added to Art. 16, which allows for a month's notice of

all amendments to be brought up at the annual meeting, so that an amendment cannot be brought in without a due consideration by the different universities. The addition of Art. 17: "No subject shall be debated more than once in four years," is the only remaining important one. We understand that only two colleges opposed the re-adoption of the resolution former.

QUEEN'S extended a very hearty invitation to the McMaster footballers to be present at the Freshmen's Reception on the evening of October the 14th. Owing to the delay in the journey we did not reach the Limestone City until midnight, so we missed the reception.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. J. SCOTT, B.A.

REV. T. MELDRUM, B.A., '02, B.Th., '03, resides at Providence Bay, Manitoulin Island, where he has the whole island for a parish. Our former Business Manager has many qualities that fit him for successful service in his present sphere. THE MONTHLY represents the University in wishing him every prosperity in his work.

ONE of the graduates of McMaster who was present at the Alumni meetings in May last was Rev. G. L. Powell, '00. Mr. Powell has during the past year been pursuing a post-graduate course of study in philosophy at Boston University. He has been very successful in this work, and obtained a valuable scholarship. He expects to complete in the near future the work required for the degree of Ph.D. Professor Bowne, under whom Mr. Powell has been studying, speaks very highly of the training previously received by Mr. Powell from Professor Ten Broeke, of McMaster.

REV. J. C. SYCAMORE, B.A., '96, M.A., '98, after a successful pastorate at Brockville, has entered upon work with the James Street Baptist Church, Hamilton. A Toronto paper contained the following true and facetious remark: "The James Street Baptists have called the Rev. J. C. Sycamore, of Brockville. It is understood, however, that Mr. Sycamore is no wooden man on the platform."

JACOB NICOLE, B.A., '00, has been appointed French Secretary to the Treasurer of the Province of Quebec.

E. C. Cameron, B.A., '03, is pastor of the church in Masonville, P.Q.

Rev. J. J. Patterson, B.A., '97, is pastor of the Emmanuel Church, Buffalo.

Rev. L. H. Thomas, B.A., '98, B.Th., '01, of North Bay, has accepted the call of the church in Guelph.

Rev. B. W. Merrill, B.A., B.Th., '96, formerly of Guelph, is now settled with the Memorial Baptist Church, Ottawa.

Rev. A. J. Saunders, after a pastorate of three and a half years, has resigned his charge at Listowel and Atwood to accept a call to the church in Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

Rev. G. H. Sneyd, B.A., '97, who has been for over six years pastor of the Baptist Church at Fonthill, is taking charge of the work in Dauphin, Man., for the winter.

A. C. Newcombe, B.A., '00, Classical Master in St. Mary's High School, has been appointed Registrar of McMaster. We welcome Mr. Newcombe once more to the halls of his Alma Mater.

The sad report has lately come to us of the death of the wife of Rev. A. N. Marshall, B.A., '99, of North Adelaide, South Australia. We extend to Mr. Marshall our deepest sympathy in his sore bereavement.

A. J. Thomson, B.A., '99, was called to the bar in September last and is now practising law in Toronto. After graduation from McMaster he spent a year at Harvard, taking his degree of B.A. During the past three years he has been a student of the Law School, where he exemplified the calibre of McMaster's graduates by taking honors in each year.

The marriages of two of the sons of McMaster were unavoidably late in being reported in our columns. We refer to the marriage of Rev. W. Tindal-Lorymer, for some years a student in McMaster, and now pastor of the Baptist Church in Sawyerville, P.Q., to Miss Mary Nicholls, of Selwyn, on April 21, '03, and the marriage of Rev. J. A. Grant, B.A., '00, of Collingwood, to Miss Nettie Ellen Moore, daughter of Mr. Geo. B. Moore, of Westboro, on April 22, '03. To Messrs. Tindal-Lorymer and J. Grant and wives we extend our heartiest congratulations.

Harry L. McNeill, B.A., '94, formerly of Washburn College, Kansas, has been appointed to the staff of Brandon College. Following his graduation in McMaster he taught classics for four years in Woodstock College. Retiring from Woodstock, he pursued post-graduate work in Chicago University in classics. Upon the completion of his course there, he was appointed to Washburn College, where for four years he has taught successfully in classics. He teaches in the same department in Brandon. We congratulate both Mr. McNeill and Brandon College.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: J. H. Cranston, '05.

Sports Day.—Despite the raw, cold and uninviting weather of the afternoon of October 23rd, a large crowd witnessed the annual sports, held on Varsity Athletic Field. The long programme was run off without a hitch, and some splendid sport was witnessed. Several records went by the boards, and the chances are that one or two of them will stand for awhile. E. J. Farmer equalled the Canadian college record when he ran the 120 yards hurdle, in beautiful style, in 17 seconds. E. H. Mihell set up new figures for the half-mile run, going the distance in 2-10 flat, cutting 3 4/5 seconds from his own record. Giddings, of S. P. S., added over two feet to the 16 pound shot put, making a new distance of 35 feet, 7½ inches. McKinnon won a plucky race in the mile, doing it in 5-14 flat, beating the record by 3/5 of a second.

The Juniors carried off the class honors with the high score of 45 points. They were strongest in the heavy events, winning all three places in the discus, and the first two in the shot put and throwing the hammer. The Sophomores piled up 38 points, made principally in the runs and jumps. The Seniors found consolation for their score of 19 points in the fact that they won the team race for the fourth year in succession. Very few of the Freshmen had temerity enough to enter the competitions, and as a result they had only 8 points when the scores were toted up. Theology hadn't even an entry.

For the McNaught cup and Chancellor's medal, emblematic of the individual championship, E. C. Fox, '06, stood first with 17 points. E. Viens, '05, and G. Tompkinson, '05, were tied for the Association medal with 12 points each.

There were several interesting features during the afternoon. The Freshmen and Sophomores had three lively scraps, with the

result that the "wearers of the green" were victorious over the orange (yellow) order. The Juniors' sweet warblers entertained the crowd with several selections from the "Class '05 Hymn Book." All the classes had beautiful banners. The Moulton girls were heartily cheered by the McMaster students on their arrival, and the Freshies and Sophs. actually stopped fighting to let them pass.

The officers of the day were :—Starter, Dr. E. R. Hooper ; field judges, Chancellor Wallace, W. K. McNaught, J. B. McArthur, K.C., Dr. R. W. Smith ; track judges, Dr. A. C. McKay, John Firstbrook, Rev. Dr. Weeks, George B. Meadows, C. T. Stark ; timekeepers, Prof. W. S. W. McLay, Dr. G. D. Porter, S. P. Grant ; clerk of course, R. A. F. McDonald, '04 ; announcer, W. A. Cameron, '06 ; measurers, Rev. J. D. Freeman, W. E. Robertson, R. C. Matthews, Rev. Jesse Gibson.

The events resulted as follows :—

One hundred yards dash—1, Mihell, '04 ; 2, Murray, '06 ; 3, Fox, '06. Time, 11 2/5 seconds.

Shot put, 16 pounds, open—1, Giddings, S.P.S., 35 feet 7½ inches ; 2, Tomkinson, '05 (1st by reversion) ; 3, Jordan, '05 (2nd by reversion) ; 4, Vail, '04 (3rd by reversion).

Pole vault—1, White, '07, 8 feet 6 inches ; 2, Tomkinson, '05 ; 3, Viens, '05.

Half-mile run—1, Mihell, '04 ; 2, McDonald, '04 ; 3, Helie, '05. Time, 2-10.

Throwing 16 pound hammer—1, Viens, '05, 70 feet 10 inches ; 2, Jordan, '05 ; 3, Vail, '04.

220 yards run—1, Fox, '06 ; 2, Murray, '06 ; 3, Tomkinson, '05. Time, 25 2/5 seconds.

High jump—1, Viens, '05, 4 feet 10 inches ; 2, Wilson, '07 ; 3, Fox, '06.

440 yards run—1, Helie, '05 ; 2, Fox, '06 ; 3, Murray, '06. Time, 1-00 2/5.

Throwing discus—1, Jordan, '05, 82 feet 4 inches ; 2, Tomkinson, '05 ; 3, G. S. Johnson, '05.

120 yards hurdle—1, Farmer, '03 ; 2, Fox, '06 ; 3, Murray, '06. Time, 17 seconds.

Broad jump—1, Fox, '06, 17 feet 6 inches ; 2, Gibson, '06 ; 3, Murray, '06.

One mile run—1, McKinnon, '06 ; 2, Helie, '05 ; 3, Farmer, '05. Time, 5.14.

Team race—1, '04 (Vail, Poapst, McDonald, Lailey) ; 2, '06 ; 3, '07 ; 4, '05.

McMaster, 30 ; Trinity, 2.—McMaster's stalwarts had little difficulty in taking Trinity into camp on the morning of October

24th. The game was played on the Queen St. University's grounds, and was witnessed by a big crowd. McMaster pushed hard from the start, and finally Gray bucked through for a try. Lailey converted. Peine was pulled down for a safety touch shortly afterwards, giving Trinity their only points. Munro followed up very quickly on a kick by McArthur, and on the Trinity half missing the catch went over the line. This made the score 12 to 2 when Lailey kicked the goal. Thus it stood at half time. In the second half Trinity held to the ball, but McMaster got it occasionally, with the result that 18 more points were added. McArthur caught a blocked kick and made a beautiful 75 yard run to the touch line. Gray was shoved over for another, and Bingham followed up quickly on a dribble and got a third. All of these Lailey converted, making the remarkable record of five converted tries in one day. One of them was from a very difficult angle.

McMaster's play was a decided improvement over that against Varsity the week before. The wings were quicker in breaking through and following up. The scrimmage worked like a charm. Gray played a splendid game at quarter. Of the halves McArthur was the star, his punting, running and tackling being of the highest order. Gibson, Haydon and Peine also did splendid work.

The teams were :—

McMaster—Full-back, Peine ; halves, Haydon, McArthur (captain), Gibson ; quarter, Gray ; scrimmage, Poapst, Jordan, McIntosh ; wings, Vail, Lailey, Munro, Cohoe, Wells, Bingham.

Trinity—Full-back, Strathy ; halves, Greening, Smith, Burbidge ; quarter, Lawson ; scrimmage, DeFallot, Archer, Hewitson ; wings, Greenwood, Sait, Robinson, Johnson, Mitchell, Arnott.

Referee—F. D. Woodworth ; umpire, W. A. Hewitt.

McMaster 10, Queen's II. 6.—The first game of the round with Queen's II. was played on Saturday morning, October 31st, and as a result McMaster came out with four points to spare. It was an interesting and exciting match all the way through. The better team won—though the score would hardly indicate the relative merits of the two teams. The ball was kept in Queen's territory three-quarters of the game, and but for a little "hard luck" the tally would have been doubled. As it was two easy tries were missed by a muff of a kick, and a fumble of a long pass. McArthur attempted a drop kick over goal six times, and failed on each occasion, the ball missing the desired spot on three different occasions but by a few feet. For McMaster Peine, McArthur, Munro and Bingham played strong games. Crothers and Reid played well for Queen's.

Queen's had the heavier team and used their weight in line bucking throughout the game. The best of spirit was shown by both teams.

A good sized crowd witnessed the game, among them being the ladies of Moulton College and a number of Queen's supporters. It was the first time the famous gaelic slogan of the Kingston team,

> "Queen's! Queen's! Queen's!
> Oil thigh na banrighan gurbrath.
> Cha gheill! Cha gheill! Cha gheill!"

has been heard on McMaster field, and we sincerely hope to hear it many times in the years to come.

McMaster began well, taking the ball into Queen's territory, and scoring a try after nineteen minutes. Peine did the trick, getting the ball on a long pass from McArthur. Lailey failed to convert. A forward pass a few minutes later gave Queen's the ball, at McMaster's quarter way, and they bucked their way over, Reid carrying the ball. Macdonnell converted, and the score was 6 to 5 for Queen's at half time. In the second half it was all McMaster. Fast following up made Macdonnell and Crothers rouge, and McArthur kicked three times to the dead line, adding five points to McMaster's score. The game closed with the ball in McMaster's possession in Queen's territory.

The teams were:

McMaster—Full back, Peine; halves, Munro, McArthur (captain), Gibson; quarter, Gray; scrimmage, Poapst, Jordan, McIntosh; wings, Lailey, Vail, Pengelly, Cohoe, Wells, Bingham.

Queen's II.—Full back, Macdonnell; halves, Drury, Crothers, Gleeson; quarter, Reid; scrimmage, Thomson, May, Sloan; wings, Falkner, McClennan, Sutherland, Bailey, Corbett, Oswald.

Referee, Mr. Nagel, McGill; Umpire, Mr. Mohr, McGill.

Queen's II. 7, McMaster 1.—The Presbyterians were successful in defeating McMaster by 7 points to 1 in the second game of the series, and thus won the round by the narrow margin of two points. The game was played on Queen's own stamping ground in Kingston, and was one of the most exciting games seen there in years. McMaster began well, kicking with the wind. A long punt resulted in a rouge. Our boys kept the ball in Queen's territory all the time, but were not heavy enough to break through for a try. The half ended with the score 1 to 0 in our favor. Queen's opened the play up more in the second half. By kicking and a screw scrimmage they worked their way down to McMaster's line, and went over in a mass for a touch-down. McMaster had a share of the play in this half also. In the last few minutes Queen's worked up again to McMaster's line, and

McArthur was carried over for a touch-in-goal. McArthur stole a march on the kick-off going right down to Queen's five-yard line on the kick-off. The whistle blew for time with McMaster in possession of the ball three yards out. The officials gave splendid satisfaction.

The Kingston team was stronger on the line and in scrimmage, but McMaster had much the better back division. Gray, McArthur, Bensen, Gibson and Peine all played well. Queen's excelled in line bucking, but in every other respect McMaster was superior. With the experience of this year, we hope to do better in the future, and when we meet Queen's again the result may be different.

A number of the students went to Kingston with the team. Professor McKay was also a member of the party. At McMaster the boys were kept posted as to the state of the battle every quarter of an hour by our own war correspondent, "Cy." Eaton.

The teams lined up as follows :

McMaster—Full back, Peine ; halves, Gibson, McArthur (captain), Bensen ; quarter, Gray ; scrimmage, Jordan, Poapst, McIntosh ; wings, Lailey, Vail, Munro, Cohoe, Bingham, Wells.

Queen's—Full back, Macdonnell ; halves, Smith, Crothers, Gleason ; quarter, Reid ; scrimmage, Gillies, Gibson, May ; wings, Falkner, Sloan, Bailey, Sutherland, Oswald, Urquhart.

Referee, McDonald ; umpire, Taylor, both of McGill.

Our Athletic Yell.—For the benefit of those who do not know the new athletic yell we publish it in these columns. We expect that every student will learn it and practice it diligently until he or she understands and appreciates all its delicate harmonies. Here it is :

"Rah ! rah ! rah !
Sky—u—mah !
Hoorah ! hoorah !
Osciwowow ! Skilliwowow !
Razzle, dazzle ! gabble zazzle !
Kee ! ki ! kar !
Mac ! Mac ! Mac ! Mac !
Mac-mas-ter ! ! !"

Burnside Rules and the I.C.R F.U.—It is hardly likely that the Burnside rules will be adopted by the Intercollegiate Union this year. Queen's and McGill University will oppose them, and will move for the adoption of the Quebec rules, which provide that five yards must be gained on the third down. We in Toronto, who have given the new rules a thorough trial would like to see them adopted. It is said that unless the rules are adopted this year that Varsity will withdraw from the union.

Association Football—Our association football team had a short career in the senior association series. On October 21, McMaster met the S.P.S, on Varsity field with the result that the green and black was defeated by 5 goals to 0. The team representing McMaster, while the best we could get, was not in good condition, and played together very poorly. The team was: Goal, Lailey; backs, Vail, Wright; half-backs, Weir, McArthur, McDonald; forwards, Bensen, McKinnon, Young, Peine, Bingham, (Campbell). The same team, with the exception that Wilson replaced Vail, defeated Knox I. on the 20th by 3 to 2. It has been decided to drop from the senior series, and play only in the intermediate.

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

(*With Apologies to Mary's Lamb.*)

McMaster had a football team,
Its record was white as snow;
It went down to Kingston
And now look at the old thing.

Rather Amusing.—Our delicate sense of humor has been tickled of late by the careful perusal of *The Varsity*. Up to date, and we have given even the advertisements microscpic examination, we have discovered no mention of the fact that McMaster's Rugby team won from Varsity II. by 17 to 11 on October 17th. We are astonished that the astute sporting editor of our esteemed contemporary should have overlooked that lamentable event, and we respectfully draw his attention to it.

Interyear Football.—The schedules for the interyear Rugby matches has been drawn up as follows: November 12—First vs. Fourth year B. November 16—Third vs. Second year C. November 18—Winner A vs. winner B. The association dates are: A—Nov. 20, Second vs. Fourth. B—Nov. 21, First vs. Third. C—Theol. vs. winners A. Finals—Winners B vs. winners C.

Class '05 have a good start towards the Matthews' Cup. They won it last year with 41 points. With 45 points to begin with, other years will have difficulty in heading them off. . . Queen's II. won the round from R.M.C. by seven points. . . McGill I. won from Queen's I. on October 24th by 11 points to 1. . . Varsity won the first game of the city championship series from the Argonants on October 24 by 13 to 1. The game was played under the Burnside rules and was a very fast and exciting one. . . There have been several fatalities in college football

in the United States. . . Varsity I. won from Queen's I. on October 31st by 19 to 7. At Kingston on the 7th of November the game between the two teams resulted in a tie, 7 all. . . S.P.S. won Section A of the association football series, and Arts were victorious in Section B. . . Ottawa College may come into the Intercollegiate Union next season. . . McGill won from the Argonants on November 7th by 7 points to 3. Should Varsity win the Intercollegiate championship they will challenge Ottawa City, winners of the Quebec Union, for the Dominion championship. . . Woodstock College lost the return game at Brantford by 24 points to 4. The half time score was 4–4. The College team defaulted the games with Dundas. . . Bishop Ridley won the Interschool championship. We should like to see Woodstock enter the Interschool League with Upper Canada, St. Andrews, Bishop Ridley and Trinity College School. . . Varsity association footballers won the annual match from Queen's by 1 to 0. . . . The gross gate receipts in the Minnesota-Michigan game were $30,933.50. At the McMaster-Queen's game $20.05 was taken in. But, there, comparisons always were odious.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR : MARETTA GORDON.

ON Monday evening, Nov. 2nd, the ladies of Bloor Street Baptist Church very kindly entertained the Baptist students of Toronto in the school room of the church. A delightful social evening was spent, and the Moulton students were very hearty in their expression of appreciation.

THE Helieonian Society held a meeting on October 16th, which was of an especially interesting character, as several of our former students were present and helped with the programme. Among them were Miss Stockwell, Miss Burke and Miss Richie.

WE were pleased indeed to have with us in chapel during this month, Rev. Dr. Perry, pastor-elect of Jarvis Street Church. Mr. Warnicker was also very welcome when he visited us a few mornings ago.

MISS LITTLE, the city Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., spoke to us at one Wednesday night prayer-meeting a short time ago.

Mrs. McMaster paid us one of her delightful visits last Thursday morning. This is the second visit this year we have had the privilege of having from Mrs. McMaster.

The atmosphere at Moulton is full of exams. at present. The new term begins Nov. 18th.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 29th, our annual Hallowe'en banquet was held. At half-past six, the students and Faculty with a few guests assembled in the dining-room, where the beautifully decorated tables for the different years were indeed a pretty sight. After the serving of a most enjoyable tea, a very interesting toast list was read by the president of the fourth year, Miss Elsie McLaurin. Miss Moseley, who succeeds Miss Cohoe as teacher in the Preparatory department, responded to the toast proposed to the Faculty. The different years were represented by a student who responded to the toast chosen by her year. The fourth year was represented by Miss Ada Firstbrook ; the third, by Miss Helen Drummond ; the second, by Miss Hildagarde Freeland, and the first by Miss Nellie Davies. Miss Isabel Golding spoke for the specials, Miss Jessie Covain, for the Preparatory and Miss Jessie Ashdown for the Primary. A few informal words were spoken by Mrs. Holman, Mrs. Wells and Chancellor Wallace. After this a very enjoyable evening was spent in the dining-rooms, where all kinds of Hallowe'en games had been arranged for.

We hope everyone is remembering our Bazaar on November 27th, afternoon and evening. There will be a concert in the evening at eight o'clock.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editors : { E. J. Bengough, B.A.
G. Grobb.

The Debating Society has been meeting regularly during the term. It is conducted on much the same lines as the McMaster Debating Society, meeting on Saturday afternoons and discussing by open debate the questions of the day.

The news of McMaster's victories on the Rugby field has been the cause for rejoicing at the College. The word from Kingston, however, was a dampener on the jubilation.

The Chancellor visited the College recently, and his remarks in the chapel, delivered in his own inimitable style, were much enjoyed.

On the 24th of October our Rugby team journeyed to Brantford to play their second league match. The first half was very keenly contested, the score at half-time being 4–4. But the second half. . . The Brantfordites had a little the better of us in weight and they used it to good advantage, as the score indicates. However, the game was marked by the cleanest kind of play. The boys fought hard right up to the last, though there was never a doubt, in the second half, on which side victory rested. The final score was 24–4. The team lined up as follows: Full-back, Grover; half-backs, Moyle, Virtue, Pulver; quarter, McDiarmid; centre, Newell; wings, Menzies (captain), Dorman, McKenzie, Telford, Shaffer, McTavish.

The inter-year Rugby matches have now been played off. As usual, the keenest interest was taken in these matches. The Fourth year won the first round, by defeating the First by a score of 28–0. The Second and Third year played off next, the Second carrying off the laurels of victory. The Fourth and Second years then played off for first place. Again the Second year proved their ability to play the game by defeating the Fourth by a score of 6–7. The Second year therefore holds the championship of the school.

Here and There.

Editor: W. C. Pearce, '04.

We have received the following exchanges this month: "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Sibyl," "Queen's University Journal," "The Varsity," "Acta Victoriana," "McGill Outlook," "University of Ottawa Review," "The Prince of Wales College Observer," "The Wm. Jewell Student," "Brandon College Monthly," "The Mitre," "Philomathean Monthly," "The Columbia Literary Monthly," "The Mercerian," "Manitoba College Journal," "The Athenæum," "Presbyterian College Journal," "The Acadia Athenæum."

It is announced that Harvard is to receive four million dollars under the will of the late Gordon McKay.—*Ex.*

The Acadia Athenæum appears at our table this month in a new dress. According to the editor "it is a tailor made" article, not ornate but new, and was designed by one of Acadia's undergraduates. We think the enjoyment of it will not be altogether monopolised by the Acadians. Among the articles, "At a German University" is interesting for its glimpse of student life in the Fatherland.

AUTUMN.

The rose of Summer puts its glory by,
A shadow o'er the velvet petals falls,
And faded ferns upon the hillside lie,
The e'ven bird unto the twilight calls.

The goldenrod has husbanded its coin
Safely within the mint, no hint betrays,
Sitting in dust and ashes all forlorn,
Unmeasured riches of the former days.

—*P. W. D., in the Acadia Athenæum.*

The Sibyl has been looking up the records of her earliest years and finds much in them to inspire and amuse. When it came to the time for laughing the class of '73 served up, among others, the following from the exchanges: "His. Prof.—Did Martin Luther die a natural death? Student—No, sir; he was excommunicated by a bull." . . . A certain professor, exasperated at a dull student, asked him, "What would you do if I should call you a fool?" "I would consider the source" was the startling answer. . . . Teacher (reading)—And the angel of the Lord said unto Moses—Maggie Ford, put up that slate!" . . . . Teacher—(To a pupil in English grammar) can you tell me the feminine of monk? Pupil (innocently)—Monkies, of course. . . . Recitation in Evidences of Christianity—Prof. —— "Mr. N——, pass on to the Future Life." Mr. N—— Not prepared.

AN ACROSTIC.

Apollo late has wheeled his fiery car
Under the jeweled archways of the west;
The virgin moon, her passion half confessed,
Unveils her beauty to his smile from far.
Marshalled to greet the first faint-beaming star,
New ranks of corn the hilltops have possessed;
They stand as guardians of the yeoman's rest,
Where once the turf was rent with battle scar.
In scattered groups upon the arbored lawn
Linger the lovers of the twilight hour;
In song's sweet imaging fair scenes are drawn—
Graved deep forever by a magic power.
Hills, trees and fountains steal some new delight
To woo the fleet elf herald of the night.

WALTER WOODLAWN.

Of the senators in the fifty-eighth congress, which is to meet this Fall, fifty-eight are college graduates. Of the congressmen, two hundred and fifteen out of a total of three hundred and eighty-two are college men.—*Ex.*

The following, clipped from an English newspaper, may not be without interest in view of recent changes in our own University :—

Even a Dean will turn if syphoned upon.
The burnt Dean dreads the bonfire.
A Dean in the quad is worth two in a room.
Too many Deans spoil the cloth.
People who live on the Dean's staircase shouldn't throw stones.
He laughs best who laughs at the Dean.
All are not Deans who titter.
It is a wise Dean who knows his own place.
Once fined, shy something at the Dean twice.

There are but two universities in Ireland, the University of Dublin, and the Royal University. The former is Protestant and is known as Trinity College ; the latter is hardly a university at all ; it merely grants degrees upon the successful passing of its examinations.—*Ex.*

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

L—O—V—E, the Alphabet ;
And sighs, the punctuation ;
Possessive pronouns mainly used,
In form of exclamation ;
The persons, two—and quite enough ;
The sounds, the purest labials ;
And kisses, the conjunctions.
—*Ex.*

College students are deservedly noted for their broad views and for the great amount of useful knowledge which they possess outside of books as is shown by the following answers of upper classmen to questions in the recent Teachers' Grade Examinations. Name the five leading nations of the world. Answer—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America. . . . Give the principal bones of the cranium. Answer—Frontal, parietal and skull. . . . Locate Honolulu. Answer—On the Isle of Cyprus. . . . What island lies off the mouth of the Orinoco River? To what country does it belong and for what product is it especially noted? Answer—Madagascar, belongs to Spain, noted for hemp. "I knew Madagascar was west of Africa, but I

don't believe in leaving "blanks," was the excuse for this brilliant answer.—*The Sibyl.*

College Jester (in the dining room)—There's one good thing I can say about these sandwiches. Kind Friend—What's that? Jester—That they're college bred.—*Ex.*

The vagaries of the English language continue to inspire the rhymers. We found those printed below among our exchanges, and offer them as suggestions of the adaptibility of our mother-tongue :—

COULD DO NO BEBTOR.

There once was a miserable debtor
Who sat down to write a long lebtor.
When he picked up the ink,
His heart it did sink
For he spilled some all over his swebtor.

A wise sort of fellow, Aloysius,
Got tired of these meretrysius
Inane sort of rhymes,
Indulged in these thymes,
And hearing them gets really vicysius.

At Leland Stanford, Jr., University a library that will cost over half a million dollars is to be the gift of Mrs. Stanford. The library building will be one of the handsomest of its kind in America. The stack rooms will radiate from a central circular reading-room seventy-five in diameter. There is to be accommodation on the shelves for a million volumes.—*Ex*

Doxology of the Chicago University published by the *Colorado Tiger :*

"Praise John from whom 'oil' blessings flow ;
Praise also Bill, who spends the dough ;
Praise John, praise Bill, praise all the host ;
Praise Bill a little, praise John the most."

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
DECEMBER, 1903.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Through the starless night of ages
  Sped the human-freighted sphere.
Magi, prophets, poets, sages,
  Glow-worms in the dark appear.
Dust-framed fabric, groping man,
  Turns his tear-dimmed eyes to them,
When athwart the midnight span
  Blazed the Star of Bethlehem.

Swiftest shafts of thought out-winging,
  Fled the darkness from its face ;
Shone the orb of glory, flinging
  Light through universal space.
Sad earth-children wistful gaze,
  Wonder at the dazzling gem,
Smile, rejoicing in the rays
  From the Star of Bethlehem.

Ages passed, and still supernal,
  Gemmed upon the heaven's brow,
Sun-bright beams the Star eternal
  Through creation's vastness now.
Lo ! earth's praising millions bring
  Laurel, palm and diadem ;
Heart-hosannas greet the King,
  Christ, the Star of Bethlehem.

C. S. Edwards, '06.

THE THREE NUNS OF ST. ADOLPHE.

A PROVENCAL LEGEND.

The vineyards and lands which formed the domain of the Monastery of St. Adolphe were stony and poor ; the wheat was thin and scarce, the vegetables mean and lacking succulency, so that the thirty nuns who inhabited the convent lived in wretchedness.

One night, by the three ways that led through Arles, those of the east, the west and the south, three strangers arrived at the same time, as if they had a tryst at the convent gate. They lifted the brazen knocker, and the old gardener appeared at the grill of the wicket.

"We be three poor souls who seek asylum within your walls, flying the deceit and treachery of the world," said they.

The wicket closed ; full long they waited. Finally the great oaken door groaned on its hinges, and the gardener bid them enter and led them to the Abbess.

"Ye be welcome, sisters, I ask not whence ye come, or whether your condition be as high as that of the proud princesses of Savoie, or as lowly as a neat-herd's daughter, or for what ye be come hither to this our poor convent, which will not be the poorer by three more mouths to feed; for them hath the good Lord sent."

Now it chanced that the women were young and fair to look upon. One seemed of noble strain, and carried herself right majestically, yet with all humility ; another was sprightly, yet demure and kindly ; while the third seemed of humble birth, yet so gentle that it seemed the spirit of a dove had become incarnate in her and brooded over her smooth and golden locks. With them came good fortune to the convent. The first knew the art of blazonry, and limning upon ivory ; the second could broider, in most wondrous wise, the fair pictures of the saints, done after the manner of Flanders ; the third knew how to sew and dress the velvet vellum upon which were woven countless harmonious patterns.

At length the three made a Book of Hours, and the Abbess humbly offered it to the puissant Duke of Provence, their liege

lord. The Duke was delighted with the fair images and tracery therein, for he wot not how to read in letters. To all at the castle was the fair book shown, and eftsoons from all the duchy came men to ask for a like Book of Hours. In return for these, many charters and rights were granted the convent, gold clinked in its coffers, and from its erstwhile wretched estate the community became great and flourishing. Fair painted windows of Italy took the place of the broken casements of the chapel, and the cold and ancient walls were hung with tapestry.

One day the sound of trumpets was heard before the gate. It was the son of the Duke of Normandy, a bold and gallant cavalier, yet withal both young and gentle in manners. With him came a fair maiden, admirably gowned, and attended by men-at-arms, each with her father's blazon on his cloak. Both asked to see the wondrous maker of books, and so entered the Scriptorium.

"Here," said the cavalier, "is Yseult, my fiancée; for her marriage day, which is fixed for St. Cyprian's, I bid you make one of your fair missals, and if I count not the cost in golden crowns, I ask in return, my sisters, that it be your masterpiece. We will bide here till ye have limned my portrait on its foremost page."

The three bowed, then looked at their noble lord, who stood as if spellbound beneath their clear gaze, while one limned his portrait, another his blazon.

The three wrought night and day for three months, and when the precious volume was finished, bound and sewed, they sent the ancient gardener to the city of Avignon; and as he went he begged, that no man might know what treasure he bare beneath his ragged coat.

The Duke's son had no rest till he had turned the pages of his beauteous missal, his wedding gift to the fair Iseult. He felt the soft parchment as it had been the velvet of warm and living flesh, and touched his lips to the wondrous images, which seemed alive, so perfect were they wrought. As for the prayers, writ in the hand of Lombardy, they had for him an infinite and solemn music. So admired he the work, that on the eve of his wedding day it slept beneath his pillow, and at the red break of that Southron morn he turned its pages reverently, the while in the neighboring chambers stood coffers filled with vestments of gold and silver, vases and jewels of price, swords dight with inlay—all

the dowry of the fair Yseult. In the chapel the acolytes were lighting tapers, and the great hall of the castle hummed with the servitors who strewed the rushes and prepared the groaning table.

At length, closing the two covers of his missal, the chevalier, wrapped in a sad-colored cloak, fled from the castle by a postern door, bearing away his missal. He went straight to the convent by field and wood, as one mad, by what sense he wot not, nor by what road, but he reached that holy dwelling as one borne on the wings of the wind.

Meanwhile the Duke sought in vain for his son, and the house was filled with mourning and affright. The young chevalier asked once more to see three nuns alone in the oratory, and when he entered found them kneeling amid the mystic swirling of the incense smoke before the high altar.

"I come," said he, "because I have read in this missal the thought of your hearts, I have seen therein all your love"—at this word the veiled figures gave a start as if of pain, yet still remained kneeling—"that love which alone could have helped you to make such a precious work, the like of which none but Angels could have made—a miracle done only for God or the best beloved. But in this case I am not deceived, for it is for love ye have wrought it. Since I cannot be for ye three, whom may God ever protect and keep in peace! I shall give myself to the most holy Church, and so shall retire to some cloister with that missal your love has made, there to pray for ye and me."

Never again did the three nuns touch the vellum. In vain the Abbess prayed them, in vain did the world crave the Books of Hours. They refused all with a sweetness so sad that none dared insist.

So that one night they went their way—God knows where—by the three roads whereby they came, the east, the west and the south, even the three that lead through Arles. And once more, since their going, has misery become the convent's guest.

Glenn H. Campbell, '00.

DWELLERS IN AUTUMN FIELDS AND FORESTS.

'Tis the spirit of the autumn days that thrills you, rather than the flowers, or the birds, or the picturesqueness of the landscape. The world is still almost to sadness; brooding over all is a dull, hazy atmosphere, and man, looking upon nature, sees a reflection of his own life.

One of the most striking features of the autumn forest is the large number of animals that inhabit it. Probably the most common species is the red squirrel. It is known to all of us by its brisk, merry chatter. How it delights to sit in the sunshine and play hide and seek among the leaves! It is a mischievous little sprite. I have seen it take peculiar pleasure in teasing the birds about it; or, when chased by the school-boy, sit in its hiding-place and with its chitter-chatter seem to say, "Catch me if you can." It shows a cunningness that few creatures possess, and knows as soon as the country lad where the best nuts are to be found and where the Christmas ones are stored. It is also an affectionate animal, and has been known to nurse the offspring of other species. I remember once robbing a squirrel's nest, and after catching one of the little ones and taking it home, finding to my sorrow and shame that it was merely a red field mouse. I noticed the long, slender tail, but of course thought that it would get bushy after a while.

Akin to the squirrel is the chipmunk with its shiny eyes and striped back. It is smaller than its cousin, quieter and more easily tamed. It makes a fine pet, eating bread from your hand, running through your pockets, in fact going anywhere that you go. One peculiar fact about it is, that it will always come down a tree when you tap loudly upon the trunk. Does it think that you are cutting down the tree? We used to think so. Its nest is found in the grass, or in the side of a ditch, or under a half-decayed log, but no matter where it digs you can find no dirt at the mouth of its burrow.

The muskrat is another animal that is interesting to watch, but unfortunately it is very hard to find out much about these industrious little creatures, for they keep a close watch for

intruders. They are about the size of a common rabbit, and live like the beaver in small groups or families. Their houses are built dome-shaped in the centre of a stream, or burrowed in the bank. In either case they are protected from enemies, for the passage to their cells is beneath water, and when the stream is frozen they live in comfort and safety.

The woodchuck, which is known to most of us as the ground-hog, is a common species in our Canadian woods. Its home is burrowed out in the side of a hill, where it passes the winter in a dormant state. It is reddish in color, thickly-set, and with short legs, consequently it cannot run very fast. It is a harmless animal unless cornered, but then will fight fiercely. A scar upon my finger, which I still bear, will prevent my forgetting a lively encounter with one.

What country boy does not know the long, quivering cry of the racoon, as it calls to its mate from the tree-top or from a distant cornfield? This animal is hunted for its fur, and the oil obtained from its flesh, but more often for the mere sport (which forms a part of the life of almost every rustic). To make racoon hunting pleasant and profitable, all that is needed is a group of boys, a couple of dogs, and a watermelon patch near by. The field is surrounded and closed in upon from all sides, and as the racoon cannot run fast it is soon captured, or it may be that the dogs trace the trail to some distant wood, where, as a rule, a fierce fight follows, when, if left to itself, the dog may get the worst of it. In its fierceness it will sometimes attack even man. The racoon is easily known by its call, or, if seen, by its dark grayish fur, pointed nose, and rings about its bushy tail. As long as memory serves me I shall always remember the childish scare I got from "two large animals with bushy tails that came right at me, but I ran."

The mink also should be mentioned, because of its value to the furrier. It is found along the banks of streams and ponds, and is semi-aquatic, living on fish and frogs, which it pursues in the water. Related to the mink is the weasel, with a slender body, small and flattened head, neck long and legs short. Its home is in woodpiles, old barns, in fact anywhere that mice, birds and preferably chickens may be found.

In the deeper forest there are many species of all kinds. The

frightened hare darts through the dry leaves and hides in yonder brush-heap. A troop of flying squirrels play at the mouth of a hollow limb, or in parachute-like fashion jump from tree to tree. Or perchance the red fox, with its long, hound-like leaps, may cross your path. At the top of a decayed stub the woodpecker is busily engaged, and overhead flies the large game—the partridge and wild duck, which calls the hunter from his tent.

But we cannot leave the fields without first describing the mother quail and her brood. They are hatched out in large numbers and almost immediately leave their nests. They have, however, a peculiar instinct which enables them to protect themselves. When nestling beneath the wing the little ones sit with their heads outward, so that, at the first intimation of danger given by the old bird, they can flee for their lives. It is surprising how quickly they can disappear from view, and how suddenly they return when the mother-quail gives her soft "yodel." The species of birds found at this season of the year are numerous, but not so many as the song birds of summer. In early fall they begin to migrate southward, but always a few stay with us, and those that do go rest for a moment as they pass, and with panting breasts give us their farewell song. The robin has long since departed. The canary, the meadow-lark and the throstle sing in the thicket, and as they fly away our hearts go too. The faint twitter of the greybird, the wren and the blue jay is drowned by the loud chatter of the nut-hatch or the combined twitter of myriads of sparrows. They all seem loath to go, and we too feel sad, but know that in springtime they will return again and fill the air with music.

Nelson A. Harkness, '04.

THEOLOGICAL CONVENTION IN ROCHESTER.

V-i-c-t-o-r-i-a, Vic—Vic—Victoria!
Hurrah for old Knox, Hurrah, Hurrah!
Boom on, Mac! Boom on, Star!
Boom, Fitz, boom on, MacMaster!

Such were the ear-splitting shouts which rent the air as the special car for Rochester to the second triennial convention of

Y.M.C.A.'s in theological institutes sped on its way to its destination. Twenty-five strong from the three colleges, we beguiled the time with story and song until we arrived at Niagara Falls, where we were joined by the Wycliffe contingent. Like the aristocracy, avoiding the rabble, they had, in congenial seclusiveness, taken the trip thus far alone. Now they must pay a good-natured penalty and run the gauntlet. One by one they are passed in through the crowd and, standing in the middle of the car, are required to give their college yell. W-y-c— ! But, alas, the uninitiated cannot follow this or any of the other yells euphonious to college ears, and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," which the wag from the far end of the car pipes up, will do just as well. At Buffalo we pick up sturdy contingents from Heidelberg and Oberlin seminaries. Our cousins are welcomed, and treats all round are in course. Hard drinks ? Oh no ! But each regales all with the yell of their particular college ; and it is little wonder the Canadians were considered an hilarious company. They certainly were heard from, and that more than once.

Not very theological, all this, you say. But may not deepest religious feeling lie beneath the smiling and happy, yea even boisterous exterior ? A religious convention we are bound for ? Yes ; and the boisterous spirit subsides, the college yells give way to national songs. "The Maple Leaf," "My Country, 'tis of thee," blend together, and all unite in "God save our King." Again a quieter and deeper note is struck. The voice of prayer is heard. Our hearts run anxiously forward to the coming days with their problems and longed-for solutions. One of our number, with brief scripture and brief words, indicates some of the pressing needs and the great power to be relied upon in facing all the varied difficulties of life. Silent and hushed, all bow heads, and God seems very near. The noise of the whirling train is forgotten and all is still. Then prayer gives place to praise, and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" is followed by "Blest be the tie that binds." All are one. There are no longer college divisions or national boundary lines—all are Christian.

Off at Rochester, and with expedition the reception committee guide us to the headquarters of the Convention, which are in the splendid edifice of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. Already the meeting has opened, and eagerly we all file in, pre-

pared for the rich feast in store. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, president of the Convention, and pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, delivered an impressive address on Consecration. It was opportune and inspiring, and was a significant prelude to the many good things which followed. Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, Dean of Rochester Theological Seminary, in his courtly manner, extended a most hearty welcome to all the delegates. The cordiality and inclusiveness of this welcome was a happy introduction of all delegates to the city and the many homes where they were royally entertained.

As to the various addresses on the programme, we could easily go to great length. All were worthy. High mark was reached at the first, and during all the sessions seldom for a moment was that high standard lowered. Problems of the individual life, the seminary life, the great church work at home and abroad were all discussed, and great help and stimulus were derived. Detailed statement, however, is impossible because of lack of space, and is also unnecessary, as in a few weeks the press will issue all the addresses and proceedings in neat book form.

While the spirit of the meeting is not easily expressed nor borne in adequate fullness to any distant audience, the excellent report of the chairman gave a bird's eye view of the object and progress of the organization. The movement stands for—stimulating spiritual life in theological colleges ; promoting missionary spirit and activity ; fellowship between students of various institutions ; and the planting and developing of Y.M.C.A. organizations in all seminaries. An interesting outline of the strength of the movement was indicated by the fact that in 81 institutions, representing 29 denominations, there were 4,000 members in active union with this organization or some other with similar purpose. Such features as "the morning watch," "Biblical and mission literature study," and evangelistic band work, are incorporated in its work, and in all of the different departments substantial growth was reported.

During the sessions of Convention there were two addresses which are, perhaps, owing to their subject, worthy of special mention. Friday morning, Robert E. Speer delivered, in his own quiet yet masterly way, an address on the place and power of prayer. He took the prayer-life of Jesus as the great example, and carried

his audience with him through a well-arranged and thorough study of all of Christ's prayers. In these seven prominent features were pointed out : His perfect naturalness, which indicated deep inner communion ; His love for solitude, in time, place and spirit ; His constancy, before great works and after, ever and always praying ; His assurance, self-restraint, intensity, and simplicity. The mastery of detail and the complete compass of his subject made this by no means the least wholesome and stimulating of the many good words heard. Dr. C. Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Theological Seminary, also delivered a remarkable address on The Missionary Problem in Asia. Having made a thorough study of Eastern life and thought in order to deliver the Barrows lectures throughout the great centres of the Orient last year, he "spake as one having authority." In his study of Oriental philosophy and religion his own Christian experience was deepened and his convictions that Christ alone was the Saviour of the world were strengthened. After visiting Asia and seeing the conditions which have resulted from their religion, for the peoples are like unto their gods, he had no doubt at all regarding the universality of Christ for all hearts and the uniqueness of Christianity as the only religion which solves the problem of the world's redemption. East or West, black or white, ancient or modern, Christ answers the need of every heart of every nation.

On two occasions the Convention was treated to a feature which cannot be reported in the columns of a magazine. These were the breezy addresses of Dr. Puddefoot, the Superintendent of Congregational Home Missions. Well was he designated the Western Cyclone. When the reporters asked him to go easy and give them a chance, in his good-humored way he told them that he himself had tried to report his own speeches, but had broken the pen to splinters. However, he carried us to the little pioneer town in the West and introduced us to all the inhabitants, the peculiarities of whom he cartooned with a free hand. Wit and humor are certainly native to the Doctor, and he was irrepressible in his merriment-provoking statements. Yet he made the little village, with its peoples and its needs, live before all who listened to his torrent of words ; and as in his racy description he recounted how twenty years after he had met those who had been boys and girls in that hamlet, in places of influence and importance, all the

way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we felt that the work of the Home Mission pastor, even in the remote backwoods settlement, was not one of the smallest, but possibly one of the largest spheres of influence.

Through all the sessions the notes of needed spirituality and missionary activity were sounded. There was everywhere a strong emphasis upon the necessity of losing one's life in order that one might save it. Machinery, resolutions, superficialities were noticeable by their absence. While there were discussions of plans and methods of work, these obtained small space, and the devotional and inspirational predominated. Over 400 students, from many seminaries and colleges, enjoyed and profited by the splendid and always practical addresses. For all it was a brief respite from the routine of the class-room in order that there might be a learning of conditions, needs and demands, a mingling in fellowship with men from all over the continent, but beyond all else a gathering of inspiration from Him who is the source of all truth.

The Canadian delegation, some fifty strong, scarcely knew when they had crossed the line. There was little new in scenery; the atmosphere had the same crispness, and our American cousins had the same accent and kindness of the friends at home. The recognition of Canada and Canadian work was especially noticeable and not ungratifying, and the hospitality of the good friends of Rochester could not have been exceeded. Indeed it was so lavish that some of our delegates have been somewhat tardy in returning, and we begin to question if our kindly cousins have not in a small measure been putting into practice the theory of annexation. It will be three years before a similar convention will again be held, but the deep impressions of the one just past will, in many lives, reach down in the course of time until the curtain is rolled up and we stand in the great convention of the saints.

I. G. Matthews.

THE VOICES.

O, the mist sleeps on the river,
And the fog broods o'er the sea,
The stars have hid their faces,
And my soul is dark in me!

I linger in the churchyard
And I walk beside the shore,
And to-night I hear old voices
Call me in the ocean's roar;

See again the sacred visions
That inspired a golden youth—
For the faith of two-and-twenty
Seemed true promise of the truth.

O, the years have garnered knowledge,
Been the battle to the strong,
But the shouting and the conflict
Drowned the voices in the throng!

And now, to-night, they call me
With the promise of my youth,
Of the man I might have been—
Larger soul and broader truth.

And my spirit cries in longing:
"I would live what I have dreamed,"
And my lips, low, sad, shame-burdened:
"I would be what I have seemed."

I linger in the churchyard
And I walk beside the shore,
And the restless billows thunder
An eternal "Nevermore."

"Nevermore," the cliffs re-echo,
"Nevermore," the fir trees sigh.
O, the hopeless "Never, never!"
O, the leaden, leaden sky!

See, the dawn begins to glimmer,
Casting diamonds o'er the foam;
The city's noises waken,
And the fretful tide turns home.

EARL W. CLARKE, '05.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT ON THE OTTAWA.*

An hour after the setting of the sun the moon rose above the trees. To the western horizon she was bringing from the east, along with herself, a sweetly-scented breeze, which seemed to precede her as her sweet breath, drying the dewdrops of the night.

The queen of the night gradually ascended the sky. Now she followed her azure course peacefully, now she reposed on groups of clouds which resembled the summits of lofty mountains crowned with snow. Some of those clouds, folding and unfolding their veil, unrolled themselves in transparent zones of white satin and receded from our view in light flakes of foam. Others would take the form of banks of transplendent wool, so sweet to the eye that we imagined we could feel their softness and their elasticity.

The scene on the land was no less enchanting. The bluish and velvet day of the moon descended among the trees, sending beams of light through the most profound darkness of the forests. The night drove in silence her starry chariot; our boat cleft the waves gently; sitting on the prow, in contemplation we watched the river flowing at our feet. At times it lost itself in a shadow, and again reappeared shining with the constellations of the night, which it mirrored in its bosom.

*This article is the work of one of our French-Canadian students.

On a vast plain, on one side of the river, the light of the moon slept silently on the greensward. On the other side, stirred by the breeze, and dispersed here and there over the meadow, the birch trees formed floating isles of shadow on a motionless ocean of light.

Near us everything was silence and repose. On each side of the river the rustling of the wind was heard through the foliage of the trees, and the singing of the night birds added to the charm of the quiet scene. In the distance the lights of a sawmill grew pale as the great luminary of the night looked down, in her strength, upon them. At intervals the long-drawn wails of the saws as they passed through the logs were heard, which, in the calm of the night, prolonged themselves from the valleys to the hills and died out through the solitary woods.

The grandeur and the sweet melancholy of that scene cannot be expressed in language. In the city, the beauty of the night is never felt as in nature's solitudes. In vain, in the midst of the towering buildings and under the artificial lights of the town, the imagination tries to soar; everywhere it meets the habitations of men. But remote from the haunts of men, the soul delights to wander in the forests, to rove on the borders of rivers, to hover over the hills and the valleys, and to find itself alone before its God.

EPHREM VIENS, '05.

THE VILLAGE WOOD-CUTTER.

On the banks of one of our noblest Canadian rivers, clear-running, wide and deep, the St. Clair, there lies a quaint little village that reminds one of the Italian village of which Longfellow wrote:

> "One of those little places that have run
> Half up the hill, beneath the blazing sun,
> And then sat down to rest, as if to say:
> 'I'll climb no further upward, come what may.'"

Only in this case the hill upon which it halted was Prosperity. In its childhood's days it was, naturally enough, ambitious. It was

born shortly after the victories of an English general in the Peninsular war, and to perpetuate his honor took his name. Yet, I fear our memory of the man will outlive the town, for the latter has long been on the wane. Its streets, once lively and busy, are now quiet and deserted save by the occasional workman leisurely wending his way homeward, or an aproned housewife making her neighborly calls.

However, it is not of the village or the villagers that I wish to write, except as a sort of background for the hero of my tale, familiarly known in the village and countryside as "Jimmie." My first acquaintance with him began when, with bucksaw and sawhorse, he used to visit our back yard. Jimmie was adept in the use of his instruments. The evenness and rapidity with which his saw ran through the wood was quite a marvel to us children. We used to watch the ever-growing pile of yellow sawdust and wonder how long it would be before the saw would catch up the yellow particles and send them once more glistening through the air.

Jimmie was an excellent talker, his conversation never flagged, his audience never tired, yet it very rarely consisted of more than one, and that one—himself. We children were never fortunate enough to be treated as audience ; he seemed to have a most profound contempt for us. It is hard now to analyze our regard for him, but we certainly kept at a respectful distance, whatever our own feelings towards him may have been. We used to fancy he was talking to the wood he was cutting. If a stick were particularly hard to cut, Jimmie would wax eloquent ; his eyes would fairly flash fire at the helpless object of his wrath, and the way in which his saw buzzed and raged through it, the vicious throw he gave it when finally conquered, was quite terrible. We usually thought it wise to take our departure at such a time, for there were uncanny rumors afloat as to what he might do to us when in such a humor.

Woodcutting was Jimmie's business. Still the village dames, kind as they were to him, could not use their fuel fast enough to keep his business brisk, so, on compulsion, for Jimmie must eat and, alas ! drink, he would do other work—gardening, snow-shovelling, and such tasks. His grumblings on these occasions

were always much more loudly voiced. The irony of fate! A woodcutter must descend to dig and shovel!

Very rarely did Jimmie make mistakes in his business; there were few people who could outwit him. He once hired with a man who had the reputation of always getting the best of a bargain, but Jimmie was a match for him. Perhaps it was a verification of the old saying, "It takes a rogue to catch a rogue." At any rate this man proposed that Jimmie should cut wood for him by the day, and munificently declared, "For every day you cut, Jimmie, I'll give you a hen." Jimmie agreed, apparently quite satisfied with these terms, and was soon at work. But there was something decidedly wrong with Jimmie's saw. Usually it flew so swiftly back and forth, but this day it dragged and wheezed through the stick so extremely slowly that his employer's son went to see what was the matter. The youngster coming up quietly heard Jimmie repeating, to the slow accompaniment of the wheezy saw, "A hen a day, a hen a day, a hen a day." The joke was too good for the boy to keep, and soon the whole neighborhood knew, and how they did enjoy it! For once the file was bitten.

People often said Jimmie was not "right." Perhaps not. But it often appeared that his madness was augmented at will to suit the circumstance. One of his weaknesses was the habit of "taking things"—people would not call it theft when Jimmie was the culprit. Usually these things were eatables, but the good-natured townswomen rarely grumbled. If Jimmie happened in at dinner-time and took possession of the soup, any remonstrance on the part of the housekeeper was met by the most unblushing flattery. He would tell her how good-looking she was; what a fine cook, and then—small wonder!—walk off with the soup. One one occasion he had rather more difficulty, but then he was on foreign soil. He had crossed the river to the little American city opposite and had appropriated some article, tradition does not record what, but his flattery was in vain—perhaps the owner was a man—and so Jimmie was landed in the police court. He was surely in a predicament. Alone, in a strange land, and a prisoner. The snow was falling in large, fleecy flakes; Jimmie was absorbed by it. In vain the magistrate questioned—all Jimmie could see was the fleecy down in the air,

and the only response he would make was, "There's an old woman out there pickin' her geese; look at the feathers flyin'! look at 'em! look at 'em!" and all the while dancing up and down in a state of great excitement. Needless to say he was soon dismissed. He returned to his native land, if not perceptibly sadder, certainly wiser, for he was never known to make such a mistake again—away from home.

Once some philanthropic person thought it would be a charity to place Jimmie in the County House of Refuge. Jimmie was not at all unwilling to try the experiment, but he soon returned home thoroughly disgusted. The villagers tried to find out what had so displeased him, but seldom did Jimmie give them any satisfaction. Sundry hints, let fall occasionally, satisfied his friends, however, that Jimmie was a true-born Britisher and resented any interference in his personal affairs. Dark hints escaped in particular of a strange affair there called a bath; he grew wrathful whenever this was mentioned.

Jimmie was quite a favorite with the summer visitors who came to enjoy St. Clair breezes. He fares well during their reign in the village. Such a combination of shrewdness and imbecility, sense and nonsense as they find in him! What wonder if the city folk regarded him as a curiosity! No doubt they would have been delighted could they have carried him home with them along with the bits of old cracked china and odd bric-a-brac that they gathered up in the old town. One person was fortunate enough to have a camera and carried away a photograph as a souvenir. Jimmie happened along one day and was invited to have his picture taken. He did not know what that meant, neither did he understand the camera, but he was not at all afraid. When they told him to look at it, stooping down with his hands on his knees he shut one eye and tried to peek with the other through "the little glass windy in the thing," to see what he could discover. The picture was a great success. Jimmie usually knew well how to deal with these people, and would come away chuckling and richer in pocket by many a coin.

The last I heard of Jimmie shows that he still is a great admirer of the fair sex. A friend of mine happened one day this summer to be in the little village store at the same time Jimmie was making some purchases. He surveyed her intently, mutter-

ing to himself, "Fine girl, that; fine girl!" She changed her position, Jimmie changed too, still muttering his praises. Finally in despair she said, "What did you say, Jimmie?" Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Fine day, mum; fine day!" The wit of the witless seldom fails.

His last days, for Jimmie is now growing old, are being spent in the service of a kindly lady living in the outskirts of the village. He has given up his beloved trade and spends his time in gardening, marketing and doing odd chores about the farm. In return he gets his food, necessary clothing, a bed in the loft of her carriage-house, and probably more kindness than the poor fellow ever before experienced. At any rate he seems content and happy.

"Sophomore."

A FRESHMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

It was a wonderfully clear night, and I found myself with a friend walking down an unknown street. We were talking on ordinary topics, such as the weather or the latest Rugby game, paying no attention to our surroundings, when, suddenly, we were confronted by a tremendous stone wall with a large iron gate in it. We approached the gate, which slowly opened, and walked through, wondering what we should see inside.

We found ourselves in a large courtyard. In the distance loomed up a dark, massive-looking building with which neither of us was familiar. After glancing around the courtyard, which was thickly covered with beautiful grass that lay shining in the bright moonlight, and which was crossed by a stone walk bound on either side with a row of bicycle racks, we determined to satisfy our curiosity in regard to the pile of buildings. It was an enormous structure, with high, dark walls and big, frowning windows, which seemed to speak of gloom and melancholy forebodings. But we two entered the door and mounted a short flight of steps, and passing through another door we were in a dimly-lighted hall, with high, vaulted ceiling and a row of doors, all numbered, on either side. We wandered through hall after hall, following a

great beckoning figure, clad in long, black, flowing robes that flapped and rustled with its motion.

We went upstairs and downstairs, turned corners this way and that way, but still the figure beckoned us onward and we followed wonderingly and fearfully. At last, after what seemed to be an age, we came to a very lofty room. At one end of the room was a raised platform, and all through it were rows and rows of seated figures attired in long, flowing gowns. We passed hurriedly through this room, but as soon as the figures saw us they silently rose and followed. They had great, long bodies and glaring eyes and grinning faces, and their streaming robes flapped behind them like fish-tails. We increased our speed, but the figure in front of us increased its speed, and those following increased their speed and broadened their ghastly grins.

Suddenly we found ourselves again in a great hall with rows of doors which silently opened as we approached. Through one we dimly saw a figure writing on the wall in white, hollow letters, but when it perceived us it joined the others that were following. The writing seemed to jump down from the wall and follow too. Another door opened, and the blackness within the room gathered itself into a long table. On the table was a weird forest of pipes and bottles and tubes, bent this way and that and twining in and out in a hopeless tangle. The bottles and jars were filled with unnatural-colored liquids. Blue flames were darting among the tubes in a most puzzling manner, and from the tubes slowly rose many-colored clouds of vapor. In the centre of the table a great globe shone with a milky light like a miniature moon. Over all this forms were hovering, pulling a bottle here and bending a pipe there, moving a flame in one place and pouring more liquid in another.

All of a sudden there was a flash, and in the twinkling of an eye not a sign of the forest remained, but the air was filled with falling glass, red and yellow rain, smoke and most suffocating fumes. Rushing out of the room came figures choking, sneezing and blinking. They came in an endless stream, but when each one saw us its choking stopped immediately and a hideous grin overspread its countenance. They all fell in with the ranks of that shapeless army following.

In the next room a shadowy form was writing in tremendous

letters, but it followed us, and the terrible letters $\frac{a}{b} + \frac{a^n}{b^m}$ etc., etc., (we couldn't see the end of them) followed. Great books came out of the darkness at the back of the room, each covered with a long, flowing robe, and on the side of each we could see "Higher Algebra," in angry, burning letters, and they all joined that mystic throng behind us. Every door opened into a room, and in each room was a figure writing in white letters on the wall, but the figures all came and followed us, and the writing followed us.

We then came to large glass-cases in which were solemn sheets of paper covered with the clearest writing, and each headed "Mid-Year Examinations." The figure in front pointed at them with a long, thin arm, and the spectres behind us all pointed long, bony fingers at them, and their eyes blazed and they grinned with unearthly grins. The papers and glass-cases all came down from the wall and followed us; and each door we passed opened and figures and books came out and followed us; the benches donned long black gowns and followed us; the doors and windows followed us; the very walls seemed to close in behind that great, noiseless, grinning crowd, and follow us. Oh! it was terrible; the perspiration was rolling down my face, I tried to go away, to shut my eyes, to cover my head, but I still saw that beckoning figure in front, and the dark forms, books, benches, desks that followed.

Another door opened, and with fearing eyes I looked in and beheld an inky figure holding a human skull in its hand, and from behind the door there came a monstrous human skeleton, having one leg and one arm missing, and followed by a black, flapping robe. On a table were a couple of skeleton cats with arched backs; they came toward us bristling their bony tails and growling with hollow growls. On the other side of the room were many rows of figures, which slowly rose and slowly turned into skeletons. They all followed us. Each had a "Human Body" under its arm, and each carried a bone in its hand, and each had an arm and a leg missing.

It was too much for us. With ear-splitting shrieks we gave way to our fear, and, turning, fled down the hall, but the figures, books and desks all followed, and the skeletons followed and closed in around us, and threw "Human Bodies" and bones and

frogs at us. The walls seemed to fall in, and books and pencils and papers and figures in long, flowing robes filled the air. We called, called for help, but those uncanny creatures were closing in all around us, coming closer and closer ; the walls were falling slowly in, and the ceiling was coming lower and lower, until at last there was not enough room to stand in. With one last heartrending howl we threw ourselves on the floor and covered our eyes with our hands, and then . . . I heard a familiar voice say angrily in my ear : "For the land's sake ! Have you gone crazy ?" I felt a mighty shove, a fall, thump, bang, and I was on the floor beside my bed. It was all a dream.

E. Edward Wells, '07.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

As we announced last month, The Monthly offers prizes to graduates and undergraduates for the best stories submitted to a committee of judges appointed by the Editorial Committee. We reprint this month the necessary information regarding the conditions.

The first contest is open to undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in arts who are now registered as students in Theology). In connection with this contest three prizes are offered. First prize, five dollars ; second prize, three dollars ; third prize, two dollars.

The second contest is open to graduates in Arts and Theology and others who have been formerly in attendance at McMaster University. In this contest two prizes are offered. First prize, six dollars ; second prize, four dollars.

Rules governing the contests :

1. Manuscript for both contests must be in the hands of the judges not later than February 1st, 1904.
2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.
3. Stories must not contain more than 2,000 words.
4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.
5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.
6. The judges are Professor McLay, Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., and V. A. Ray, B.A.

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VOL. XIII. DECEMBER, 1903. No. 3

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY wishes all its readers and all friends of the University A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE sudden death of Mr. J. B. McArthur, K.C., father of two of our students, has cast a shadow over the last days of the term. Mr. McArthur has been a staunch friend of our educational work ever since the days of Dr. Fyfe, and gave tangible pledges of his interest in the shape of the two sons he sent first to Woodstock and at present to McMaster. During the last two years he has been living in Toronto, and has had leisure to take a more intimate personal interest in the life of the University. His presence at various functions, and particularly at the frequent athletic games in which the students engage, made him a familiar figure to every member of the University, and won for him a warm place in the hearts of the students. His death, therefore, gives us all a keen sense of personal loss that enables us to feel a heartfelt sympathy with our fellow students, Stanley and J. B. McArthur, in their sad bereavement. On behalf of the University, THE

Monthly extends sympathy to the afflicted widow and the four sons who have lost so loving a husband and so kind a father.

McMaster men have heard with regret of the fire that devastated the University of Ottawa some weeks ago, and feel genuine sympathy with the students who lost their property and were forced to gaze on the destruction of their Alma Mater. Our personal knowledge of the University is largely confined to the exploits of its famous Rugby football team, and to the literary productions of the undergraduates as they appear in the University of Ottawa *Review*, one of the oldest and most valued exchanges of The Monthly. We know, however, that it has had a long career of service to higher education among the Roman Catholics of Canada, and that it numbers among its graduates several distinguished Canadians. We understand that a new building will be commenced in the near future, and that in the meantime the undergraduates will be enabled to continue their work. It will be the wish of all interested in education that the good work done by Ottawa College may be continued, and that the present calamity may win it many friends among those whom it serves.

Friends of the University, and admirers of classic art and architecture, will be delighted to learn that Mr. James Ryrie has presented a splendid collection of pictures to the University. The seventeen large framed views include all the well-known monuments of "Violet-crowned Athens." Among the most famous of these are the Parthenon, dear to lovers of Doric art; the famous Bema, or Rostrum, where Demosthenes won his glory as a patriot and statesman; the Temple of the Olympian Jove, which, in Hadrian's time, surpassed all other buildings in its stately magnificence and beauty of its mighty Corinthian capitals. This collection will be of great educational value to the departments of History and Classics, and, let us hope, will form the nucleus of a collection which in time will enable us to offer courses in classical archæology, a valuable branch of study almost unknown to Canadian scholarship.

We are pleased each year to receive the neatly-printed programme of the lecture course given under the auspices of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute. The course this year includes the names of five well-known public men, who will lecture on topics of vital interest. We congratulate the Principal and his colleagues on the success they have achieved in the past six years, and trust that their seventh year may be in every way successful. The citizens of Lindsay have reason to be proud of their Collegiate Institute and its efficient staff of teachers.

Book Reviews.

"The Heart of Rome."*

Those of our readers who have read that fine trilogy, "Saracinesca," "Don Orsino," and "Sant' Ilario," will not need to be told that Marion Crawford is a superb story-teller. In "The Heart of Rome" he has given a story which, though without the varied interest of those earlier masterpieces of his pen, yet shares their power of fascinating the reader and carrying him from beginning to end with unflagging attention. In it Mr. Crawford returns to Rome, the scene of his earlier triumphs, but to the modern Rome of telephones and automobiles. The chief characters are Sabina Conti and Marino Malipieri, the former the youngest daughter of a financially-broken noble family, and the latter a young archæologist who has lately achieved fame. After various obstacles have been removed, love and marriage make a happy ending. Mr. Crawford is not one of those who think a painful *denouement* is absolutely essential to good art. As he says, he had it in his power to bring two young people to awful grief, but preferred to make them happy.

There is one scene of thrilling interest where hero and heroine are imprisoned in the vaults of the Palazzo Conti, from which Malipieri by superhuman efforts effects an escape. Two or three utterances in the play are particularly fine: the first, where Sabina

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*"The Heart of Rome." A tale of the "Lost Water." By Marion Crawford. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. $1.50.

says to the Baroness Volterra, "If I were strong enough, I would kill you"; the second, where Sabina's mother says, "I did not know there were such men"; and the third, where Sabina declares, "Whatever he says, is true. He never lied in his life." These, the reader will discover, really get to the core of the situation. Some of the author's epigrammatic *obiter dicta* add to the interest of the book. As illustrations the following will serve: "The snob thinks most of the treatment he receives from the world; the gentleman thinks first of how he shall act courteously to others." * * * "The foundation of pride is the wish to respect oneself, whatever others may think; the mainspring of vanity is the craving for the admiration of others, no matter at what cost to one's self-respect." Altogether there can be no hesitation in recommending "The Heart of Rome" to any who desire a really interesting story. M.

Interpretation of the Apocalypse.†

This neat booklet of 39 pages is a helpful contribution to the better understanding of a book which is the object of much indifference, if not prejudice. Dr. Wallace states why the Apocalyptic and symbolic language was used in both the Old and New Testaments, and in other sacred writings. He does not find himself wholly in accord with any of the usual methods of interpretation, but favors what he names "The Ideal-Historical" method. He says "The poetic element must be fully recognized in order to arrive at a sane and salutary interpretation. Literalism makes the book nothing better than a delirious dream. S. S. B.

A New Theological Review.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure we notice the most recent addition to the goodly company of theological journals. We refer to the *Southwestern Theological Review*, edited by the Theological Faculty of Baylor University, Waco, Texas. It will contribute to

† The Interpretation of the Apocalypse. By Francis Huston Wallace, M.A., D.D., Dean ot the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University, Toronto: William Briggs, 1903.

the friendly interest McMaster has in Baylor, not only because our own Dr. Newman is a member of her staff, but because the advent of the new journal is doubtless owing, in no small degree, to his scholarship and enterprise. The first number has in it the promise of future success. The contributed articles number four, relating to the fields of historical investigation, character study, Biblical criticism and homiletics. The first of these naturally attracts at once our attention—"Some Recent Literature on the Anabaptist Movement," by Professor A. H. Newman. This particular field of historical study is one in which Dr. Newman is himself very high authority. The article in question reviews and criticises the recent additions which Kantsky and Rembert make to our knowledge of this remarkable movement, and closes with a promise of more to come. The other articles are:—"The Greatest Man in History," by Professor Carroll; "A Perspective of Higher Criticism and Mosaic Legislation," by Professor Dement; and "Power in Pulpit Oratory," by Professor Straton. A good grist of brief reviews and comments follows. The temper of the journal is conservative but fairly broad, and its get-up reflects credit on the publishers. We heartily wish it success.

A Noble Dog.*

This little volume tells in fluent verse the story of a dog's faithfulness and heroism. It is a story for children, with an unobtrusive but clearly indicated moral. Read aloud by parents in the family circle, it could not fail to please young boys and girls. For them it would make an acceptable Christmas gift.

*Carlo, The Noble Dog. By L. B. Hartman, D.D. Philadelphia: Griffith and Rowland Press.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

CHANCELLOR WALLACE'S LECTURE.—Under the auspices of the Theological Society, Chancellor Wallace gave a lecture on "Sacred Sites in Holy Lands." Students and friends had anticipated the pleasure of hearing the Chancellor on his travels abroad, and so assembled in large numbers. In a free and conversational style the audience was conducted, mentally, from Joppa to Jerusalem, with side trips to the Dead Sea and to the Jordan. Easter Sunday was spent in the Holy City, and visits made to Calvary and Gethsemane. The lecture was punctuated by flashes of humor and wit, which were much enjoyed. Some forty views were thrown on the canvas, which were from photographs taken by the Chancellor. Mr. and Mrs. James Ryrie were recognized, while the features of the handsome Bedouin guard were scanned to see what Toronto Baptist deacon he was alleged so strikingly to resemble. The chair was occupied by the vice-president, Mr. W. T. Roberts. Mr. F. J. Scott, in a unique manner, moved a vote of thanks to the Chancellor for his instructive lecture.

REV. C. J. CAMERON, B.A., B.TH., our newly appointed Field Secretary, is always a welcome visitor to our hall. He is, however, more popular than ever when he is accompanied by his camera and flashlight. This year he took some pictures of the more aristocratic rooms in the hall, which he will exhibit from end to end of the province on his tours. He also took a flashlight photograph of the boys at supper, which may or may not be exhibited at the same time. It all depends on how it turns out. The first attempt to secure a photograph was a failure, as the members of the French table could not be kept from their plates long enough to get even a snapshot. The next trial was after supper, when the animal spirits of the students had somewhat settled down. The shutter snapped, the flashlight went off with a bang, smashing a window pane, and the boys groped their way through the stifling vapors resultant to the purer air of the upper flats. The students were somewhat dubious as to the result, but the photographer assured them that "they were caught before they had time to jump."

We have come to the changing of the season. The ground about the college has several times been white with snow, and the boys are already fixing their skates to their hockey boots, in anticipation of the skating weather. Books are now also forcing themselves strenuously on the students' attention, and the members of the senior year are beginning to think about writing their full complement of essays, for Christmas is drawing near. But there is much to be done before we scatter for our midwinter holidays. The open meeting of the Literary Society looms large on the horizon; every student is expected to do his duty to himself and his neighbor at the Literary Society's dinner on December 17, and the night after he must appear in his very best frame of mind at the Founder's Night Reception. Any ordinary mortal might well shudder at the prospect, but the courage that can meet the mid-year examinations right after Christmas holidays will not be appalled at the thought of what the future has in store.

The banquet to be held under the auspices of the Literary Society on the evening of the 17th inst. is somewhat of an innovation around these halls. For many years past undergraduates have felt the need of a separate function at which the representatives from other institutions might be entertained. As a literary society we have received and accepted invitations from sister institutions to banquets and other student gatherings, but up to the present time we have not had "our tea party," at which representatives could be present from other colleges. The number of invited guests on Founder's Night has made it impossible to bestow on our representatives the particular honor and attention received at their hands. The faculty have passed their judgment of approval, and everything points to a successful affair. A few of the students themselves strenuously opposed the scheme, the main point of attack centering around the idea that the "feed" would be lowering to the ideals which the University strives to maintain. Most of these objectors waived their objections after reading the menu card. The banquet will be open to all undergrads. who purchase tickets, and grads. also. There will be present the representatives of sister institutions and a few specially invited guests. Mayor Urquhart and A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., will grace the occasion by their presence. With an inter-college debate, the banquet and Founder's Night At Home it will be a busy week.

The Literary Society had planned that an inter-year debate should take place on Friday evening, November 13th. The people were there, the officers were there, but brightly smiling

Freshmen and dignified Seniors did not hear the clash of arms, for their respective warriors did not meet in combat royal that night. Thus the programme was not as lengthy as usual. The first number of the evening was an instrumental solo by Miss Matthews, '07, who succeeded in putting the audience in good humor. Mr. Wm. Whan, '06, then delivered an address on "The hair-breadth escapes of a view-agent." Mr. Whan told very graphically of his adventures in the wilds, with a box of samples as his only means of protection. At this juncture the audience was ready for "The News of the Week." Mr. E. H. Mihell, '04, had charge of this department. He began by giving a few practical hints as to the guiding of the "Ship of State." This feature was brought to a fitting close with the latest quotations from Paris fashions. Although the programme was short, the "Lit." had no cause to complain of the evening's entertainment.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—On Monday, November 16th, the Fyfe Missionary Society held its second meeting of the year in Castle Memorial Hall. The morning service was opened by a devotional service led by the vice-president, J. Janes, after which Professor Farmer reported on the work of the Executive Committee. The Executive is making a special effort to make the meetings interesting, and thereby draw a good attendance. They have had programmes printed for the meetings of the year, which are being widely distributed among our city friends. Mr. O. C. Gray reported on the work of the Student Volunteer Band. Mr. R. Gonder reported on the work at River St. Mission. While these reports were being given the evangelistic band returned from King, where they had been holding services the day before. Mr. C. G. Beck was called upon to report for them. He said that the meetings had been attended by splendid results, and doubtless much good had been done. Mr. H. W. Wright gave an interesting account of his summer's work in Temiscaming district, and Mr. W. J. Grigg told of his experiences in Algoma, speaking of the country and its vast natural resources, of the people, and the prospects of the Baptist work there.

The chief address of the morning was given by Superintendent Norton, on "The ideals and plans of the Home Mission Board." He said that it was the purpose to place settled pastors on those fields where they had been dependent upon student labor. The results so far have eminently justified them in this action. He encouraged the students to be guided rather by the needs than by the size of the fields.

Dr. Farmer occupied the chair in the afternoon. After the devotional exercises the second series of studies on India was

taken up. Mr. R. A. F. McDonald read a paper on "The Physical Features and Present Distribution of the Population." He gave us much information that will be of value to us as we continue these studies. Mr. H. B. Moyle followed with a paper on "The Sacred Books of the Brahmins." Rev. J. G. Brown then spoke on "The Origin, Development and Present Aspects of Brahminism." While Mr. Brown was in India he obtained an extensive knowledge of their religion, and was able to give an interesting and scholarly address on this subject. Mr. Brown's missionary enthusiasm was in evidence, and its effect on his hearers will not soon be lost.

Despite the sleety evening a large audience gathered in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, December 4th, the attraction being the semi-annual public meeting of the Literary Society. The open meetings of the Society have always been of an high order, and in every respect the one this term was no exception to the rule. The president, Mr. J. M. Warner, occupied the chair. The musical part of the programme was excellent. Miss Mabel Smith, of Moulton College, favored us with a piano solo. A vocal solo, "She wandered down the mountain side," was charmingly rendered by Miss Lilian Senior, '05. Mr. W. E. Bowyer, B.A., sang "Asleep in the Deep," with a full, clear voice, and received an enthusiastic encore. Miss Sowerby sang very sweetly, and with a faithfulness of expression which won her audience. "The Gay Hussar" was well sung by Mr. D. H. Williamson, '07, who also led the Mozart Male Quartette in singing "The Holy City." The literary part of the programme was well sustained by Miss Wilkins, '07, who, in a pleasing manner, gave a reading entitled "The Courtin'"; by Mr. Herbert Piercy, who always delights his audience with his ability in comic readings, and by Miss Elsie MacLaurin, of Moulton College. Miss MacLaurin showed much ability as an elocutionist, and we hope to hear her again. An evening of real pleasure was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem, all expressing their delight in the evening's entertainment.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on Friday, December 4th. The president, Miss Shields, occupied the chair. Miss Fox began the afternoon's programme with a delightful instrumental solo, "Rustlings of Spring," by Sinding. After the business of the society was disposed of came the chief feature of the afternoon's programme, a debate between '06 and '07, "Resolved, that Chinese emigration into Canada should be prohibited." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Wilkins and Miss Parker, '07; the negative by Miss Harton and Miss Phillips, of '07.

While awaiting the judge's decision the Ladies' Quartette sang "The Slumber Song," and responded to an encore. Miss McNeill followed with a reading, "Through Suffering," which was very much enjoyed. Then Miss Norton, who acted as judge and critic, with a few well-chosen words of criticism and advice, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative. The meeting closed with "Thy praises, McMaster."

The first meeting of the Intercollegiate Y.W.C.A. for the term 1903-1904 was held in the chapel of McMaster Hall on Monday, December 7th. The president, Miss Strong, University College, occupied the chair, and in the audience were representatives from University College, Victoria, Presbyterian Ladies' College and The Women's Medical. The meeting was opened with singing and prayer, then the president spoke briefly of the purpose of the meeting and its nature—a recount of the impressions of the recent Y. W. C. A. convention held in the city. Miss Layng spoke on "Revealing the Christ-Life," from Margaret E. Sangster's address. Miss Peterson, of Victoria, followed with "Impressions of a short talk by Mrs. Gladding." Miss Harrison, of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, dealt with the missionary aspect of the convention. Miss Allyn, of the Women's Medical College, spoke on "Influence," and Miss Brecken, of University College, on "Enthusiasm." The McMaster Ladies' Quartette rendered "Abide with me" very sweetly during the course of the meeting. The meeting closed with singing and prayer. It was felt by all present that the hour spent together had been helpful and profitable.

Debating Club.—Among the many beneficial influences of the University there is none, perhaps, that is of more good to the ordinary student than the Saturday Debating Club. This institution was started a few years ago by Dr. C. C. Lumley, '02, and though such a comparatively late innovation many students have there learned to think and speak clearly and consecutively before an audience. McMaster has been Toronto's champion debating university for three consecutive years, and no society is more worthy of the support of the students than this, which both brings to notice raw debating material, and trains and educates the talent thus found in the art of public debate.

On November 14th the subject was, "Resolved, that Lord Alverstone was justified in his decision regarding the Alaska boundary dispute." The leaders, Mr. D. McPhail, '07, for the affirmative, and "Buck" Buchanan, '06, for the negative, proved themselves worthy and eloquent debaters, and their supporters warmly upheld their leaders. After the critic, Mr. J. R. Coutts, '04, had noticed the merits of each speaker, the judges, Messrs.

Riddiford, Mihell and Vail, gave their decision in favor of the negative.

On November 21 the affirmative, led on by A. White, '07, were declared victors in the debate on the resolution that "An industrial education is more advantageous to the negro than a liberal." The negative was led by Mr. Geo. Johnson, '05, a splendid debater. Mr. J. M. Warner, '04, acted as critic, and the judges were Messrs. E. H. Mihell, '04, F. C. Mabee, '04, and J. B. McLaurin, '05.

On November 28 the judges, Messrs. W. Bowyer, B.A., W. Roberts, B.A., and C. G. Beck, '04, decided, after some heavy thinking, that the negative, led by Mr. H. Noyle, '06, had successfully disproved that "A professional career offers more inducement to a graduate in arts than a commercial one," in spite of a most determined defence on the part of E. A. Miller, '06, and his minions. The critic, Mr. Mihell, '04, had a helpful suggestion for everyone.

On the evening of Friday, November 20th, occurred what will be the last regular meeting of the Literary Society for the fall term. The meetings of November 27 and December 11 are taken up with inter-year debates, and the open meeting of the Society came off on December 4.

After the preliminary business had been transacted the programme of the evening was rendered, to the evident satisfaction of all present. Mr. D. Campbell, '06, opened the programme with a song. Then Mr. Telford, '07, gave an interesting and well-spoken description of his experiences on Vancouver Island. Mr. A. White, '07, followed with another song, and Miss Culver, '04, held the close attention of the audience to the very end of a well-rendered reading.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: F. J. Scott, B.A.

Graduates of the Class of '95.

George Herbert Clark, M.A., '96, upon graduation completed his work for the M.A. degree in the department of English at McMaster. He subsequently was appointed assistant editor of the Baptist Young Peoples' Union. After four years he relinquished the editorial work, and accepted a lectureship in English in Mercer University. After one year's experience he was ap-

pointed to the Professorship of English in Mercer. He has published a volume of his poems under the name of "Wayfarings."

Frederick Eby, Ph.D., after graduation spent three years in the study of pedagogy at Chicago and Clark Universities, obtaining his doctor's degree from the latter institution. While attending Chicago he did considerable teaching in Morgan Park Academy. On leaving Clark he received an appointment in Baylor University, Texas, and holds there the Chair of Pedagogy.

Rev. W. S. McAlpine, B.Th., '97, after graduation in Arts spent two years in McMaster in the department of Theology, taking his B.Th. degree in '97. After graduation from Theology he was for a short time with the church in Whitby, from whence he went to Georgetown, where he has been the popular and successful pastor till the present time.

Rev. A. P. McDonald, M.A., '99, B.Th., '92, after graduation settled with the church in Dundas, and after a long and successful pastorate there accepted recently the call to the Dunnville church.

Rev. G. R. McFaul after graduation accepted the pastorate of the church in Rockland, Ont. After spending some years there successfully he has given himself up to larger work in French evangelization. His home is in Ottawa.

Rev. Robt. Routledge, B.Th., '98, after graduation went to the great West for a year, after which he returned to McMaster for his course in Theology, which he completed in '98. The same year he was married, and was sent as a missionary to South America, where he has been laboring valiantly, preaching and teaching in La Paz, Bolivia.

J. W. Russell, M.A., '00, after graduation was a fellow in Mathematics in his Alma Mater for two years. Six years ago he entered Woodstock College to teach in the departments of Mathematics and Science, and this position he still occupies.

Rev. C. H. Schutt, M.A., '98, B.Th., '98, after graduation in Arts spent a year in the pastorate, after which he attended McMaster again for Theology, graduating in '98. After graduating from Theology his first pastorate was at Uxbridge, whence he removed to Century Baptist Church, Toronto, which has greatly prospered under his pastorate.

W. R. Smith, Ph.D., was a teacher in Woodstock College while pursuing his undergraduate course. Shortly after graduation he went to Chicago, where he took his doctor's degree. Returning to his Alma Mater, he was appointed lecturer and then professor of Biology and Physics. The latter position he still fills to the satisfaction of all concerned.

W. J. Thorold engaged in teaching elocution and in journalism in New York City. He was connected with the stage for some time, and is now, we understand, the English representative of an American magazine.

Stambury R. Tarr, M.A., '97, taught at Woodstock for some years, and took some post-graduate work at Chicago Latterly he has been on the staff of the Canada Life Insurance Company. His facility with his pen has enabled him to gain access with poems and short stories to several popular magazines.

Robert Garside after graduation spent some years in successful work as pastor of the St. Catharines Baptist Church. He has left, temporarily at least, the work of the pastor, and is engaged in business—in the manufacturing department—in St. Catharines.

Rev. John McKinnon is pastor of the Baptist Church in Jerseyville, Ont.

Rev. Charles Segsworth is farming and preaching in Rainy River Valley, N.W.T.

Rev. R. W. Trotter after graduation spent some years in energetic work in British Columbia. He is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Aylmer, Ont.

It will be seen that eight graduates of '95 are in the work of the ministry at the present time, four in the work of teaching, and three in business life.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR : J. H. CRANSTON, '05.

A SUCCESSFUL RUGBY SEASON.—King Football's reign is over for the season of 1903–4. The knights of the gridiron have sorrowfully put away their sweaters, padded trousers and helmets and are impatiently waiting till the year rolls round again. Many hard battles have been fought and many won. Although comparatively new at the Rugby game, this being only our second year, we succeeded in getting to the semi-finals, and were there beaten by but two points by the team which won the championship. Captain J. B. McArthur accomplished wonders with the raw material. There were eight vacancies on the team to fill, which meant plenty of hard work for both team and captain. They did it in a way that does credit to McMaster. Next year we shall be more fortunate, as it is expected that thirteen of the fourteen players on the team will return. With the benefit of this year's experience we should be able to capture the championship next fall. The results of the different games this year were :

McMaster.....	2	St. Andrews.....	8
McMaster.....	19	St. Andrews.....	5
McMaster.....	5	Upper Canada.....	0
*McMaster.....	17	Varsity II.....	11
*McMaster.....	30	Trinity.....	2
*McMaster.....	10	Queens II.....	6
*McMaster.....	1	Queens II.....	7
McMaster.....	12	Victoria	1

Total : McMaster, 96 ; opponents, 38, (The matches marked with a star are championship games.)

Those who played on the team in the championship matches were : J. B. McArthur, '05 (captain) ; T. H. Peine, '05 ; C. K. Gibson, '05 ; A. E. Haydon, B.A.; R. C. Bensen, '06 ; E. R. Gray, '06 ; W. V. Poapst, '04 ; R. McIntosh, '07 ; E. C. Jordan, '05 ; W. W. Lailey, '04 ; L. Vail, '04 ; G. R. M. Wells, '06 ; D. G. Munro, '05 ; R. Young, '07 : H. H. Bingham, '04 ; E. F. Cohoe, '06, and J. B. Pengelly, '06. Those who filled in the gaps in the exhibition games were : W. C. Riddiford, Th.; N. A. Harkness, '04; W. Raithby, '07 ; D. A. McGregor, '05, and J. H. Cranston, '05.

McMaster 12, Victoria 1.—When McMaster went over to Victoria Campus on November 13 with a weak team, and with but slight knowledge of the Burnside rules, many feared that the Methodists would score a victory. But the fates ordained that victory should perch on our banner. The McMaster team soon familiarized themselves with the new regulations and got away with a score of 12 to 1, made up as follows : First half—goal from field (McArthur), 2. Second half—try (Bensen), 4 ; goal (McArthur), 2 ; dead ball (McArthur), 1 ; dead ball (McArthur), 1 ; touch-in-goal (McArthur), 1 ; rouge, 1. Victoria's one point was scored on a touch-in-goal in the first half. The McMaster team was : Full back, Young ; halves, Bensen, McArthur (captain), Gibson ; quarter, Peine ; centre, McGregor ; wings, Jordan, Riddiford, Cohoe, Munro, Bingham, Wells.

Association Football. — The association football team entered in the intermediate series played two games, winning one and losing one. The first game was played with Knox II. on November 19, and was won by the score of 1 to 0. It was an interesting and closely contested match. The second game with the City Teachers, on November 21st, was one of the hardest struggles in many seasons. The Teachers finally won out by 1 to 0. Lack of practice was responsible in a large extent for our defeat, as we had fully as much of the game as did the Teachers. The Teachers had a very strong defence and a fine goalkeeper. The McMaster team was the same on both occasions and lined up : Goal, Harkness ; backs, Wright, Vail ; halves, McDonald, Weir, Torrie ; right wing, McKinnon, Miller ; centre, Young ; left wing, Bensen, Campbell.

New Scoring Rules for Association Football.—The editor of this department, and many others, have been impressed while watching association football that there is something radically wrong with the present system of scoring. Often two teams struggle till time is called without being able to score, and still oftener if goals have been shot, the game ends in a tie. It is too difficult to score. This is one of the great reasons why the popular interest in association football has waned in favor of Rugby. In the latter game the better team has a much better chance to show its superiority, as there are more ways than one in which to tally. A tie in a Rugby match is a rarity. A revision of the scoring rules would seem absolutely necessary if the grand old game is to regain popularity. We would suggest that five points be allowed for a goal, two points for a corner, and one point for every time the ball crosses the goal line. This last would tend to keep the ball in play more, as the defending team would endeavor to prevent it crossing the line instead of letting it go as now.

This system was tested in two of the inter-year matches this year. The first game between '04 and '06 resulted in a tie, 1-1. Under the suggested scoring the tally would have stood 15-8 in favor of '04. Four of the balls which went across the line could have been stopped, so that the score would have been 11-8, a very fair representation of the game. In the match between '05 and '07, which resulted in victory for the Juniors by 1-0, the score would have been, allowing for balls which could have been stopped, 12-3 in favor of '05. We simply throw this out as a suggestion, and hope to hear the views of our contemporaries on the matter.

Inter-Year Rugby Championship Games.—Captain J. B. McArthur's Juniors again won the inter-year Rugby championship quite easily, and by so doing the class cinched their hold on the Matthews' Cup for the second year. The first game of the series was played on November 12th between the Seniors and Freshmen. It resulted in a victory for the Seniors by 16 to 0. Captain Lailey scored every point for the seniors, making three ties and kicking a goal. The teams were :

'04—Full-back, Blackadar ; halves, Harkness, Lailey (captain), Bingham ; quarter, Baker ; centre, Poapst ; wings, Mcdonald, Coutts, Mihell, Mabee, Vail.

'07—Full-back, Craig ; halves, White, McIntosh (captain), Young ; quarter, McEwen ; centre, Irons ; wings, Tilford, Raithby, McPhail, Wells, Pirie.

Referee—J. B. McArthur, 05 ; Umpire, M. S. McArthur, '05

On the 17th the Juniors and Sophomores came together, with the result that the " Pangamangan " boys came out on top by 21 to 1. Peine made three tries, one of which M. S. McArthur converted. Munro also got over for a try. The Soph's only point was a touch-in-goal kicked by Bensen. The teams were :

'06—Full-back, Gibson (Buchanan) ; halves, Pengelly, Bensen, Cohoe ; quarter, Gray (captain) ; centre, McKinnon ; wings, Dadson, Nobles, Whan, Wells, Murray, Campbell.

'05—Full-back, Eaton ; halves, Peine, J. B. McArthur (captain), Munro; quarter, M. S. McArthur ; centre, Fitch ; wings, Cranston, McGregor, Viens, Jordan, Gray, Weir.

Referee—W. W. Lailey, '04 ; Umpire, C. New, B.A.

When '05 and '04 came together in the final on the 18th there was a battle royal. Despite the fact that there were then degrees of frost and a cold west wind was blowing, quite a crowd turned out to see the game. The Seniors elected to kick with the wind. Superior generalship on the part of '05's captain, and the greater experience of the team, kept '04 from scoring, while the Juniors got 12 on tries by Peine and Munro, a rouge by Blackadar, and a goal by M. S. McArthur. In the second half '05 scored 12 more

on tries by Gray and Peine, a dead ball by J. B. McArthur and a goal by M. S. McArthur. The Seniors got their only point in this half on a kick into touch-in-goal by Lailey. The final score was 24 points to 1 in favor of the Juniors. The teams were the same as in the previous games above, with the exception that Vail and Harkness changed places and Borrowman was added to the wing line. On '05 the only change was that Wright replaced Eaton at full-back, the latter having been hurt in the first game. C. New, B.A., was referee and E. R. Gray, '06, umpire.

Inter-Year Association Games.—The championship is not yet decided. It lies between '05 and '04, who are waiting for suitable weather to play the game off. The first match of the series was played between '04 and '06, the score resulting in a tie 1-1. The play-off the following day resulted in '04 winning by 1-9. The teams were:

'06—Goal, Gibson; backs, Buchanan, Cohoe; halves, Gray, Bensen, Nobles; forwards, McKinnon, Murray, Miller, Pengelly, Campbell, Chane.

'04—Goal, Harkness; backs, Vail, Borrowman; halves, Coutts, Lailey, McDonald; forwards, Baker, Bingham, Mihell, Mabee, Blackadar.

Referee—H. W. Wright, '05.

The match between '07 and '05 resulted in a victory for the Juniors by 1-0. The teams were:

'05—Goal, Gray; backs, Wright (captain), Tompkinson: halves, Jordan, McArthur, Fitch; forwards, Munro, Peine, McGregor, D. L. McLaurin, Weir.

'07—Goal, Harkness; backs, Wilson, Morrison; halves, McIntosh, Young, Pirie; forwards, White, McEwen, Irons, McNaughton, Telford.

Referee—R. A. F. McDonald.

Theology surprised '04 by giving them a hard fight in the semi-finals. The seniors won by 1-0. The "Theologs" lined up as follows: Goal, Stokes; backs, Schutt, Matthews; halves, Ray, Roberts, Meade; forwards, Piercy, New, Torrie, Duncan, Cook. H. W. Wright was referee.

Emblems Granted.—The following have won the athletic colors of the University. For Rugby—T. H. Peine '05, D. G. Munro, '05, C. K. Gibson, '06, E. R. Gray, '06, E. C. Jordan, '05, R. McIntosh, E. F. Cohoe, '06, G. R. M. Wells, '06. For hockey, 1902-03—M. S. McArthur, '05, G. Blackadar, '04. For track work—E. H. Mihell, '04, E. G. Farmer, B.A.

Hockey Prospects.—Winter is now with us and soon we shall be playing hockey. We have good prospects for a fast

team even though we have lost such stalwarts as Baker, "Fuzzy" Zavitz, McDonald, Sam. McLay and George Stephens. Captain M. S. McArthur promises us a team of which we need not be ashamed. J. B. McArthur, M. S. McArthur, Peine, Blackadar and Young will form a strong nucleus. There are five candidates for the position of goal tender, Munro, Harkness, Feast, Gibson and Meade. The schedule as arranged gives us a fair show with Varsity, as they will have to play two senior games before meeting us, thus making it impossible for them to play seniors. The dates fixed for the two games with Varsity II. are January 29th and February 5th. Arrangements are being made for practice hours at Victoria College Rink. This means that the pleasure skaters will go there too.

Burnside Rules Turned Down.—The expected has happened. The Burnside rules, the only rules conducive to open work, were rejected again by the Intercollegiate Union. Varsity, Royal Military College and McMaster supported the adoption of the new regulations, while McGill, Queens, Trinity and Bishop's College opposed. Trinity's opposition was unexpected. A committee was appointed, however, to suggest amendments to the present rules, which will tend to open up the play. The making of ten yards in three downs is a likely amendment. Varsity will stay with the Union. At the Intercollegiate Banquet held at the King Edward, McMaster was represented by J. B. McArthur, D. G. Munro and R. A. F. McDonald. The officers of the Union for next year are: Hon. President, Capt. B. Carruthers, Kingston; President, F. W. Baldwin, Varsity; Vice-President, E. N. Martin, McGill; Secretary-Treasurer, T. D. McGillivray, Queens Executive Committee, H. H. Wilkinson, Trinity; Cadet Constantine, R.M.C.; B. J. Bansfield, Bishop's College; J. B. McArthur, McMaster. Ottawa College will probably enter the senior series next year.

Juniors Win Matthews Cup.—By winning the Rugby championship class '05 made sure their hold of the Matthews Cup for another year. They now have 55 points. The Sophomores stand second with 38, the Seniors third with 19, and the Freshmen last with 8. We congratulate the victors.

The students of McMaster felt that they had lost a friend on December 7th, when Mr. J. B. McArthur, father of M. S. and J. B. McArthur, of '05, passed away. Mr. McArthur always took a keen interest in McMaster, especially in our athletics. Mr. McArthur was an ardent lover of true sport. He was invariably on the side lines whenever a match was being played. For this, and for his genial personality he was respected by all the students who

knew him here and at Woodstock. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to our two fellow students who are thus so suddenly and sadly bereaved.

We congratulate Varsity on having won for the fourth time the senior championship of the Inter-Collegiate Union. The final match with McGill was won by 17 to 3. We also extend hearty congratulations to Queens II., winners of the intermediate championship. They won from McGill II by 12 to 0 in the finals. We hope to have a say in the finals ourselves next year.

Notes of College Sport.—The McMaster Rugby team is to have its picture taken. Such is fame. * * S.P.S. won the association championship of the Intercollegiate league, defeating Arts I. by 3 to 0 in the finals. * * Medical II. and Arts II. are in the finals in the intermediate association series. * * George Stephens played centre-half for McGill II. in the finals against Queens II. The McGill *Outlook* says he was the best ground-gainer on the team. * * Varsity challenged the Ottawa City Rough Riders for the Canadian championship, but owing to a disagreement over the gate receipts the game fell through. At McMaster we would have supported Varsity's chances. * * Baldwin has been elected captain of Varsity I. Rugby team for next year. He has earned the honor. * * American football is just as vigorous as ever, a little too much so to suit Canadian taste. There have been nineteen fatalities. * * Princeton University stands at the head among the eastern colleges with a clean sheet of football victories. Yale is second with only one loss. Michigan leads in the west. * * Ottawa University, the home of so many good footballers, was burned to the ground on December 2nd.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARETTA GORDON.

IT has been customary each year to have, during the winter months, special courses of lectures. Last year we had many interesting lectures, given by several of the professors of the University, and we expect to enjoy others after the Christmas holidays are over.

A FEW weeks ago the first term exams. ended, and the bulletin boards, where the reports are posted, were haunted by pale, worn faces. But now, as the Christmas holidays draw near, all is bright and happy again.

WE are looking forward with pleasure to the cold weather, so that we may have our rink again and be able to organize a hockey team as enthusiastic as last year's. Though we had not the privilege of contesting with other colleges last year, we hope to be able to challenge other teams this year.

ON Friday, Nov. 27th, our bazaar was held in the drawing-rooms. For weeks the girls had been making pretty things of all kinds. On Friday morning it was announced that there would be no classes, but that everyone should help in arranging the rooms and the articles which were to be sold. By noon everything was in splendid order. In the centre of the front drawing-room the fourth year had a table of fancy goods. Beside the fancy goods table the first year had a table of white goods. On the other side our graphologist sat behind a little screen, and carried on a very interesting and popular trade. In the back drawing-room the specials displayed productions of the art class. The second year had a table of gentlemen's articles; the preparatory, a dolls' table, and the primary had a five and ten cent table. The third year had changed the monotonous and black-boarded first year class-room into an enticing candy booth, which was indeed the "sweetest spot on earth." The class of '03 had charge of the refreshments, and transformed the second year class-room into a pretty and unique colonial inn. The members of the class were dressed in the styles our American ancestors wore. In the evening a concert was given in the chapel, which was quite a success. When the day was over we were able to add to our gymnasium fund one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS : { E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.
G. GROBB.

THE Judson Missionary Society held its monthly meeting on Nov. 19th, when short addresses were given by two students, Mr. Crickington and Mr. Newell, descriptive of their missionary work during the summer. Mr. Crickington described the work done by Yonge St. Mission in Toronto, with which he had been connected, while Mr. Newell spoke of pioneer mission work among the lumber camps of Northern Ontario. Both addresses were much appreciated.

THE semi-annual open meeting of the Literary Societies was held on Friday, Nov. 27th, and was one of the principal events of the fall term. Mr. Chester McDiarmid, '04, president of the Philomathic Society, occupied the chair and welcomed the visitors from the city in a brief speech. The College Quartette and others of the Student Body supplied the musical portion of the programme, the piano solo by Mr. Percy Pascoe, '04, being especially appreciated. A notable appearance was that of the Suzenheimer Agony Quartette. An able address on Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy was delivered by Mr. M. Long, '04, and Rev. Mr. Mode, of First Baptist Church, gave a talk on "The Future of Canada." *The Oracle*, the College semi-monthly, was read to the meeting, and its many remarks, pertinent and otherwise, were much enjoyed by the audience.

ON Nov. 26th the College was favored with a visit from Mr. Corbin, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement and a missionary-elect to China. Mr. Corbin's address at the prayer-meeting was thoughtful and inspiring, and of that clear-cut, business-like style characteristic of the S.V.M.

THE Christmas examinations finish at noon, Dec. 17th, and for some weeks past several of the boys have been able, at a moment's notice, to tell the number of hours till then.

ON November 14th the College association football team played an exhibition match, on the College campus, with London Y.M.C.A. Seniors. The teams were very evenly matched, and at

full time the score stood, one all. Ten minutes extra time was played in order to break the tie. During this time the College men got down to hard work and tallied one. Thus the game closed 2-1 in favor of old Woodstock.

The inter-year debates have been the main object of interest in the College halls in the past few weeks. The first debate was on the subject "Resolved,—That, subject to medical inspection, the immigration of the European population into Western Canada should be encouraged." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Haverstock and Nesbitt, '05, and the negative by Messrs. McTavish and Grobb, '04. The decision was given in favor of '04. The next debate of the series, on the subject, "Resolved,—That Canada should prosecute Arctic exploration," was between '06 and '07, Messrs. Hind and Walker representing the former, Messrs. Crickington and Brock the latter. On this occasion '06 succeeded in carrying off the victory. The final debate, between '04 and '06, on "Resolved,—That general representation is preferable to the ward system for municipal government," was won by Naughty Six, Messrs. McLean and McDiarmid upholding the honor of Naughty Four, and Messrs. Walker and Hind that of Naughty Six.

Here and There.

EDITOR : W. C. PEARCE, '04.

THE following exchanges were received this month : "The Advance," "The Ottawa Campus," "The College Review," "The Monthly Maroon," "Queen's University Journal," "The Educational Monthly," "Vox Collegii," "St. John's College Magazine," "The Southwestern Theological Review," "The Atheneum," "The University Monthly," "McGill Outlook," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The O.A.C. Review," "Vox Wesleyana."

THE editors the *Ottawa Campus* are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their November number. It is a "prize" number. The mechanical make-up, especially of the cover, is prepossessing, and the matter is well proportioned and of a high order.

THE University of New Brunswick began its work this year with a new psychological laboratory, the only one in Canada outside of Toronto. It was started by Dr. Riley and has opened with a hundred and fifty dollars worth of apparatus. "Instead of the old-fashioned psychology which treated of the imaginary faculties of an imaginary mind in an imaginary world, students are now offered practical training in objective facts ; in manipulating instruments of precision, in computing exact results."

SONG.

Over the sea a-sighing, sighing,
The soft salt zephyrs, ever flying,
Whisper to me
From over the sea
Of the heather hills and highlands free.

Sweet love, the sounds have set me dreaming, dreaming,
Till now I scarce can tell the real from seeming.
And over the sea
My heart shall be
Till the winds have blown thee back to me.—*Ex.*

Dr. Joseph LeConte was an authority recognized by the world at large on the science of vision. One day he was showing a class how to detect the blind spot in the human eye. He took two coins and held them, one in each hand, before him on the table. "Look at both of these steadily," said he, "and gradually move them in opposite directions. Presently they will pass beyond the range of vision. That is due to the blind spot. Continue the movement, and the coins will again emerge to view." Then the philosopher and naturalist had his little joke. "You can experiment for yourself at home," said he, "but if you are unsuccessful, try some other object instead of a coin. Some people have no blind spot for money."—*Ex.*

Was it Because of the Boundary Decision?—Professor in History (explaining national characteristics).—"The English are very loyal to their country. So are the Americans. They are national or nothing." Voice from the rear.—"Nothing."

"You can drive a horse to water,
But you cannot make it drink.
You can ride a Latin *pony*,
But you cannot make it think."—*Ex.*

In Biology Class.—Professor—"If you insist upon classifying all science as dealing with the living or the lifeless, how would you classify mathematics?" Student—"O, that's lifeless, all right."—*Ex.*

Daughter.—"Why, he actually dared to kiss me on the nose." Mother.—"I hope you made him feel how entirely out of place it was."—*Ex.*

Tommie Prep.—"What's a s-i-n-e-c-u-r-e?" Willie Prep.—"It's a prayer, a cure for sin, I s'pose."—*Ex.*

THANKSGIVING.

My neighbor's bins are bursting out
With autumn's golden store;
So rich is he, I have no doubt,
He cares not I am poor.

But for his wealth, a thousand fold,
I would be loath to part
From what he cannot buy with gold,
Thanksgiving in the heart.

J. W. W. *in University of Virginia Magazine.*

C. Caron relates how during the vacation his blind friend went to a carpenter's shop and took up a board, and *saw.*—*Ex.*

A Sudden Change of Nationality.—An Irishman was visiting New York. In a crowded street car he was obliged to stand in the aisle. A lurch of the car threw him suddenly into a lady's lap, and to her indignant, "What kind of a man are you, anyway?" he promptly replied: "Faith, I thought I was an Irishman, but I belave now Oi'm a Laplander."—*Ex.*

The Reflections of Brother John.—The average man is like a football—he has to be kicked to be made go; and then he does not go far enough, e.g., the Editor-in-Chief's assistants.

The life of a student is like that of the street-piano man—it is a continual grind; only the student gets nothing when the hat is passed.

The average lecture is like the egg I had for breakfast this morning—it is good in spots.

Life is real—yes, real hard.

Doing the mile run in 4 minutes and 39 seconds is like starting a camp fire—it looks dead easy until you try it.

Talking about fires, adversity is like a mudge—it may be unpleasant, but it drives off the mosquitoes.

A man's first love is like the newsboy who promised to change ten cents across the street for me—it never comes back.—*Ex.*

We were pleased to welcome among our exchanges this month the *Southwestern Theological Review.* It is a new venture published by the Adelphian Society and edited by the Theological Faculty of Baylor University. In it it is proposed to give the result of the maturest thinking in the various departments of theological study. The *Review* is, from the outside, an unpretentious magazine, but the pages are rich in excellent instructive matter. It has a large field and we wish the *Review* the greatest success.

Did She Know?—Fond father (showing off his offspring's intelligence): "Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat?" Elsie: "Dunno." F. F.: "Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when every one's in bed?" Elsie (promptly): "Papa."—*Ex.*

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere,
But what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that is here !—*Ex.*

Not many associate Ruskin and humor, yet the philosopher and art critic had a vein of it in his nature. Here are a few of his *mots*, taken at random from an exchange :—Tinned meat he calls mummy food ; a starfish, the pentagonal and absorbent Adam and Eve who were your ancestors, according to Mr. Darwin ; a clown is an artist in tumbling, and in painting with white and red ; he speaks of the Rev. Stopford Brooke as that omniscient divine, whose "Manual of English Literature" has just been published under the auspices of the all-and-sundry-scient, Mr. T. R. Green, M.A.

GOD'S EYES.

Marie.—Father, what color are God's eyes?
Father.—Guess, sweetheart. You shall have three tries.
Marie.—Then are they blue?
Father.— Yes; bluer far
Than where the highest heavens are.
Marie.—I cannot think of eyes so blue.
Father.—God's eyes are brown.
Marie.— Father ! but you
Told me just now my guess was true.
Father.—Still, sweetheart, not the earthy loam
Is brown as are his eyes, the home
Of russet, sepia and chrome.
Marie.—Father, I do not understand.
Father.—God's eyes are golden, dear ; when land
And sea are bathed in sunset glow,
And holiness seems brooding low,
The eyes of God are there also ;
And when the first faint violet hue
Steals tremblingly the petals through
Till its full life is pulsing new,
The flower lifts those eyes to you.
When in the woods the drooping day
Watches the whirling leaves at play,
Then well we wist God's eyes are gray ;
And, sweetheart, when each quiet night
You fold your hands so sure and tight,
And, with your fresh young soul alight,
Tell to the Father every mite,
Those all-seeing eyes are purest white.
Marie.—Is it all true as true can be?
Father.—I would not tease you, small Marie !
Nay, you must watch and see, dear maid,
When next the bow in heaven is laid,
God's eyes change slow from shade to shade.

—*George Herbert Clarke, 95, in Young People.*

With Variations.—The way of the philanthropist, of whom the author of "A Third Pot-Pourri" tells, seems unduly hard. The philanthropist, who was a gentle old lady of Exeter, England, got hold of a maimed sailor, who moved her to great pity. To help him along she purchased a tray on which he was to expose gingerbread for sale.

She gave him a start in gingerbread, also the privilege of standing before her most respectable residence to cry his wares. In addition she composed and taught him the following words to repeat at intervals :

"Will any good, kind Christian buy some fine, spicy gingerbread of a poor, afflicted old man?"

The first morning the sailor sold a shilling's worth of gingerbread in a short time, and his success went to his head. Pretty soon, from his station on the pavement in front of the gentle old lady's house, his voice floated into her in this appeal :

"Will any poor, afflicted Christian buy some good, kind gingerbread of a fine, spicy old man?"

Despite this sadly mixed cry, trade became very good—so good, indeed, that the philanthropist heard her words as :

"Will any fine, spicy Christian buy some poor, afflicted gingerbread of a good, kind old man?"—*Ex.*

MELANCHOLIA.

In the cold starlight, on the barren beach,
Where to the stones the rent sea-tresses clave,
I heard the long hiss of the backward wave
Down the steep shingle, and the hollow speech
Of murmurous cavern-lips, nor other breach
Of ancient science. None was with me, save
Thoughts that were neither glad nor sweet nor brave,
But restless comrades, each the foe of each.
And I beheld the waters in their might
Writhe as a dragon by some spell curbed
And foiled ; and one lone sail ; and over me
The everlasting taciturnity ;
The august, inhospitable, inhuman night
Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

—*William Watson in "For England."*

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RADIUM AND THE ATOMIC THEORY.

Since the most remote period of human history man has speculated with regard to the constitution of matter. It was evident to even the earliest thinkers that matter was made up of very small particles. Some maintained that these particles were infinitely small, others that they were of definite size. Until the advent of quantitative scientific methods all this was a matter of pure speculation.

Early in the last century, John Dalton, of Manchester, the son of a Quaker weaver, after an extensive series of observations, which in the light of to-day seem crude and inaccurate, with a wideness of vision unexpected in one possessing such limited opportunities, brought forward the atomic theory as an explanation of the facts which he had observed. According to this theory all matter is composed of atoms which are indivisible, which bear a definite ratio towards each other by weight, of differing combinations of which all matter is composed. From that day forward the atom was regarded as the ultimate particle. Nothing smaller than it existed. All science stood by the indivisibility of the atom.

The study of radio-activity has, however, led to a disbelief in the completeness of Dalton's statement of the nature of the atom. Apparently there are particles very much smaller than it. In 1896 Becquerel discovered that uranium was radio-active. More recently the discovery of radium has given to the world an intensely radio-active substance, the conduct of which bids fair to overturn many of the ideas formerly held with respect to the constitution of matter.

What is radium? Radium is a metal. It has so far been found only in pitchblende, which is essentially an ore of uranium,

itself a rare metal. Pitchblende is found in many places in small amounts, but the pitchblende from the mines of Joachimsthal is the richest in radium.

Radium was discovered as a result of the keen observation of Madame Curie, of Paris. While studying with her husband the phenomena of radio-activity, she noticed that the uranium originating from the Joachimstal mines was more radio-active than that produced from the ores of other localities. With true scientific foresight Madame Curie immediately suspected the presence of some intensely radio-active substance in the Joachimstal uranium. She and her husband proceeded to isolate it. After treating tons of crude material and by repeated fractional crystallizations, a fraction of a gramme of pure radium salt was obtained. Occurring as it does in very small amounts and being exceedingly difficult to separate, the value of radium is extremely high. There is, probably, not a gramme of pure radium in the whole world. What it would be worth if it did exist is impossible to state. Even tenth-gramme lots of an impure preparation cost large sums of money. Professor Curie is authority for the statement that a gramme of pure radium would be a very undesirable possession, as it would probably be the cause of death to anyone handling it.

The chemical properties of radium are not striking in so far as they have been observed. On account of the small amount of the substance available no extensive study of its chemical conduct has been made. As an element it is normal in its action. Radium finds its place at the end of the magnesium group of elements. As in its occurrence so in its conduct it is closely associated with barium.

The chemical properties of radium are not, however, the interesting ones. It is when the physical properties are studied that the extraordinary character of the substance is revealed. Radium has the property of spontaneously giving off rays of a complex character. This property is not characteristic of radium alone. Uranium and thorium, both heavy and rare metals, possess it. The activity of radium in this respect far surpasses anything else known. A careful study of the rays given off has led to the conclusion that there are in reality three different kinds of rays. These have been called alpha, beta and gamma rays,

respectively. The beta rays have been identified as the kathode rays produced in a Crooke's tube. They have great penetrating power, excite phosphoresence in a number of substances and may be deflected by a magnet. These rays consist of streams of negatively charged particles or electrons. In mass they are about the one-thousandth part of the mass of the hydrogen atom. They are projected spontaneously at an estimated speed of 100,000 miles per second.

The gamma rays appear to be a very penetrating kind of Roentgen rays. Experiments have been made which show that they produce results after penetrating a foot of iron.

Most interesting of all are the alpha rays. These have been found to consist of particles—heavy compared to the electrons of the beta ray—travelling with a smaller velocity and possessing a small penetrating power. They carry a charge of positive electricity. Their mass is twice that of a hydrogen atom, their velocity 20,000 miles per second. The physiological effect of the alpha ray is exceedingly interesting. When radium is kept near the skin for some time it produces burns which are very difficult to heal. Experiments with small animals have shown that the effects are destructive to life. Various therapeutic uses have been suggested for these rays, but as yet nothing of value in the way of results has been obtained.

A particle of radium, then, is the centre of a display of wonderful energy phenomena. Its activity is spontaneous and is not affected by any differences of temperature which may be produced artificially. It is continually sending forth rays, and in so doing becomes heated appreciably above surrounding objects. In order to explain the giving forth of these rays, constituted as they are, it is neceesary to suppose that the atom of radium breaks down, since each of the particles sent forth is smaller than the original atom. Here it is that a breaking down of ideas occurs. The atom, then, is not the ultimatum of divisibility. The corpuscles of the alpha and beta rays are smaller. The atom, therefore, must consist not of one indivisible mass, but must be made up of a vast number of smaller particles, existing, so far as chemical action is concerned, in a dynamic system, but spontaneously giving up and sending forth some of their number. As a chemical unit, however, the atom stands. The atom, complex dynamic

system though it be, is still the smallest particle of matter which can enter into chemical combination.

It is a very peculiar fact that radium should have the power to manufacture and give off from itself a radio-active "emanation" differing in chemical properties from the parent matter. This emanation is a gas. It may be collected and stored, in which case it loses half its radio-activity in four days. It may be condensed by cold. In short it acts in every way like a gas. Chemically it is inert, resembling in this particular the recently discovered constituents of the atmosphere, argon, neon and krypton. Objects upon which the emanation settles become phosphorescent.

The character of this emanation has been studied very closely by Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy, of McGill University. The results of their work has led to remarkable conclusions. Here we have the case of an apparently elementary substance giving off from it a substance differing from it in properties. Professor Ramsay and Mr. Soddy, after a study of the radium emanation with the spectroscope, have announced that they have found helium in it. Here, indeed, is a strange state of affairs. If these observations are correct, and if radium is, as it appears to be, an element, here is nothing less than the spontaneous change from one substance to another. Is the dream of the alchemists come true? It is better to suspend judgment on this point for the present. It would be not only unwise but premature to generalize at this stage in the progress of our knowledge of these phenomena. If such a transmutation does take place, we shall have the dreams of the past coming true. Almost every philosopher and scientist has at one time or another dreamed of a primal substance, a world stuff, out of which all things are made, of which all things are manifestations. Sir William Crookes interprets the action of radium in such a way. He sees in it a substance which is continually breaking up, not into atoms, but into something almost infinitely smaller, into a formless mist, "protyle," the primal matter of which all things are made.

Very naturally, considering the high price of radium, we may ask whether large deposits of it are likely to be found. The answer to this is in the negative. If the existing theories put forward to explain the action of radium hold true, this metal is

and has been continually, though slowly, losing in mass. This process has been going on throughout all the years since the earth was created. When we take this view of the case, instead of hoping to find large deposits of this wonderful metal, we are the rather led to express surprise that any of it at all exists.

In view of the wonderful interest which the world in general is taking in radium, we as Canadians naturally feel proud that two of the foremost workers in the subject have produced their results in a Canadian laboratory. The work of Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy has been of great service to the world of science. Their work with the radium emanation has given us practically all we know about it. Their theory concerning it is known far and wide as the Canadian theory. Canada is and should be proud of them.

WALLACE P. COHOE.

MADONNA MIA.

Delayed and fitful slumbers, small surcease
Of days' ne'er-ending pain have wrought. To heart
Of me, this Christmas eve no calm night-peace
Hath given — night's darkness only is its part.

Till slowly, o'er gloom's wild misshapen dreams,
Heaven's pity draws at last a veil of rest.
And thou art come! And love's warm aureole gleams
From thine, upon our babe's head at thy breast.

The young Madonna-face of thee, and eyes
Soft-lit with vast maternal love, uplift
One yearning glance to mine. The fair babe cries!
To me thou hold'st it in thine arms — thy gift.

I wake, — and comforting thy sobbing child,
My soul's bereaved, but freed from conflicts wild.

S.

ST. PAUL IN ATHENS.*

The modern traveller, making his way southward from Salonica, follows practically the sea route taken by St. Paul eighteen hundred and fifty years ago. When once within sight of land almost the same sights greet his eye, from Cape Sunium on the extreme south-east of Attica to the Piraeus, the modern as well as the ancient port of Athens. Most of the modern Greeks are in reality very much more Albanian than Greek, in spite of what they themselves say to the contrary; but on the famous island of Aegina, out in the Saranic Gulf, over against the Piraeus, there lives a people who can truthfully lay claim to pure Greek blood. Herding their sheep and goats on its high, rocky shores, they look down over the sea and note every sail that passes. The Aeginetans have been sea-gazers for centuries, and one day during the latter years of the reign of the Emperor Claudius some of their ancestors cast their eyes eastward and saw a sail come into sight around Cape Sunium, and, borne along swiftly by the favoring south wind, after a time disappear behind the seemingly impassable rocky wall which guards the Piraeus from the violence of the weather. Little did those old-time Greeks think that that sail was bringing to Attic shores a religion that would in the slow process of time overthrow their altars and their gods, and in these later days be the faith of their descendants.

Apart from the presence of the trading steamer and the man-of-war, St. Paul would not find the general appearance of the Piraeus utterly changed, were he to arrive there to-day. The little sailing vessels which throng the double harbor have not departed very far from the ancient model. They are short and chunky, stand high out of the water, and in sailing lumber along in a truly ancient style. When they are tied up to the docks their decks present a scene of utter confusion. The packages of the cargo lie here and there, dumped out of the hold in that careless fashion which marks the Orient. If the crew happens to be at

* This article by one of our young graduates is reprinted by kind permission of the editor of *The Westminster.*

work unloading, it is in the most listless manner possible. Generally one finds all the men gathered together discussing with great animation some topic of common interest. In the long colonnades stretching along the wharves as shelters for the unloaded merchandise, the 'longshoremen are grouped similarly, and between these and the crews there are so many groups of vociferating human beings that the harbor is a perfect Babel. Added to this already unbearable din are the cries of the peddlars of olives, figs, fish, oranges and such like. Each individual cry is stereotyped and to the habitues of the port stands for the trade-mark of its author. The monotony and long-drawn-out mournfulness of these cries are such that under certain conditions they can easily be mistaken for the concerted braying of a herd of asses. This vocal confusion has reigned here for ages, and in the time of St. Paul was so bad that one of his contemporaries in the description of his visit to Athens mentions how he shrank from falling in with the crowds which went about singing and bawling at the top of their voices.

Athens proper lies four or five miles inland from the harbor, this site being chosen by its prehistoric founders to render the city safe from the pirates who then infested the high seas. A railroad now connects harbor and city, running over almost the ancient highway. After leaving the Piraeus Paul would first touch the towns of Phalerum and Munychia, the former now being the Coney Island of the modern Athenians. The road was richly embellished with temples, small shrines and statues of the gods and heroes, all evidences of the religious nature of the people as a whole. A traveller who passed this way fifty years after the apostle, tells us that at Phalerum he saw altars dedicated to gods called unknown. Paul had probably seen these before him. Oppressed by all these signs of paganism he would raise his eyes to get them out of his view, but only to cast his eyes upon others still more imposing. High above him and facing him as he trod onward stood the great rock of Athens, the Acropolis. In that day the temples built upon it were still in their glory. Their marbles glistened as though newly polished. The bright colors and gilding had not yet lost their brilliance. And that splendid entrance to the sacred precincts, the Propylaea, had all its stones intact.

To-day, looking out of the car window, the eye sees no such gorgeous sight. Yet the view is no less impressive. The temples and Propylaea are in partial ruin, their colors have been bleached out by the changing seasons of the centuries, and their marbles have borrowed a rich golden hue from the sun. The holy rock has been shorn of all its lesser shrines and statues. Still, in the distance, it is not hard to appreciate the feelings which must have stirred the heart of the great apostle to the Gentiles as he gazed on this, the most magnificent display of heathendom. It stood as the epitome of Athenian history, art and religion, and as such, however beautiful, was to be attacked and conquered in the hearts of the Athenians. It was the very citadel of idolatry. It is quite probable that Paul had already drawn the inspiration for his sermon on Mars' Hill from the sights on this cityward journey, even before he had mingled with the people in the market-place and had seen the still more numerous signs of their false religion in the interior of the city.

Just outside the already ruined walls and the great double gate the road led Paul up to the most imposing street in Athens—the Street of the Tombs, as it is now known. Here for several centuries the Athenians buried their illustrious dead. Warriors who had brought renown of arms to Athens, poets of great name, philosophers of unusual power—these were the men, whether native-born or naturalized aliens, whom the men of Athens deemed worthy of taking their eternal sleep in this holy ground. Over their graves were erected exquisitely conceived and executed sculptures from the studios of the masters. We see them still, some in their original places, others transported to the great museum of antiquities. Often the sculpture was the study of an animal, marvellously true to nature in its suggestion of life and action. Sometimes it was commemorative of a glorious exploit of the hero beneath it. Frequently it depicted the parting scene in the household of the dead—a child bidding good-bye forever to his famous sire, a young warrior taking eternal leave of his loved and loving parents, a husband giving his wife a last kiss. Perhaps the only inscription on it would be, "Dear one, farewell." It was the hopelessness of all this that weighed on the apostle as he passed on. These tombs, whether erected for beauty's, fame's or affection's sake, looked backward over the days already lived.

Paul had a religion for them which looked forward into a hopeful eternity. As one walks the Street of the Tombs to-day, one understands the striking contrast of religions that came into the great Christian's mind.

It is no longer possible to enter the city by the double gate, for only a little space beyond it has been excavated. However, the foundations of this entrance are visible, and, beside them, the foundations of a great altar to Jupiter, which Paul must have seen intact. By making a slight detour one can reach the site of the market in which the populace and philosophers walked and talked. Recent excavations have led to the conclusion that the market lay on the slope and in the valley just to the north of Mars' Hill and the Acropolis. It would be more accurate to speak of markets than of a single market, for it is highly probable that there were two in use in the time of St. Paul. There was the ancient market-place—the one known to Plato and Socrates. There was also the new or Roman market-place, built not many years before Paul's visit, as it were an eastern extension of the other. At any rate they were so close together that it would not be opposed to truth to speak of the market-place, as the Scripture narrative has it. But we must not take this to refer to a building or buildings, nor to a large open space devoted solely to barter and the marketing of agricultural produce, and such like, after the manner of the Parisian and London markets. The ancient market was simply the business quarter of the city and covered an extensive area, just as it does in any city of the present day.

Of the ancient market proper nothing remains. All there is to mark its site is a well preserved temple to Vulcan, standing on an eminence which was formerly within its enclosure; also, the scanty ruins of a colonnade which lay just beyond its limits. Of the Roman extension, on the other hand, the remains are abundant and striking. Although only one corner of it has been excavated, it is possible from this little piece to restore the whole in imagination.

There is still standing in exceptionally good condition the grand Doric entrance leading to this market. An inscription on its architrave tells us that it was erected from private donations to the Athenians from Julius Cæsar and Augustus. Through this Paul probably passed daily to and from his discussions. It led

him into a large court entirely surrounded by broad colonnades of stainless marble. Behind these were the stalls of the merchants. Deeply and plainly cut in the marble in front of these stalls one can see to-day the official measures of length and an inscription of the regulations regarding the sale of oil and salt. Just to the south of the court stands a small octagonal tower, comparatively new in St. Paul's day, known as the Tower of the Winds. It contained originally a water-clock, bore a weather-vane and showed on each of its eight faces a large sun-dial. One can easily believe that St. Paul often consulted this clock-tower and regulated his departure from the discussions accordingly.

Even a short acquaintance with the merchants in the business quarter or the regular markets of any Greek city of modern days throws great light on the manners and customs of the ancient market. There is now one quarter in the city of Athens which has preserved the old style of stall or shop, and the modern fish and meat markets are very similar to the ancient. Indeed, if we make allowances for the differences in the dress of the populace and the architecture of the buildings and stalls, we can picture vividly to ourselves the sight that met Paul's eye as he entered the market soon after entering the city.

The merchants sat at the back of the colonnades loudly calling out their wares or bargaining vociferously with some prospective buyer. Here and there in a small alcove or in a space between two columns a money-changer lounged before his table and rattled his pile of coin to attract attention. The gaudily-robed populace thronged the broad promenades. The few intent on business rushed from stall to stall or from table to table, paying no heed to the din all about them. But most of the folk walked around in groups as if they had an eternal leisure, debating seriously the topics of the day or some learned theme. Paul entered into conversation with some merchant, perhaps, and instantly the word was flashed about that a stranger had just come from the Piraeus with fresh news. There was a sudden bustle in the crowd and a breaking up of groups to form a larger group around the new-comer and to listen to him until his new story had become old; "for all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

They listened attentively to him until he spoke of the resurrection, which to them was utter nonsense, and sounded to their ears like the silly, tuneless chatter of the birds hopping around and picking up seeds from the earth. Then they called him a babbler and tried to laugh him into ignominious retreat. But Paul was firm and sincere, and they determined to hear more of him.

Were St. Paul to visit Athens to-day he would find it the easiest thing under the sun to get an audience both to listen and discuss, but, on the other hand, would soon learn that it was almost impossible to convince them. No Athenian merchant of the middle class is too busy to chat on any subject whatever which the customer may bring up. Throughout the conversation he will smile broadly and compliment and flatter in a most accomplished manner, nor will he change this manner when the time comes for him to cheat the customer. If discovered in the dishonesty he will look very grieved at the mistake made in supposing him not to be strictly straight in his dealings, and immediately change the subject, either by questioning or informing the buyer as to the latest interesting news. Then commences another conversation. One sees this kind of thing daily at the counter and the money-changer's table all the way from the Ionian Islands to the easternmost of the Cyclades.

Nothing at all is known of the synagogue in which the apostle met with the Athenian members of his race.

Wherever Paul went in the city there was scarcely anything which did not go towards confirming his opinion that the Athenians were an exceedingly religious people. In Nero's reign there were three thousand statues of gods, demi-gods and heroes adorning the streets. Nearly all of these must have been in place during Claudius' reign. A Roman of this epoch wrote: "In Athens there are more gods than men. Besides these, there were numberless small shrines and immense temples in all stages of erection. Even the theatres were consecrated to the worship of a god. In every grotto and spring lurked a god. Gods dwelt in the thunder, the lightning, the earthquake—everywhere.

The present Athenian is also quite religious. He has taken possession of his ancestors' sacred caves and there established shrines to Christ or the Virgin. In the dirty cave where the

healing spring of Aesculapius bubbles forth there now stands a Christian altar. No good Greek Churchman ever passes a church or a shrine without crossing himself most ostentatiously. It is not unusual in Greece to find one's travelling companion telling his beads while conversing and smoking a cigarette. On every hand there is this strict religious form of St. Paul's day in a modern setting.

When at last the philosophers took the apostle to Mars' Hill to hear his story away from the din of the market, he had abundant material for a sermon. Mars' Hill is a bare, rocky eminence lying at the western foot of the Acropolis and at the southern extremity of the old market. The side which faces the market is precipitous and contains a deep craggy indentation which superstition claimed to be the home of the avenging Furies. The summit of the hill was for ages the seat of the highest Athenian tribunal, the court of Areopagus. The sixteen steps up which the judges walked in company with Paul are still in good condition, cut out of the solid wall of natural rock. Above them are two rocks, said to be the seats of the officiating judges. The scanty grass growing around the base of the hill furnishes pasturage to the milch goats and sheep of Athens. Were it not for the pretention of the guides to show one the exact spot on which Paul stood and preached his famous sermon, there is nothing about Mars' Hill itself suggestive of the apostle's day.

But wherever the preacher stood, the view that met his eyes was one that would not let him forget what he had already planned to say. The Acropolis which he had seen but indistinctly while approaching the city now rose high above him with its lavish display of "temples made with hands." The stupendous and beautiful Parthenon was there, not as a building in which company would gather to worship in unison, but as a dwelling place, a home for the great goddess Athena. So it was with all the temples. Standing high above the roof of the Partheoon was the likeness, as the Greeks conceived it, of the warrior Athena, fashioned in gold, bronze and stone, "graven by art and man's device," and venerated as the goddess herself. Of this immense statue only the lower foundations of the pedestal remain.

Pointing to such temples and images and using them as themes, Paul preached his sermon, leading up to his climax in the

Stoical manner of argument in order to catch his hearers' attention. And when he reached this climax, the resurrection, they laughed him down. He could teach them nothing, as they were a nation of teachers themselves, and "the teacher is the least convertible type of human being."

In other days the Athenians are just as hard to convert to views of any sort that are opposed to those generally accepted in the Athenian world. True, they are still among the cleverest people on the face of the globe; they still can discuss with extraordinary acuteness and intelligence either side of any question of public interest; they have not yet lost even in a slight degree their old-time politeness and hospitality. But, after all, in regard to the masses, it is only talk, only courtesy, only a natural sharpness of mind, nothing deeper. If one is dealing with a stay-at-home Athenian it is generally a foregone conclusion that in spite of his apparent breadth of vision and glibness of speech he will remain unconvinced. When an Athenian is reported to have abjured Athenian doctrines of any kind, and particularly religious doctrines, it is almost always safe to assume that he has been for some length of time in a foreign land and subjected to foreign influences in their original mould.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

A SIMPLE CHANGE.

One beautiful morning I sat under the trees listening to the songs of a bird choir. Their voices rolled up to heaven in one great flood of melody; but, as I listened, a strange change came over both birds and mankind. The former grew larger and the latter smaller, till the smallest bird was many times larger than the largest man.

A man and a woman came strolling through the grove, chatting merrily together. Presently I was horrified to see a thrush—one of the choir with whose song I had been so charmed—steal up behind them with a shot-gun in his claws. He fired, and the man fell, with his leg almost severed from his body. The thrush then flew away, boasting of his marksmanship; while

the man crawled painfully into the bushes, and the woman went home to tell her children that their father would never come back to them again.

Presently, from my hiding-place, I perceived that many of the female birds wore head-dresses ornamented with the heads, scalps, and even the whole bodies of human beings. A pair of wrens came along, the female wearing on her hat the head and arms of a man. "Oh, look!" she cried, as a pretty little girl, with long, curly hair, crossed their path, "Wouldn't her head be just lovely on a hat?" "Shall I kill her for you?" asked her companion, picking up a stone. "Oh, no, you cruel thing!" she answered, "I intended to get one at the milliner's." They passed on, but soon two yellowhammers appeared, each carrying a gun in his claws. "See there!" said one, and a moment later a shot from his weapon killed the little girl. "That is the best one we've got to-day," he said, as he tucked the quivering little body into his game-bag, "Such pretty ones bring a high price." As they passed on they came so close to the place where I was hiding that I thought they would surely find me, but they did not, so I arose to make my way out of the grove.

I had not gone far, however, before I came upon a group of half-grown robins throwing stones at a woman who was carrying home a basket of food to her children. She dropped her basket and ran, but was struck by a stone and picked up by one of the robins. The birds then flew away, quarreling about the division of the spoil. It appeared that each was making a collection of the human species.

I went on, and was just beginning to think I was safe, when I met a blue-bird with a gun under his wing. A turtle-dove was remonstrating with him. "They have as good a right to live as we have," she said; "There is plenty else we can get to eat." "Eat!" he answered contemptuously, "I don't kill them to eat; I go hunting for sport. There's one now!" So saying, he pointed his gun at me. "Oh, shame!" said the dove. There was a loud report, I felt a terrible pain, and—awoke.

L. H. Werden, 07.

MIRACLES.

I.

The flaming tulips born amid the snows
Are wonders great as if the Dead arose ;

A leaf—a flower—a shrub—a tree—a vine—
A wave—a shell—a seaweed—is divine.

Frost-pictures limned upon the window pane—
What tales of wizardry the like contain ?

Each wandering streamlet, sweetly lyrical,
Is in itself a ceaseless miracle.

A rainbow lying on a thundercloud,
A winter landscape wrapped in snowy shroud ;

Sunrise—and sunset-pageants, twilight, night,
The great procession of the stars alight—

Are these not miracles—these common things,
That any day within our vision brings ?

II.

Sweet smiles that linger on the lip of care,
The patient resignation symboled there ;

Faith looking calmly down on mystery—
On Pain, Sin, Death and all strange things that be ;

Hope radiant still 'mid clouds of dull despair,
And clamorous ravens shadowing all the air ;

Love of the Good within the human soul,
Extending daily its benign control ;

A trembling penitent on bended knee,
Uttering his faltering yet prevailing plea ;

Truth followed steadfastly as some white star ;
Though it may lead where Death and Ruin are ;

Ah, these are miracles—yet common things
That any day within our vision brings !

B. W. N. Grigg, '95.

THE STORY OF ANTIGONE.

The tragedy of Antigone is the masterpiece of Sophocles. Euripides also wrote a play based on the same story, but only a few small fragments remain, and its plot is uncertain. The Roman poets, Attius and Statius, have dealt with the same subject, but they have departed widely from the Attic version of the story. The most recent Antigone was published in 1783 by Alfieri, an Italian poet. According to competent critics he has not improved upon the Greek. The play of Sophocles is one of thrilling and sustained interest, lofty in its moral tone, beautiful in its portrayal.

The historic city of Thebes was the scene of Antigone's heroism. Creon had become king, and dwelt in the palace once inhabited by Œdipus, the ill-fated father of Antigone. The city had been lately besieged by an Argive army led thither by Polynices, a brother of Antigone and an aspirant to the Theban throne. This army suffered defeat, and Polynices with Eteocles, his brother and rival, died in a hand-to-hand combat. Creon, the king, put forth an edict that the body of Eteocles should be buried honorably, but that the body of Polynices should be left unburied, a prey to dogs and vultures.

On hearing this Antigone resolved to perform the sacred burial rites over the corpse of Polynices. She sought the aid of

Ismene, but her timid sister shrank from incurring the anger of Creon. Ismene tried to dissuade Antigone from doing that which would surely cause her death. With indomitable courage Antigone announced her determination to perform the sacred rites over the body of her brother :

> " Do what thou wilt, I go to bury him ;
> And good it were, in doing this, to die.
> Loved I shall be with him whom I have loved,
> Guilty of the holiest crime. More time is mine
> In which to share the favor of the dead,
> Than of those who live ; for I shall rest
> For ever there."

With fearless hands she sprinkled the sand over the mangled body and uttered loud cries of grief. Creon's guard quickly seized her and ushered her into the presence of the enraged king. No speech of his could daunt her resolute spirit. Ismene would fain die with her, but with mingled sternness and pity she denied her. In spite of Ismene's pleadings and the fact that Antigone was the betrothed of Haemon, the king's son, Creon sentenced her to die by starvation in one of the rocky tombs that fringed the plain of Thebes. Nor did this fearful prospect make her brave heart to fail, but she spoke words of calmness and strength to the angry king :

> " Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
> That thou, a mortal man, should'st over-pass
> The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
> They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
> But live forever, nor can man assign
> When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
> Of any man's resolve was I prepared
> Before the gods to bear the penalty
> Of sinning against these."

Haemon pleaded long and earnestly for the life of his betrothed. He informed the king that the city secretly lauded the deed of Antigone. He urged him to countermand his order, but the obstinate king would not listen to him. He charged his son with disloyalty, and Haemon left the king's presence vowing that the king should never see his face again.

Antigone was led forth to her living death. Young and beautiful, soon to have become the happy bride of the princely

Haemon, it is not strange that we hear her uttering a sad complaint :

" Unwept, without a friend,
Unwed, and whelmed in woe,
I journey on this road that open lies.
. . . . . .
O citadel of Thebes, my native land,
Ye gods of ancient days,
I go and linger not.
Behold me, O ye senators of Thebes,
The last, lone scion of the kingly race,
What things I suffer, and from whom they come,
Revering still the laws of reverence."

Meanwhile Tiresias, the blind and aged seer, distressed by many evil omens, came to Creon and warned him of the anger of the gods. He counselled the king to bury at once the body of Polynices, and to free the maiden from her rocky prison, and thus regain the favor of the gods. Creon heaped infamy upon the venerable prophet, charging him with mercenary complicity with the enemies of the throne. The aged seer, incensed at the king's injustice, after predicting the death of Haemon, went his way. After his departure the king relented. He sought the advice of the elders, who urged him to heed the counsel of Tiresias. They hastened to bury the body of Polynices, and then hurried to the rocky prison which enclosed Antigone. A sad sight met their gaze. The maiden, in her deep despair, had hung herself from the roof of the cave. Embracing her still warm body was Haemon, frantic with grief. As he caught sight of his father he leaped at him, seeking his life, but Creon fled before him. Turning back again, Haemon slew himself, falling upon his sword.

Creon, stricken with inexpressible remorse, denounced himself in the sternest tones as he looked upon the results of his own folly. He returned to the palace, only to find that his wife, Eurydice, distracted at her son's fate, had slain herself at the altar of the family gods. One cannot withhold sympathy from the wretched king as he cries out in the agony of his remorse for death to smite him also :

" Woe ! woe ! Alas !
I shudder in my fear. Will no one strike
A deadly blow with sharp two-edged sword ?
Fearful my fate, alas !
And with a fearful woe full sore beset."

JOSEPH JANES, '05.

THE GREAT TEMPLE.

Happy is the man who can see beauty in the world. He looks upon a masterpiece and admires. He reads the deeper feelings of the poet, and recognizes them to be the same as those which he had tried in vain to express. He enters a dim cathedral, and worships. His nature becomes a sensitive plate, ever ready to receive an impression from the outer world. His joy is greatest when he goes to the "Great Temple."

Some there are who admire the fields and woods from a limited view-point. They sit by the cheerful glow of an open fire, and travel with the poet over this ideal fairy-land, as it appears at the time, but, when they go to the real scenes, they find that there is something which falls short of their picture. The true lover of nature does not experience this sensation as he enters the "Great Temple." At all times, in all seasons, nature provides a feast for the hungry soul. Even in the dusky twilight of a winter evening, one may enjoy an exhilaration walking across snow-covered fields, and resting his eyes upon the shadow-like forms of life, stripped of its summer beauty.

The "Great Temple" is the work of a master-hand controlled by a master-mind. In its precincts the mantle of reverence is cast over all who would walk in its quiet paths. The canopy of the temple is heaven's blue. When evening spreads her dusky wings, it is illuminated by the myriad stars which cast their strange light throughout the forest aisles, and over great galleries of hill and mountain. Man needs must feel their greatness and their glory, as he directs his look upward to see how—

> "The sky
> Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
> Bespangled with those isles of light
> So mildly, spiritually bright."

In their "eternal calm" the agitated creature of days and months finds rest. Their number, their variety and arrangement fill the gazer with deep, mysterious feelings which lead him on in the "Great Temple" to survey its hidden wealth of beauty.

The trees of the restful wood are the cathedral pillars. In their majestic quiet man finds himself. Here, in ages gone by, men worshipped, recognizing that the forest was a fitting place wherein to meet with the Creator. When the world was young, the woods stood in their virgin beauty, untouched by human hand. Throughout all time they remain the same, for—

> "Summer or winter, day or night,
> The woods are an ever-new delight."

We never tire of treading in their cool depths, for the spirit, whether it is hopeful or cast down, finds here a resting-place. The pavement of the cathedral is a mossy carpet of leaf and flower. The easily-flowing stream, the banks of moss, the motionless pines, all speak with hidden tongues telling us in their forest language that this is man's natural place, where he may become the innocent child of Mother Earth.

There is music in the "Great Temple." Now it is the shrill high note, now a melody of heavenly sound, and now the deep rumble of the vast organ. The birds' song floods the wood, the brook adds an unceasing arpeggio, the wind strikes a quiet chord upon the pines, and all unite in a symphony unequalled among the weak instruments of earth.

> "Listen! The choir is singing; all the birds,
> In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
> Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
> And learn there may be worship without words."

What man is there who cannot hear these sounds, whose eye is blind to these sights? If one has not that inborn sense of beauty, let him away from the city's narrow walls, and feel the freedom of the hills. Let him seek the "Great Temple," and allow the influences of its holy beauty to move his inner life to discover a sense which he may have thought had never been granted to him, for—

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

PAGES FROM A MODERN DIARY.

[In a bundle of papers that came into my possession some time ago I came across a record of an interesting period of the writer's life, from which I make a few extracts.]

To-day I was calling on Miss Mary Jackson. I believe it was for the five hundredth time; at least so I thought as I sat, with a pleasant "good-afternoon" smile, in one of her most comfortable rockers and patiently awaited her arrival.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Oakley. I see that you haven't quite forgotten me."

"Forgotten you! Can one forget such a pretty tormenter as yourself?"

"You may do just as you like about that, Mr. Oakley."

"May I? Then I will not forget, but like you."

"You may—at a safe distance."

"Don't you think you're a little cross to-day?"

"If I'm different from usual it must be due to my company."

"From which I infer that you are easily influenced."

"You can be disagreeable when you choose to be, Fred."

The last word was a kind of atonement for the first part of her speech, for when Mary uses the given name which my mother used to call me by when she wanted me to carry in an armful of wood for the kitchen fire or go down to the store for a gallon of coal oil—well, it usually made me a little milder. Nevertheless I wasn't exactly merciful.

"O, pretty miss, I remember one night when you didn't think me a bit disagreeable."

"When was that? I really can't remember you being any other way."

Just to refresh her memory, which can be very poor when it wants to be, I said: "Only a week before Reggie Bates arrived and charmed you with his lovely face, his horse laugh and his million dollars. It was——"

"You needn't go on with your impudence. You're simply foolish. As for his charming me, Reggie knows better than that, now."

"I really didn't blame Mr. Bates or his questionable personality, but his million dollars."

"You're not a bit nice to-day, Fred."

"Can't help it. Due to my com——"

"Yes, due to your usual company; for instance the little girl down in the east end whom you called on with such fervent regularity while I was visiting at Uncle Joe's in Orondale."

"This blow nearly killed Willie," for I didn't think Mary would ever hear of that. However, I tried to rally myself.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, you don't know which one? That's news. I only heard of one, a Miss Perry, daughter of a coal dealer or something of the sort."

Summing up all my dignity I said :—

"There is nothing in it."

"Miss Perry seemed to think there was, as her first cousin told Edith Goodwin's aunt that the family had thought it almost worth a breach of promise suit."

"Worth a breach of promise suit, when, as Reggie Bates told you, I've nothing but my clothes, hair brush and razor."

"Reggie was mistaken. At least so mamma says."

"So mamma says." Evidently I had not very much to fear from the mother, and papa had always liked me. Now the only real "x of the proposition" was the young lady herself.

The thought awakened me to my opportunity.

"Mary, do you——"

But here the record closed. The lover's hand had refused to trust to manuscript secrets sacred to their two hearts.

E. F. Cohoe, '06.

A YOUTHFUL DEVOTEE.

Rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-tat! The incessant drumming drew me from my work to investigate the meaning of all the disturbance. The sound came from my neighbor's back yard.

This yard was certainly a medley—a barren plot, sixteen feet square, without a blade of grass daring to venture its slender head! The ashes and sand with which the yard was overspread would have tended to choke the least semblance of verdant green. Boxes of all sizes, pans of all shapes, planks of all measurements, tin cans, bottles, old iron—all was embedded in the dust and dirt.

One large box was placed in the centre of the yard, and on it a smaller one. On this lofty pedestal stood a wee bit of a lad, beating the tin pan which served as a drum, and which he allowed to rest on the uppermost box.

This four-year-old is the source of all this clamor, and the central figure of the scene. He is a chunky little fellow, yet he cannot fill the coat which he has donned; it might better fit his elder brother of eight. With this coat quite out of proportion and his blue jeans equally as large, he, in this constant beating attitude, presented a very strange and striking appearance.

Growing tired of the din, I was just about to withdraw when the drumming stopped. What had become almost automatic action ceased. With great care and precision the drum-sticks, two iron spoons, were placed on either side of the instrument, and with some little difficulty the drummer descended from his lofty eminence and most reverently bowed his head, kneeling at the base of the altar, remaining in this attitude for some minutes. Suddenly he rose, and climbing to his former position, again banged most furiously and even more enthusiastically than ever.

Panting for breath, he gave up this violent exercise and, descending, mingled in the crowd, among the pots and pans, with an imaginary plate for the offering. He had no apparent difficulty in obtaining tribute from these, but his only other spectator, his dog, seemed loath to do his part. However, the boy insisted on his contribution and chased here and there the ungrateful listener, who seemed somewhat tired of his situation.

Having performed this ceremony, the lad alternately drummed and prayed. Then his devotional mood changed. He threw down his drum-sticks and seized a new instrument. He decided to offer his praise next by blowing on a piece of wood, which admirably served the purpose of a cornet. His puckered lips whistled forth the strains, which he feigned to produce from the wood itself, until the air resounded with his loud jubilations. Having given this fair trial, he again resorted, with renewed ardor, to his much-beloved drum.

The little fellow did not seem to tire of his devotions, but continued long, with the greatest zeal and earnestness. His eyes uplifted to heaven, his little hands clasped in prayer, indicated a soul alive and imitative, and a character which was already developing its religious side.

Rain-drops began to fall fast, and it was only by the persistent calling of the mother that the boy salvationist was torn from his service and disappeared from view.

"Onlooker."

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Editorial Notes.

WE are glad to be able to inform the friends of the University that THE MONTHLY is prospering financially, at least to the extent of being able to pay all expenses and leave a small surplus each year. To make our magazine a real success, however, we need a larger circulation among the alumni. One of the purposes for which it was brought into existence was to serve as a link binding our graduates closely to the life of their Alma Mater. Manifestly this purpose can be achieved only in so far as the graduates subscribe to THE MONTHLY. It is true we have a fair number of them on our subscription list, but not nearly so many as we should like to have. In this connection we take pleasure in printing a letter we received last spring from Mr. Edgar J. Tarr, of the class of 1902. It puts the case for THE MONTHLY strongly, and illustrates the enthusiastic loyalty of the great majority of the men and women who have gone out from McMaster. We trust that his words may lead not a few of our graduates to put themselves into close touch with the life of the University:

"I want to take this chance of saying a word of appreciation for THE MONTHLY. I can tell you that I have been proud of that

this year, and often when Manitoba University boys are up in my room here, I show them some copies and they generally say some good words for it. If the circulation of THE MONTHLY could only be enlarged it would be the means of advertising McMaster almost more than anything else could. Every number this year has been fine, and you certainly have good reason to be proud of our little magazine. I have been thinking that the alumni ought to try to do something to increase the circulation. I know for a fact that there are great numbers of the alumni who do not subscribe, but who would if some one who is a little enthusiastic could have a five minutes' talk with them. I suppose though that the subscription department has tried various schemes. I was impressed this spring with the semi-indifference of some of the graduates. For instance, out of several there are up here only one is a MONTHLY subscriber. I have spoken to each of the others, and they all say that they will subscribe next year, and that their failure to do so this year was forgetfulness, or something or other. They are all interested in the University, but the trouble is that some of them don't seem to realize the importance to the University of a widely circulated monthly, of which it has just reason to be proud.

"There is one thing that I think was neglected when we attended McMaster. The boys who graduated and left, were not impressed enough with the fact that THE MONTHLY needed each one of them as a life-long subscriber, and also that it is in the interest of the University that they should let as many as possible see THE MONTHLY. Perhaps you think I am a little over-enthusiastic, but my experience this year with Manitoba University men and other people as well leads me to firmly believe that THE MONTHLY can do a great deal of good. Five minutes spent by a stranger looking through one of our MONTHLIES invariably impresses him with the fact that our University is one that has some stuff in it."

Book Reviews.

Glimpses of Toronto.*

This volume contains ten extremely fine photo-engraving of the picturesque buildings and grounds of Trinity College, with descriptive letter-press by Rev. C. B. Kenrick, M.A. If any one were unaware of the fact, he would learn from this charming publication that in Trinity and its idyllic surroundings Torontonians have scenes that in loveliness are worthy rivals of the beautiful academic vistas to be found on the banks of the Cam and Isis in old England. We congratulate the authorities of Trinity on the service they have done, not merely to themselves, but to Toronto in publishing so charming a volume.

The Westminster.

In another part of The Monthly we reprint an article from the pen of Mr. W. Sherwood Fox, a graduate of our University, and in doing so take the opportunity of commending *The Westminster* to our readers. *The Westminster* is a unique venture in Canadian journalism, but has already achieved a noteworthy success. It set a high standard for itself in its initial number, and has admirably sustained the excellent quality of article and illustration with which it began. The illustrated interviews that appear each month are a notable feature. The reminiscences of Professor William Clark must have proved to many readers a most interesting series of articles. The nature sketches by "Wake Robin," have been worthy even of John Burroughs. We venture to think that in its "Church Chronicle and Comment," *The Westminster* has contributed to the good fellowship that happily exists between the various Christian denominations of our country. May it go on and prosper is the wish of The Monthly for *The Westminster.*

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*Glimpses of Toronto, Picturesque Trinity. By Rev. C. B. Kenrick, M.A. Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Cloth, 50 cents, leather $1.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

THE Literary Society dinner which had been planned for the evening of December 17th proved to be even more enjoyable than was anticipated. The dinner was served in Castle Memorial Hall, which presented an animated and attractive scene when the hundred and fifty students of both sexes, with their friends, were seated at the handsomely decorated tables. The gathering was presided over by J. M. Warner, '04, President of the Society, on whose right sat Miss K. I. MacLaurin, '04, Second Vice-President. Other guests at the chief table were A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., Mrs. A. C. McKay, Chancellor Wallace; Mrs. Wells, Principal Moulton College; Mayor Urquhart, Mrs. Farmer, J. Short McMaster; Prof. A. C. McKay, Dean of Arts; D. E. Thomson, K.C., John Firstbrook; Prof. J. H. Farmer, D.D., Dean of Theology; Miss Reid. An orchestra situated in the balcony played sweet strains, which materially assisted in "the feast of soul and the flow of reason."

The toast of "The King" having been duly honored, Mr. T. M. Dadson proposed the toast of the evening, "The Empire," with which was coupled the name of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., who replied in an eloquent address which elicited frequent and hearty cheers. Considering what the future of Canada as a part of the empire is to be, Mr. Aylesworth said it was not difficult to find in many respects room for betterment and improvement. In one thing all would agree—in looking forward with hope to a closer union with the motherland, making Canada more and more an integral part of the empire. He suggested that a subject upon which public opinion ought to assert itself was that Canada ought to be in possession of the whole of the British possessions on the North American continent. It was a matter of actual, practical, living importance. We may safely and with perfect confidence leave the development of the country internally, and the government of the country to the statesmen who to-day control the destinies of the Province of Ontario and the Dominion. (Cheers.) But public opinion may well express itself and lead the opinions and actions of the statesmen who govern us upon the completion and consolidation into one great dominion of all the British possessions on the North American continent. Along

the coast of Labrador from the Gulf of St. Lawrence northward, separating the waters of the Atlantic from the Dominion of Canada, was a lisiere or strip of territory such as that on the Pacific coast, which recently engaged the attention of a tribunal of arbitration. This strip, although British, is not Canadian, and until Newfoundland is admitted into the Dominion will not come under the control of the Government at Ottawa. This perhaps does not constitute a menace to Canada at present, but it is a circumstance of possible danger, which should not be.

This is but one possibility of trouble in the future. There are questions which may arise with reference to the destiny of Hudson's Bay, and with reference to the ownership of Greenland, a country which now is thought to be valueless, but which may in the not distant future turn out to be a second Yukon, and which at any rate exists on our borders, and constitutes a possibility of trouble. He appealed to the young men present to make their influence felt in moulding public opinion, so that these things may no longer be.

"Our City" was proposed by W. W. Lailey, '04, in a speech in which he reviewed in outline Toronto's history. It was responded to by Mayor Urquhart, whose remarks were heartily applauded. He expressed a fear that so rapid had been the city's development that the citizens did not perhaps appreciate as they should the important position which it occupies as the greatest financial, commercial, educational and social centre of the Dominion. He pointed out the importance of a thorough study of the science of municipal government, and suggested the foundation of a chair of municipal government.

"Alma Mater," proposed by N. A. Harkness, '04, and received with musical honors, was responded to by Chancellor Wallace, who reviewed the development of McMaster from small beginnings to its present important position in the educational system of the Province. Referring to the Mayor's suggestion, the Chancellor intimated that it was a fundamental principle with him never to refuse to accept any donation offered to McMaster.

Other toasts were : "The Ladies," by H. C. Feast, '04, responded to by Miss K. I. Maclaurin ; "Sister Institutions," by H. H. Bingham, responded to by Messrs. Ames, Knox ; Carlyle, Western University ; Coleman, Toronto ; Stewart, McGill ; Bagshaw, Dentals ; Wallace, Victoria ; Kennedy, Queen's ; Trumpous, Wycliffe ; Zake, Ontario Normal, and Miss Reid, Women's Medical College, and Miss Menzies, Moulton. The final toast was "The Chairman," proposed by D. E. Thomson, K.C., and responded to in suitable terms by Mr. Warner.

The affair was voted a success by all present, and it is reasonably certain that the annual "Lit." dinner has come to stay.

Inter-Year Debate.—On Friday, Dec. 11th, occurred the second of the series of inter-year debates. In this debate Messrs. Poapst and Maybee upheld the honor of '04, and the resolution that capital punishment should be abolished, etc., while Messrs. Pirie and Raithby opposed the proposition, representing '07. The contestants approached the subject in a calm and imposing frame of mind, and brought out all possible arguments *pro* and *con*. The musical part of the programme was supplied by Mr. W. W. Lailey, '04, who rendered a mandolin solo, and Miss B. Shields, '07, who delighted all with a recitation. Dr. Farmer, who was the judge, following the usual custom of keeping everyone in suspense for a time, declared that '04 had carried the day, which decision was production of some jubilation in the ranks of the seniors. Mr. Pirie, the leader of the negative, was so impressed with his opponent's ability that he moved him a vote of thanks, to the delight of the audience, and Mr. Poapst unselfishly passed it on to the judge. It was seconded by a dozen of the audience, and carried with great enthusiasm. One of the features of the debate was the presence of the class banners of the competing years, displayed on the pillars to the right and left of the stage. They set off the otherwise rather bare platform well, and lent an air of dignity withal.

On Monday morning, Dec. 15th, we were honored by the presence in the dining-room of a new visitor. This was a little black and white fox-terrier, who immediately became very popular with the boys. He was very glad to be with us, and displayed a preference for lamb chops. He could not stay long, however, and soon after being discovered by the dining-room authorities was sent on his way rejoicing.

The mid-year examinations are having results perhaps not altogether looked for by the perpetrators. One of these is the unusually populous aspect the Hall presents during the Christmas vacation. Fifteen or twenty of the boys, fearful of the impending trial, forwent the delights of a Christmas at home, and remained in the Hall during the holidays. We expect that much work was done, but strangely enough, the recollections of the hermits themselves seem to be largely of hockey, skating and other subjects which have no apparent connection with the exams. One of the bright spots of the holidays (?) for these workers was the pleasant time spent at Prof. Farmer's residence on Bathurst street on the evening of Dec. 31st. Those who availed themselves of Prof. and Mrs. Farmer's kind invitation reported, when they returned early in the New Year, having had a royal good time. The hostess had provided everything designed to make glad the heart of the student, not forgetting a due proportion of the gentler sex to complete the boys' happiness.

Inter-College Debate.—McMaster seems still invincible in debate. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 15th, she added another to her long list of successive victories. The scene of the contest was Castle Memorial Hall. The contestants were Messrs. F. J. Scott, B.A., and I. G. Matthews, M.A., for McMaster, and Messrs. C. A. McCrae, B.A., and W, Nichol, B.A., for Knox College ; and the debate was judged by Prof. Reynar, Principal Auden and Prof. Cody. The McMaster students occupied the gallery, as is their time-honored custom, and made short the minutes before the regular proceedings with song and cheer. A louder burst of noise, accompanied by the University yell, announced the entrance of the chairman, Chancellor Wallace, and the debaters who took their seats looking ready and able to prove anything. The resolution was read by Chancellor Wallace : "Resolved, that it is in the interests of Canada to preserve the status quo with regard to treaty-making powers." The affirmative was taken by the Knox and the negative by McMaster debaters who so ably presented their case that they were awarded the decision by the judges. The entertaining features of the programme were in no wise inferior to the literary. Misses Stone, '06, and McLay, '07, opened the programme with a well-rendered instrumental duet. We were fortunate in having Miss Mae Dickenson, who responded to an enthusiastic encore with "The Red, White and Blue," the chorus of which was instinctively caught up by students and visitors. The boys insisted on hearing the well-tried favorite, Mr. H. W. Piercy, who pleased the audience greatly by three humorous selections. Mrs. Fenton-Arton, always popular with the students, brought a successful evening to a close with a selection from "The Little Minister," which was much appreciated.

On Dec. 12th the Debating Society met to elect officers for the ensuing term. After quite an exciting election the following were announced as the elect of the school from among the countless horde of nominations : President, W. V. Poapst, '04 ; secretary, H. B. Moyle, '06 ; councillors, J. B. McLaurin, '05 ; W. Whan, '06, and C. New, B.A., Theol. These men are all loyal supporters of the Society, and under their leadership it should have a successful year.

The Athletic Association has decided to patronize the Victoria College rink this winter, so all the students who skate are following their lead and buying tickets there. We are sure the Victoria students will be found the better the more we know them and as their rink management is a very good one, we are anticipating a pleasant winter. There has been ice since the middle of December, and many of the students have already joined and enjoyed several weeks' skating.

Fyfe Missionary.—The annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of December 8th, President Farmer in the chair. The audience was larger than usual, yet the seating capacity of the hall would permit of more of the friends of the University enjoying this evening with us. The secretary's report was very gratifying. The debt has been greatly reduced. The decimal point has been moved one space to the left and now the hundreds have become tens. The programme was a departure from the usual order. Instead of hearing outside talent we listened with much pleasure to two of our own students, Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06, and Mr. J. R. Coutts, '04.

"The Need of Evangelism" was the subject chosen by Mr. Cameron. Having outlined the advance which Christianity has made over other religions he attributed this advance to the spirit of evangelism which characterizes Christianity. In a clear, forceful style he pictured the present day need of a live evangelism both in the church and in the non-Christian world. He placed special emphasis on the need of a sympathetic personal evangelism. This was required in the pulpit and among all Christian workers. In concluding he struck the optimistic note by pointing out the signs of the dawning of a great revival. Mr. Coutts followed with an able address on "The Evangelism We Need." This evangelism must have depth if it is to meet the intellectuality of the age. It must possess the element of suffering. The tendency of the age is to shrink from suffering. To-day emphasis is laid both on the cosmopolitan spirit and on individuality. The evangelism we need must be broad enough to meet this. It must also be high enough to reach up and grasp God, from whom alone the needed revival can come.

During the evening we were favored by two selections from the choir of the evangelistic band. The meeting was brought to a close by prayer, led by Dr. A. T. Sowerby.

The storm which threatened us throughout the Christmas holidays burst in all its fury on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock sharp. For a whole week it has continued with varying intensity until at 5 o'clock on the following Tuesday it ceased as quickly as it had begun. The stars are now shining again with their accustomed brilliancy. That the half-yearly exams. are advantageous is generally admitted. But the time of holding these exams. is unfortunate, to say the least. Our Christmas time has not the free and jolly good days of bygone years. The difficulties of holding the exams. before Christmas vacation can easily be seen, and may be out of the question under present conditions. Why could not the term begin two weeks earlier in the fall?

Anything to be able to enjoy with the old-time freedom the usual festivities that Christmas ought to bring.

Founder's Day.—The annual function given by the faculty and students on Founder's night was held on the 18th December this year. From 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock there was the usual reception. Much to our pleasure Mrs. S. M. McMaster joined with the Chancellor in welcoming the guests in the chapel, which presented an animated scene of social pleasure. When the orchestra struck up the promenades many of the gentlemen led their partners to the corridors above, where another orchestra gave forth sweet strains. Many of the studies were thrown open by the students for the entertainment of the guests. These rooms contained easy chairs and cosy corners, which were not empty long during the evening. The physical laboratory interested many. Besides an exhibit of the different apparatus a demonstration of the X-rays was given under the direction of Profs. Smith and Cohoe and W. G. Carpenter. Strange as it may seem, though, the most popular resort was the refreshment room. To the wives of the faculty great praise must be accorded for the prettily arranged refreshment tables. Perhaps there has never been a more successful Founder's night in the history of the institution. A large number of the students remained for that evening. None have expressed their regret for so doing.

It is indeed with regret that we chronicle the departure of Prof. A. C. McKay from the Registrarship of the University. His perennial cheerfulness in the office will not soon be forgotten by those who have been fortunate enough to experience it. As an educationist Prof. McKay has had a long and varied career, which it might not be amiss briefly to outline here. After teaching in Middlesex County he took his course at Toronto University, when, as he says, "a creek ran through the ravine where the chapel now is." After teaching two years in Port Hope Collegiate he was given a fellowship in physics in Toronto University. He held this one year, then taught two years in Upper Canada College, one year in Parkdale Collegiate, and in 1890 was appointed Professor of Mathematics at McMaster. In addition to spending one year at Cambridge, England, in post-graduate work, Prof. McKay has performed very important duties since graduating from his University. He was for some time Lecturer in Physics to the medical students of Toronto University, Lecturer in Mathematics in the Ontario School of Pedagogy and Examiner for both the University and the Department of Education. In 1901 he was offered unanimously the position of Principal of the Toronto Technical School. The great sacrifice which the refusal of this offer meant to him is unquestionable evidence of his

unswerving loyalty to McMaster. For many years he has been Registrar of the University, resigning only last year to become Dean in Arts.

At chapel, on December 15th, Prof. McKay spoke a few farewell words as retiring Registrar. He mentioned some of the trials of the position, and among others the difficulty of making a time table satisfactory to all, and of arranging presiding examiners. He thanked the professors and students for the kindness they had always shown him, and requested that they transfer it all to the incoming Registrar, Mr. A. C. Newcombe, B.A., whom he then introduced.

Mr. Newcombe briefly replied, stating that he recognized his difficulties, and, until he became somewhat accustomed to his duties, he would ask to be dealt with leniently. His intention was to give his time to the University and its needs. The hearty and prolonged applause which followed when Mr. Newcombe took his seat must have evidenced to him our welcome and the support which we will give him.

Dr. Farmer then introduced Mr. C. J. Cameron, the new Field Secretary of the University. He stated that it was a pleasure to introduce one whom he had thought for many years was predestined to fill that position.

Mr. Cameron, in reply, said that it was only after graduating from McMaster that he realized his deep obligation to her. He was glad that he would now be enabled to repay this to a greater extent by means of his position, which gave him broader opportunities. . . It might further be stated that already Mr. Cameron has a long list of engagements for his lectures, which are illustrated by lime-light views of college life. His purpose in these lectures is to bring before the denomination the advantages and the needs of our academical schools and of the University.

DESPITE the fact that scientists seldom show great aptitude for poetry, we receive occasionally presentable verses. The following, a recent production from the *Inferno*, speaks for itself:

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
Smelling sulphur in a tube,
And a blow-pipe in my hand.

A COLLEGE graduate was showing his sweetheart the beauties of the old college halls when she noticed the inscription, "Vivit, non mortuns est," on a tablet erected to the memory of a former president. "What does that mean?" said she. Faltering, he replied, "He lives, no he don't, he died."

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: F. J. Scott, B.A.

H. B. Tapscott, B.A., '97, M.A., '01, is taking post-graduate studies at the University of Berlin.

Rev. E. J. Harris, B.A., B.Th., '90, has entered upon the pastorate of the church in Orangeville, Ont.

Rev. E. Russell, B.A., '94, has taken the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Huntsville, Ont., temporarily.

W. Sherwood Fox, B.A., '00, after a Christmas visit to Canada, has returned to his graduate studies at John Hopkin's.

Rev. Alex. White, a former student at McMaster, has entered upon the pastorate of the First Avenue Church, Toronto.

Mr. H. Proctor, B.A., '99, has accepted the call of the Oxford Street Church, Woodstock, and began his duties there the first Sunday in December.

Rev. S. E. Grigg, B.A., '00, served the Tilsonburg church for three years. On the first Sabbath of the new year he began the pastorate of the Ingersoll church.

Rev. S. R. Stephens, B.A., '98, is in the Philippine Islands doing educational work under the American Government. He is superintendent of a large school with over 500 pupils.

Rev. J. F. Vichert, B.A., '97, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, Victoria, B.C., has been granted leave of absence for four months, and is taking lectures in his Alma Mater.

Rev. G. R. Welch, B.A., '99, after four years of service in Oxford Street Church, Woodstock, accepted the call of the church in Lindsay, and commenced his pastorate there Nov. 8, '03.

Rev. W. B. Tighe, B.A., '99, resigned his charge in Stonewall, Man., where he has been serving for four years, to take charge of the Powers Street Baptist Church, Winnipeg, North End.

Mr. R. D. McLaurin, B.A., '02, M.A., '03, now pursuing graduate study in chemistry at Harvard University, has been awarded a scholarship of the value of $150. As this scholarship was given to Mr. McLaurin on the merits of his work, without application on his part, it was especially welcome, and especially indicative of the high quality of McMaster's work. We heartily congratulate Mr. McLaurin and his Alma Mater.

We are pleased to report the following:—At the Olivet Baptist Church, Montreal, on the 29th of December, 1903, by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, Rev. Albert B. Cohoe, B.A., '98, B.Th., '01, of St. John, N.B., to Miss Margaret A. Bailey, B.A., '98, M.A., '01, of Toronto. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Cohoe our heartiest congratulations.

Rev. J. McLauchlin, B.A., '03, of Red Deer, N.W.T., has been granted three months' leave of absence, and is now taking lectures in McMaster; also D. A. Macdonald, B.A., '02, who has been teaching in Manitoba, has returned to his Alma Mater for special studies in classics.

On the evening of Friday, December 18th, Mr. Glenn H. Campbell, M.A., our popular lecturer in languages, was married in Ottawa to Miss Mary Cameron Blackadar, B.A. We take pleasure in recording the happy event and in congratulating the young couple and wishing them long life and prosperity.

G. R. Finch, Theol., '03, is settled with the church at Doe Lake. Through oversight The Monthly neglected to state that on October 14th Mr. Finch was married to Miss Amy White, of Toronto. Rev. C. W. King, of the Parliament Street Church, of which church the bride was a member, tied the nuptial knot. Congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Finch.

J. F. Ingram, '02, is a Professor of English in the Baptist College, Rangoon, India. Other McMaster graduates in Burmah are Ernest and Fred. Armstrong, of the class of 1900, and Rev. Ernest Grigg, Theol., '90. They are all enthusiastic in their interest to their Alma Mater, and are thinking of organizing a McMaster Club in the Orient.

Among the graduates present at the Founder's Day "At Home" we noticed H. E. Jordan, '00, and R. E. Sayles, '01, both of whom are in attendance at Chicago University; E. J. Zavitz, '03, now at Yale; Miss Minnie A. Seldon, '02, who is taking a course of studies at the Missionary Institute, Nyack, N.Y.; Miss Mary E. Ardley, '03, of the Normal College, Hamilton; Mr. A. M. Overhalt, '97, M.A. '98, of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute; Misses Wallace, '03; McNeill, '03, and Norton, '02, and Rev. C. H. Schutt, '95, M.A. '98, of Toronto.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, '05.

THE occurrence in sequence of a Christmas vacation and mid-year examinations has made ye editor's task a very light one this month. During the former period our hockeyists were busily engaged in devouring turkey and plum pudding, and during the latter they lived the strenuous life of the crammer, and hockey was a thing of minor importance. Now that examinations are over, practice and league matches will occur at regular intervals, and we hope to record in next month's issue many victories for the green and black.

MCMASTER, 2; VICTORIA, 0.—The first hockey match of the season was played on the afternoon of January 14th with the Victoria University team on Victoria rink. The close score is not a fair indication of the game, which was McMaster all the way through. Victoria's forwards all played defence and helped to keep the score down. McMaster had a strong defence, Young and J. B. McArthur showing up particularly well. The forward line attempted very little combination, and were slow in getting away with the puck. Some changes may be made on the line, as it is rather light as at present constituted. E. H. Mihell, '04, refereed efficiently.

The winning team lined up:—Goal, Munro; point, J. B. McArthur; coverpoint, Young; rover, Peine; right forward, Baker; left forward, Blackader; centre, M. S. McArthur (captain).

ROLAND YOUNG, '07, was wanted by the Senior St. George to play O. H. A. hockey. We are glad, however, that "Roly" has decided to wear McMaster colors this winter. He is a very strong player, and will help us much in our efforts to land the coveted championship.

"SAM" MCLAY, captain of the 1902 team, occupies a similar position on the Woodstock Intermediate O. H. A. team. So far his proteges have been unsuccessful.

SECRETARY R. A. F. MCDONALD, of the Athletic Association, has secured from Scotland a supply of green and black ribbon woven into one piece. He has been kept busy since its arrival supplying the demand. The plaid has never been popular as a college color, and the new ribbon will fill a long-felt want.

A WRITER in the *Varsity*, in a recent issue, laments the decadence of association football among the colleges of Toronto. He mentions the McMaster team as among those which have greatly degenerated. We grant the truth of his statement, but the reason can be found in the fact that we have taken up another kind of football, Rugby, at which game we have in a short time become somewhat proficient. The new game has taken such a hold upon our students that the matter of dropping association football altogether has been seriously discussed. Certain it is that with the amount of time that Rugby practice takes we cannot hope to put up much stronger association teams than those which represented us last fall. In the future it is altogether likely that we shall enter in the intermediate association series only.

ONE of our graduates, J. Frank Ingram, B.A., now Professor in English at Rangoon Baptist College, India, has written to Chancellor Wallace describing Rangoon's sports day, held on December 5th last. The faculty entrusted the management of the affair to Frank, who modelled it after McMaster Field Day. Among the many who entered for the events are gentlemen with such unpronounceable names as Kya Gyi, Mg Tu, Shwe Saing, Maung Kwa, Ba Htin and Tha Dun Aung. He also tells of the joy with which the McMaster colony in India received the news of McMaster's victories in Rugby over Varsity II., Trinity and Queen's II.

AN IMPERTINENT QUERY.—Are any of our jumping records likely to be beaten now that "leap year" has arrived?

THE Toronto University hockey team got itself into disrepute with the O. H. A. by playing against the professional hockey team at the American "Soo." The O. H. A. is perfectly justified in forbidding its clubs to play with the Varsity team, as that organization has violated the amateur rules of the O. H. A. The Varsity men were, however, quite within their rights in going to Sault Ste. Marie, as they are governed by the intercollegiate rules, which permit the competition of amateurs with professionals as long as no prize is played for. We are sorry the thing has occurred, however, as Varsity has a good team and would have been a strong factor in the city championship series. Whether the O. H. A. will put the whole intercollegiate union under the ban remains to be seen.

THE Mulock Cup, Rugby series, was won by the Varsity Senior Arts team under the captaining of G. Ballard of '04. . . S. P. S. won the Ontario championship by defeating the Toronto Scots 3 to 2 in association football.

Football in Shakespeare.—We are indebted to the erudite genius of a contributor to the Manitoba College journal for the information that Shakespeare was well acquainted with football. We reproduce a few of the quotations on which he bases his conclusions :—

"Pay your fees."—Winter's Tale, 1, 2, 53.

"The heavenly harnessed team
Begins his goal—den progress."—1 Henry IV., 3, 1, 221.

"I have been in continual practice ; I shall win."—Hamlet, 5, 2, 221.

"I shall kick, being kicked."—Comedy of Errors, 3, 1, 17.

"Perforce against all checks. . .
I must advance.'"—Merry Wives, 3, 4, 84.

"This earth affords joy to me.
But to command, to check."—3 Henry IV., 3, 2, 166.

"By foul play, as thou sayest, were we heaved thence."—Tempest, 1, 2, 62.

"Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven."—Hamlet, 3, 3, 93.

"I bruised my skin the other day."—Merry Wives, 1, 1, 296.

"You are (a) marvellous forward."—Taming of Shrew, 2, 1, 73.

"On there ; pass along."—Ant. and Cleopatra, 3, 1, 37.

"We will suddenly
Pass."—Henry V., 5, 2, 82.

"Marvellous ; well shot."—Loves' Labor Lost, 4, 1, 134.

"Good to shoot against the wind."—Tit. Andronicus, 4, 3, 57.

"But to the goal."—Winter's Tale, 1, 2, 96.

"Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife."—1 Henry vi., 4, 1, 15.

"I was about to protest."—Much Ado, etc., 4, 1, 289.

"Timorous accent and dire yell."—Othello, 1, 1, 75.

"We have had ill luck."—Merry Wives, 5, 5, 122.

"But we must win."—Richard II., 2, 3, 163.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR : MARETTA GORDON.

WE are always glad of an increase in our number, and since the new year began we have been able to welcome several new faces.

THE rink is now in splendid condition, and teachers and students alike are enjoying the recreation period spent on the ice. It was not ready as early as usual this year, and consequently the hockey team was rather slow in organizing, but we hope to see it soon in good playing order.

ON Dec. 17th our last Heliconian meeting of the year was held. We did not follow our usual plan of programme but had a debate. The subject for the debate was, "Resolved, that the Christmas holidays are too short." Mrs. Firstbrook acted as judge and decided in favor of the negative.

THE Literary Society, of Moulton, has always had a paper. It was customary for it to be read at the meetings, which were held once a month, but last year the girls thought best to have a printed paper to appear three times during the year, and a shorter paper for the meetings. This year it was decided to combine the Heliconian and the Budget, a paper for the old graduates, and have merely the one printed paper. The first number is just out and is receiving merited praise. We have every reason to believe that all the copies of the year will be as much a success as the first one.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS : { E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.
G. GROBB.

OWING to delay in installing the new heating plant the College was not opened until January 11th, one week later than schedule time. The new steam system is complete now, however, and working very satisfactorily. Instead of sitting with chattering teeth beside the radiator the boys now swelter from the insufferable heat.

Several new students have enrolled this year, and the problem of accommodation is beginning to demand attention.

We now have four students from the continent to the south—all from Columbia. They bear the euphonious names of Acosta, Cepeda, Gomez and Roderigo.

Some of the students from the Bruce Peninsula have not yet returned. With means of travel such as they are at present we presume we need not expect our friends till spring opens up.

Under the guiding hand of Manager Nesbitt the rink promises to be in fine condition this winter. Many of the boys are already taking advantage of the splendid opportunities it offers for recreation, in skating, in hockey and in sweeping off.

As we have not the gift of prophecy we cannot tell what our hockey team will do with its opponents, but under the able management of Captain McDiarmid we look forward to a successful season.

On December 17th the College closed for the year 1903. This occasion was marked by the annual Christmas dinner. The affair was pleasant throughout, as are all Christmas dinners, so far as we have experienced them.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor: E. S. Roy, B.A.

Since last year we have had several changes in the teaching staff of our school. The place of Miss M. Moseley, who had served here so long and so successfully, and who has now gone to Moulton College, Toronto, has been taken by Miss Leah St. James, a McGill graduate, who has spent considerable time in Paris and London in post-graduate studies. As the Roys are no longer in the Institute building, but are living in their own house, Mrs. Roy's place has been taken by Miss Permelia Bullock, a former student and teacher. Miss Florence Therrin again occupies her old place as German teacher, after being relieved for part of last year by Rev. J. H. Earle. Mrs. Galbraith replaces Miss Thornton as assistant in music, and Miss Benton has become matron in place of Miss Délima St. James. We were very sorry to lose our old teachers, but we heartily welcome the new ones.

Feller Institute is enjoying a course of lectures this year, which in point of interest and profitableness to the listeners, young and old, have so far been of a high order. In fact it was last year that the esteemed president of Grande Ligne Mission, Rev. A. J. Gordon, spoke to us on the "Ladder to Success," and his words still linger in our memories as some of the most inspiring we had heard. The first to address us this year was Mr. John McKergow, of Montreal. He illustrated by word and limelight views the habits of that engaging little republican, the Ant.

The Rev. J. L. Gilmour was next on our lecture platform, and though he came to hammer "Nails" into us, this being the title of his address, the operation proved to be so delightful to the hearers, that we would gladly have submitted to feeling the points of several other "Nails." The wilful crooked-nail, the systematic screw-nail, the strong, sturdy spike, the tenacious wrought nail, the handicapped broken nail, each illustrating the characters of different types of men, were driven home with the stroke of a master-builder.

Now we look forward to hearing Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, B.A., McMaster, '94, who will lecture to us on Shakespeare. He comes Friday, the 15th, and as his lecture has met with great success before many audiences in Montreal, we are sure that a rare treat awaits us.

Our Convocation Hall was the scene of an enjoyable event on Tuesday evening, the 16th of December. It was the occasion of the annual musicale given by the pupils of Mr. Arthur Massé. Plants and flowers graced the platform, the abundance of light touched the scene with brilliancy and the pretty gowns of those present lent a pleasing feature. The programme consisted of compositions by American composers and was well selected. Many of the pupils displayed marked talent, and one and all rendered their parts with accuracy and taste. The vocal selections were remarkable by the clearness of articulation, purity of tone and sympathetic expression. At the close of the programme a social hour was spent which was no less enjoyable than the first part of the evening. For this meant that barriers and restrictions relating to communication between the two wings, were set aside and all were free to look into one another's faces with no fear of reprimand and hold sweet or chatty discourse as circumstances and acquaintance prompted. The hour alas, was fled too soon and when the good night was said it was with a feeling of regret and a wish that such pleasant and profitable occurrences might be more frequent.

Our football season has passed with about the same results as last year. We have players from Quebec, Ontario, the Maritime Provinces and the United States. It takes time, practice and patience to have these players all conform to one set of rules. The hockey outlook is not as bright as might be desired. Four men of last year's team have not returned this year. As we have about fifty boys who profess to be able to play the game, there is no doubt but that we will be able to find seven who will uphold our past record. Each year we play three matches with the graduates of the Institute, most of them Montrealers. As yet we have never been defeated on our own ice.

Here and There.

Editor: W. C. Pearce, '04.

We have received the following exchanges this month :— "The Hya Yaka," "The Sibyl," "The Advance," "McGill Outlook," "The Varsity," "The Newtonian," "Montreal Monthly," "The Acadia Athenæum," "The Columbia Literary Monthly," "The Athenæum," "The Ottawa Campus," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Queen's University Journal," "Presbyterian College Journal," "Vox Collegü," "The Monthly Maroon," "The Southwestern Theological Review," "The Kenyon Collegian," "The College Review," "The Prince of Wales College Observer," "The Manitoba College Journal," "Vox Wesleyana," "Brandon College Monthly," "The University Monthly," "Ontario Normal College Monthly," "The Educational Monthly," "The Philomathean Monthly," "The Mercerian."

Some time in December last a bill passed the Territorial Legislature providing for the establishing of a Provincial University as soon as the Territories receive autonomy and are incorporated into a province. When one thinks of the possibilities of the West, of the empire of young Canadians which is being built up between Winnipeg and the Rockies, it is safe to assert that this step will please all friends of higher education.

Professor (in Biology)—"No, there will be no vivi-section this term." Bright Student—"Di(e)-section is more humane, is it not?"

The Notre Dame Scholastic, *The O. A. C. Review* and *Acta Victoriana* are in a class by themselves since their December issues were distinctly Christmas numbers. The beautiful photographs in *Acta Victoriana* deserve special mention. They give tone and finish to a very acceptable number. In its book reviews it notices the following gem from the pen of Chas. J. D. Roberts :—

THE AIM.

O Thou who lovest not alone
  The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
  The failures of the inconstant soul,

Consider not my little worth,—
  The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve, and low result,
  The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire,
  Let this be something in Thy sight :
I have not, in the slothful dark,
  Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
  To earth's low ease will yield consent.
I praise Thee for my will to strive,
  I bless Thy goad of discontent.

When reporting an address can a magazine give the tone of the voice or the spirit with which any utterance is given? And when the speaker has a personality peculiarly his own, and the report of his address is *abridged*, must not the negative of the above query be given with a greater emphasis? Again, *is* it the custom of a journal to comment upon what it reports? Queen's University *Journal* for December complains that we quote *without comment*, "Men should be told that if they want to go to the devil the Eternal Majesty on high can get along without them," from an address given in our chapel by the Rev. C. A. Eaton, of Cleveland, O. We regret that it is necessary to comment upon this sentence before our exchange can understand it. We supposed the "setting" was all the comment needed, and that the name of the speaker was a sufficient guarantee that it was uttered in no mean or censorious spirit.

We congratulate the friends at Brandon College on their advance movement. It gives us pleasure to welcome the *Monthly* instead of the *Quarterly*. Evidently Browning's word, "Progress is the law of life," is the watchword at Brandon. May the shadow of our western exchange never grow less.

An Important Omission.—In a sham fight which was held in connection with a volunteer camp lately the invading force was led by an officer whose hand was better suited to the plough than to the sword. They were marching down a road, and on turning a sharp corner they came across the enemy lying but a short distance from them. "Charge!" commanded the officer. Away went his men at full speed, but when they had covered about half the distance to the enemy they heard their officer shout :—"Come back, come back the hale pack o' ye ; come back to where ye started from and start over again. I've forgotten to order ye to fix bayonets."—*Ex.*

First Boarder—Don't you think our landlady keeps a good table? Second Ditto—If she does she keeps it to herself.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Dr. Bailey (looking at thermometer)—Humm! I don't like your temperature. Sick Student—Then why did you take it?—*Harvard Lampoon..*

REFLECTIONS.

Tell me not in high-flown language
  College life is all a snap!
For just when you want to slumber,
  Study breaks your peaceful nap.

Football is the real issue ;
  And when thou hast kicked a goal
Dust thou art—at least appeareth,
  Dust—or mud from head to sole.

Not enjoyment and not pleasure
  Is our destined lot or way ;
For the record of the class book
  Finds us worse off every day.

Lives of freshmen all remind us
  Things are green when in their prime,
All they lack is growth and culture,
  They'll come out all right some time.

—*The Collegian.*

Friend—In what course does your son expect to graduate? Father—In the course of time, by the looks of things.—*Ex.*

Professor (making a brief digest of "Am toten see")—"The doctor intended to commit suicide, but fell in with a badly injured boy—nursed him back to life and finally married his mother," (and then drily)—"I suppose that was better than committing suicide."

A LEARNED clergyman was thus accosted by an illiterate preacher who despised education :—"Sir, you have been to college I presume ?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," said the former, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," retorted the clergyman, "happened in Balaam's time."—*Ex.*

MARK TWAIN'S WAY.—The *Booklover* recalls an anecdote of careless omission and characteristic amends on the part of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe were neighbors for many years, and he was in the habit of making frequent informal calls at her house. On returning one morning his wife exclaimed reproachfully, "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowe's again without a necktie. It is really too bad!" He accepted the rebuke in silence and retired to his room. Shortly afterward a messenger carried to Mrs. Stowe a neat parcel and a note. The package contained a black silk necktie, and the note was as follows : "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have.—Mark Twain."

LAST week one of the married students was heard murmuring softly to himself. This is how it sounded at a distance :

My wife is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
If off the handle sure to fly.—Ex.

"O, pity me," sobbed the boarding house coffee as it sank into the saucer, "I am so weak, so weak." "Lean on me," said the butter, "you know I am strong." "Courage, children," said the hash, "remember I am with you always."

The Wesleyan girls say,
As at Vespers they pray ;
"Help us good maids to be ;
Give us patience to wait
Till some subsequent date :
World without men,—ah, me !"—*Ex.*

"HARK! the wild winds are crying!" wrote the autumn poet. "And the soothing syrup is out," added his wife.—*Ex.*

THE late Dr. Joseph Parker was once arguing with a man on the problem of continued existence, and at the door the friend declared finally :—"The fact is, I am an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that !" exclaimed the doctor, and banged the door.—*Ex.*

A Free Translation.—Bishop Magee, of Peterborough, afterwards Archbishop of York, was beyond all question the most powerful and eloquent preacher in the Church of England during the nineteenth century. He was a mighty orator who thrilled his audience with the most powerful emotions. Probably no such speech, unless perhaps Sheridan's famous Begum speech, was ever heard in the English Parliament, as Magee's speech against the disestablishment of the Irish Church. It is said that it actually changed votes—a most unusual thing. No one heard it, friend or foe, without being moved. A good story is told in this connection, which might illustrate some point in literary translation, as well as suggest something of the power of the Bishop's oratory. The Bishop contended strongly against the Disestablishment Bill, and his closing words were to this effect: "My Lords, I feel that I should imperil the salvation of my immortal soul if I were to vote for this iniquitous measure." Sir Robert Anstruther was so powerfully impressed by Magee's speech that his emotion was evident as he came from the House. "What did the Bishop say, Sir Robert?" "Say?" replied Sir Robert, stammering more than usual, "Say? He said he'd be d-damned if he'd vote for the Bill."—*Rev. Dr. Clark in The Westminster.*

There is the meter iambic, the meter trochaic,
The meter dactylic, asclepiadeic,
The meter that's tender in tone;
By the meter that's neater, completer and sweeter,
Is meet her by moonlight alone.—*Ex.*

IN THE WINTER WOODS.

Grand old winter forests, standing
Naked on your bed of snow,
Wide your knotted arms expanding
To the biting winds that blow,
Naught ye heed of storm or stress,
Stubborn, silent, passionless.

Buried is each woodland treasure,
Gone the leaves and mossy rills,
Gone the birds that filled with pleasure
All the valleys and the hills;
Ye alone of all that host,
Stand like soldiers at your post.

Grand old trees, the words ye mutter,
Nodding in the frosty wind,
Wake some thoughts I cannot utter,
But which stir within the mind,
With a meaning strange and deep,
As of visions seen in sleep.

Something in my inmost thinking,
  Tells me I am one with you,
For a subtle bond is linking
  Nature's offspring through and through,
And the spirit wakes in me
Of your dauntless bravery.

While I linger here and listen
  To the creaking boughs above,
Hung with icicles that glisten
  As if kindling into love,
Human heart and soul unite,
With your majesty and might.

Horizontal, rich with glory,
  Through the boughs the red sun's rays,
Clothe you as some grand life-story
  Robes an aged man with praise,
When, before his setting sun,
Men recount what he has done.

But the light is swiftly fading
  And the wind is icy cold,
And a mist the moon is shading,
  Pallid in the western gold,
In the night-winds still ye nod,
Sentinels of Nature's God.

Now with hurried steps returning
  To the world from whence I came,
Leave I all the great west burning
  With the day that died in flame,
And the stars, with silver ray,
Light me on my homeward way.

Brothers, let the poet bring you,
  Fitted to a simple rhyme,
Something which the forests sing you,
  Through the snow in winter time;
This the burden writ at length:
Calm endurance, silent strength.

—*Frederick George Scott, in the Mitre.*

THERE was a crowd, and there were three—the girl, the parlor lamp and he; two is a company and no doubt, that's why the parlor lamp went out.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1904.

NOTES ON ENGLISH PSALMODY AND HYMNODY.*

The great event of the sixteenth century was the Reformation, marked by the revulsion from the Roman Catholic church, its theology and its services. One notable change wrought was in the matter of church song. The Bible, translated into the language of the people, was a text book of Protestantism, and for the praise of the Reformed churches recourse was naturally had to the Book of Psalms, the psalter of the Old Testament and the New.

Three distinct characteristic features of change mark the difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant worship from the outset. (1) The Psalms of David were used instead of monkish canticles of the Middle Ages ; (2) instead of chant and song by a select choir of singers, highly trained, all the people were asked to join in singing ; and (3) as a consequence, it was necessary to displace the unknown language, Latin, used in Roman Catholic worship, by the English vernacular.

This great and lasting change, affecting us to the present day, *i.e.*, the congregational singing of English metrical psalms, was introduced upon the return of the exiled Reformers from Switzerland. They had fled from the persecuting priests and zealots of Queen Mary's time and had come under the influence of John Calvin. He (unlike Martin Luther, who used hymns rather than psalms in singing praise to God) insisted upon the exclusive use of the metrical psalms, and through Calvin came to England this fashion of worship, wherein the Psalms in metre and in the native tongue were sung by all the congregation, men and women, boys and girls. This practice, wisely designed to interest all and

* Part of an address delivered at the Bloor St. Baptist Church.

to unite all in one common, active worship, took root at once and became firmly fixed in the national religious life of all Protestant lands, so much so that "Psalm-singer" and "Protestant" became synonymous terms.

The Reformation was a popular movement, a great stirring of the people, and so it called forth a manner of song which the people could understand and were able to sing. Hence the Psalms, turned into metre for singing, prevailed over the chanting of the Psalms in prose as usually translated, and this because of the difficulty experienced in chanting, as to how many syllables are to be embraced in the one reciting note, whereas in metre each syllable has its corresponding note in the music. Though trained choirs may succeed in chanting harmoniously the praise of God in the very words of English Scripture, yet the ordinary congregation fails to take it up enthusiastically, but reserve their energy and devotion for some well-known tune which has become identified with equally well-known words.

The first book to meet this early need of metrical song was a version of the Psalms in metre by Sternhold and Hopkins, which appeared in the middle of the sixteenth century, and was authorized for use in the English Church in 1562. This "old version" is venerable in its history and associations, and happily we retain a link of connection with it in the very first hymn of the Baptist Church Hymnal—"The Old Hundredth" as it is familiarly called, with reference to the tune as well as the words, "All people that on earth do dwell."

The Psalms in metre are, therefore, distinctively Protestant in origin, and their use in public worship exemplifies the Protestant principle of allowing everyone to understand and to participate in the worship of God.

Not only were they employed in the contest with Rome, but another object of the writers was to drive out the profane and ribald ballad songs which were in popular use and so enable the Reformed people to comply with the Apostolic injunction, "If any be merry, let him sing psalms." Hence the versifiers made much use of the well-known ballad-measure—that used in "Chevy Chace" and the "Battle of Otterbourne" and "Sir Patrick Spens," for example, that being the notation which appears in our hymn books as "Common Metre," (C.M.)—the verses of four

lines, the first and third of eight syllables and the second and fourth of six (8 : 6 : 8 : 6), called common metre because that was the measure most commonly used in the ballad-songs of the people. It was Isaac Watts, I think, who, when he added a syllable to the common metre, called it L.M. (long metre), and when he took away a syllable called it S.M. (short metre).

The metrical Psalms remained for many generations the sacred song-book of the English churches and people. Sternhold and Hopkins' version (containing about forty tunes) continued in use in the Anglican churches for over two hundred and thirty-five years, and went through three hundred and fifty editions. A new version by Tate and Brady was licensed by King William in 1696, but the lovers of the old book called it a perversion, and its intrinsic merits were not such as to promote its reception into general use, although it did by degrees supersede the old version and became the Anglican book of praise down till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when hymns began to be used in the Established Church of England.

Among the English Nonconformists the old version of Sternhold and Hopkins held its ground till it was supplanted by the Psalms of Dr. Watts in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In Scotland metrical psalmody as embodied in the Scottish version used in the Presbyterian Church, kept its hold and continued in exclusive use down till 1850, when hymns began to be used in public worship.

During the period when psalmody was supreme, the metrical Psalms were regarded with reverence, in some cases almost with superstition, as the inspired Scripture shaped into verse for convenience in singing, and any attempt at innovation was resented. There was a resolute prejudice against the use in public worship of what were called "human composures," nor were the tunes suitable for calling forth the genius of sacred song.

There are historical causes for the slow development of hymnody among the English people. Following the Reformation period came a weary time of unrest and transition and persecution, not only between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, but latterly among the Protestants *inter se*. Protestantism with its emancipation of thought and its freedom of religious action soon developed division into Anglicanism and Puritanism, which ended

in the separation of Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists from the Established Church. England was divided against herself in the matter of religion, and no peace was in sight till came the ousting of the Stuart family and the passing of the Act of Toleration by William and Mary in 1689. Till the close of the seventeenth century, therefore, there was little time or taste for cultivation of sacred poetry. One of the earliest events connected with the life of Isaac Watts, the leader of English hymnody, was that of his being nursed by his mother at the door of a jail in which his father was incarcerated on account of his religious convictions.

During the Psalm-singing period proper, say from the middle of the sixteenth century, for one hundred and fifty years, down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the common practice was to use metrical versions or paraphrases of the Old Testament Psalms in public worship. But there were exceptions which have a special interest for the modern Baptist. Out of Puritanism was evolved Separatism, when the Nonconformists left the Church of England. Then out of the Separatists came the various forms of Dissenters—Presbyterians, Congregationalists or Independents, Baptists, and Quakers. The Quakers are now the only songless church, but at one time the Baptists were in that plight. The early Baptists were Protestant against the usages of other Protestants in regard to church song. This protest was based, first, on their fear of falling into formalism (that is, an adherence to forms, which had characterized the Roman Catholic worship), and, next, on the determination to make a visible and palpable distinction between the "Church" and the "world." They objected, therefore, to singing by an ordinary mixed congregation, which was termed "promiscuous singing," and they also objected to singing out of a book, which was called formal worship and accounted idolatrous, though the book was the Bible. Their belief was that singing and prayer were alike parts of spiritual worship, which might be extemporized by any member singing, as it were, a solo or spiritual lay of his composition in the exercise of his gifts, according to the teaching in Corinthians. The logical and necessary outcome of this position was not only to stop promiscuous singing, but also singing by all the members, which was called "conjoint singing." Congregational

singing became impracticable and impossible, and as to any other singing few individuals were gifted enough to extemporize both words and music. These difficult conditions were reinforced by the growth of persecution against Nonconformists who frequented conventicles, and attempts at general song were restrained lest the sound should disclose to spies and officers of the law the whereabout of the worshippers.

Baptists owe a debt of gratitude to Benjamin Keach—an almost forgotten Baptist worthy—who was the outstanding and indefatigable leader in the movement for the restoration and expansion of singing in the church. He was a man of weak constitution but of indomitable courage—in his way and time a sort of Roger Williams, in being "conscientiously contentious," who figured much in old-time disputes that have greatly lost interest for us, though all were of very serious moment in those days, at the beginning of political and religious liberty. Hence we find Keach taking foremost part in various controversies respecting the laying-on of hands with prayer on baptized believers, or their admission to the church (which he upheld); as to the propriety of granting ministers some compensation for their work and relieving them of secular employment (which he supported); as to the abrogation of the seventh-day Sabbath (which he favored); and as to singing the praises of God in public worship, which began in 1691. The church where Keach ministered may be taken as a sample of the way in which slow and cautious progress was made in the re-establishment of song in the Baptist denomination.

One of Keach's books is called "The Breach Repaired," and in the epistle dedicatory is found an interesting chronological and historical note. It says: "Hath not the church sung at the breaking of bread always for sixteen or eighteen years past? Nor could omit it in the time of the late persecution." "No doubt" (as the Baptist historian, Ivimey, comments) "but their singing the praises of God had often been the scent to attract their persecutors; and as their Lord went from the Supper to the Garden and thence to the Cross, so they had often left the Lord's Table to appear at the magistrate's bar, and from thence to prison."

Keach first gained the consent of his congregation to sing

one hymn after the Lord's Supper (following the example of Jesus). When they had continued for six years he induced them further to sing a hymn on public thanksgiving days. Thirteen years after the first introduction of singing the church resolved to sing after the sermon on each Lord's Day.

Keach was in the field of hymnody before Watts, and it is noteworthy that the origin of hymn writing among the Baptists derives from the Lord's Supper. Keach's hymns were written, many of them, with that intent, and so in the case of Joseph Stennet (1663-1713), the earliest Baptist hymn writer, whose hymns are still in use. He also preceded Watts, and fifty of his hymns to be used at the commemoration of the Lord's Supper were published in 1697. His best and widest-known hymn is one for the Sabbath, and is the only one given in the Baptist Church Hymnal, No. 576, "Another six days' work is done."

The first Baptist hymn book was made up of some three hundred hymns of Keach's own composition, published in 1691, and called "Spiritual Melody," all of which have disappeared from modern use. Keach's opponents averred that his zeal in the cause was in order that he might hear his own hymns sung; but the better opinion is that they were written to supply a real want in church service. "His was the first Baptist church," says Crosby, the Baptist historian, and son-in-law of Keach, "that practised this holy ordinance of congregational singing."

The manifold opposition raised and the different points gravely debated are of curious interest to us who live at a time when congregational singing at every service on the Lord's Day is one of the most attractive and inspiring parts of the worship. Keach's church began singing after the Lord's Supper in 1694, and in 1698 was published a book by Grantham, the *messenger* of the general Baptist churches, a representative leader who set forth a sheaf of reasons against "musical singing with a multitude of voices in rhyme and metre." For example: (1) Psalms and hymns are to be sung only by such as God has fitted thereto by the help of His Spirit; (2) by congregational singing instruction is prevented, for when all speak none can hear; (3) singing other men's words opens a gap for forms of prayer; (4) once permit singing by art of pleasant tunes and you will bring music and even instruments back again into public service, and then farewell

to all solemnity. In brief, Grantham's claim was that there should be liberty and opportunity to celebrate the high praises of God in song *one by one* in the churches of God, in order that he that hath a psalm may become a useful minister in the house of God.

Other, after denouncing "conjoint singing" as a "carnal formality," argued in the most diverse way: (1) That no human prescribed form of singing with the voice could be accepted of God; (2) that spiritual singing was simply heart-joy, not connected with the voice; (3) that singing is comprehended in prayer, and that they sing when in prayer they give themselves to God; (4) and again, that one may be the mouthpiece of the rest in song as in prayer, and that the singing of one was the same as the singing of the whole; (5) and still further, that singing was in the nature of teaching, and that women ought not, therefore, to sing in church because they were forbidden to speak.

Keach answered these conflicting objections in much the same way as we should answer them, and as to singing generally, he argued that the unconverted might join in the praise if they would. Unbelievers, he said, joining with the church in song is one thing, the church joining with unbelievers is another. It is a duty to be done. Let every man do his duty conscientiously. He may afterwards come to do it spiritually.

The field of controversy extended to the use of metrical psalms. These, the objectors said, were for the use of the Jews in the Temple service; and, anyway, that in the Scripture the Psalms are not in metre, but words being added in English versification to make them fit to sing—that was but human and formal. Keach answered that Hebrew and Greek are the words of Scripture, and that prose and verse are all one if the same truth be contained in the verse as in the prose. And he referred to the usages of other churches to strengthen his position. "Have not our brethren," he says, "of the Independent and Presbyterian persuasion used the practice for a long time?"

Keach struggled to suppress the unseemly separation in the churches growing out of divided opinion as to singing. Singing, he said, is not to be regarded as essential to communion, it is not for the being but for the comfort and well-being of the Church. We do not say that our dissatisfied brethren shall sing with us or

we will have no fellowship with them ; we have told our brethren (since we sing not till after our last prayer) if they cannot sing with us, nay, nor stay within the church whilst we do sing, they may go forth and we will not be offended. And, he proceeds to add with dignity and a noble glow of foresight, if our people are one of the first churches of our persuasion famed in the practice of the sacred ordinance, I am satisfied it will be to their great honor, not to their reproach, and not only in succeeding ages but in the day of Jesus Christ.

After his patient and persevering advocacy of church song Keach triumphed at last. The people who came late to avoid the first hymn, and the people who went out early to escape the last one, and the people who stayed in but kept their seats and, alas ! clapped their hats on during the singing, became at length reconciled to the change, and abandoning their protests they were content, if not to sing, at least to keep still and take part as silent members. Richard Baxter, as a bystander, perhaps happily summed up the common-sense view in these words : "As it is lawful to have the comfortable use of spectacles in reading the Bible, so it is of singing and music to exhilarate the soul toward God."

J. A. Boyd.

(*To be concluded.*)

PEACE.

It chanced I strayed far in the woody grove
As Autumn's purple glory reached its height
And Summer's blithesome cheer had taken flight.
In tired restlessness my spirit strove
Within me, and I sought the lonesome shade
Where oft uneasy souls have hid despair
In leafy graves, and freed from sluggish care,
Returned to serve, to pity and to aid.

Oh, welcome sight ! A lonely little stream,
Stealing so softly sings its soothing song,
Forgetful of the surging, struggling throng,
Whose happiness is but an idle dream.
Listen ! The silv'ry music of the rill
In mystic sweetness whispers, "Peace, be still."

A. S. Woodburne, '06.

THE WAY OF THE WILD.

(FIRST PRIZE.)

The task was difficult. A sleek inspector of land grants and timber limits in company with a city-bred editor had telegraphed their arrival on the evening train. In the early hours of the next day they desired to be shown the primeval beauties of the wilderness. The vision was to be rose-colored.

They were to be provided with non-leakable, cushion-padded seats in canoes that would not rock ; which, if need be, would bear two hundred pounds of panting, frightened humanity lying along the gunwale without showing the slightest inclination to upset. Lunch was to be provided by the chef of the nearest summer hotel, all save the fish, which was the main object of the trip.

Piscatorial wealth in vast quantities was desired above everything. There *must* be fish, battalions of fish, from five to twenty-five pounds, filled with the keenest desire to be caught. If by any mishap the fish should fail, the fat, complacent land official, whose excellent and wordy description of the glorious fertility of the north contrasted somewhat strangely with its rock-rimmed, moss-covered exterior, would be sadly and poignantly disappointed, and our fair Eden would most assuredly be slated by the editor of the big city daily, and later on mercilessly slain by the eastern magazines.

All of this was duly impressed upon me by our little town editor. Why he had chosen me to accomplish the impossible still remains a mystery. He evidently believed in me with a great and wholesome belief. The chief reason of his confidence was my entire and beneficent influence over a silent, dark-browed, evil-featured Indian known as Black Wali, who was familiar with every inch of the waters from the rising of the Big East to the limits of civilization.

That night I betook myself to a bar low in the social scale, frequented by thirsty lumbermen, river-drivers, French half-breeds, and dare-devils of all trades who can only find play for their emotions far beyond the confines of law and order. There I found

Black Wali uproariously drunk, singing some sentimental love song and swaying about the room in time to a cracked banjo hammered by a dark-eyed Frenchman.

To see a full-blooded Indian, of taciturn nature, who claims direct descent from the ancient Iroquois, childishly drunk and cooing some foolish Irish ditty, was a sight sufficiently humiliating and disgusting. I drew him from the room, and propping him up against the wall spoke emphatically and in primitive words of my desire. "I want, above all things, fish." He nodded his head with the half-tipsy gravity of a man far gone in drink. I spoke slowly of vast reward in the shape of the latest Peterborough model, which he had long coveted ; of good tobacco, fine cut and of known strength, ending with the promise of unlimited brew and the delights of my very exclusive society.

He had never failed me, and I left hopeful for the morning. The autumn day broke as the usual days in the North break, wrapped in mist, leaden, sombre, with the cold wind that always comes before dawn, whistling among the dead leaves until its united sound is like the pounding of far-off surf on a quiet day. With the full light the mists were swept away, save those that hung over the water. The woods stood out like splashes of crimson, garnet and gold. Black Wali hailed me from the mist. Presently his canoe shot forth almost at my feet. He had not passed a good night ; hollow-eyed, sour, and in a villainous bad temper, the debauch of the past night lay heavy upon him. When an Indian has "gone bad," it is best to be silent and leave him to meditation.

Our guests arrived from the hotel with tackle enough to kill the fish for miles around. They knew all about fishing and canoes, yet they desired particular information about a collapsable rod and the use of the spoon on the troll. The sixteen-foot birch bark caused much sceptical comment until Black Wali had given them an ocular proof of its safety.

The first to enter the canoe was the dyspeptic editor, who stepped in as you might step into a cab. I looked at Black Wali. An unholy light gleamed from the half-shut eyes which boded ill for the men "from the front." The fat government man entered in much the same manner, except that he mistook the thwart for a seat and sat heavily upon it with his knees up. I was about to

warn him when the Indian suddenly loosed his hold on the stern and the canoe quietly and gently slipped from beneath both men, leaving them struggling in the water.

Black Wali looked at me with dense solemnity ; not a muscle quivered on the solemn face of the Indian. Levity is not to be found in the make-up of the red man.

" Does the fat fool think that a raft of hemlock ? " he asked with cutting sarcasm.

The fat man rose puffing like a porpoise, considerably agitated. The editor had found bottom farther down and looked at us reproachfully. With the assistance of pike-poles we landed our men, and I made long and elaborate apologies ; but they would have none of it. The fat man, in a highly decorative tongue, addressed me with words not found in the Revised Edition ; the editor spoke nervously of being wet and expatiated upon a lake of fire reserved for the unholy. Then two very wet men found their way back to the hotel.

" Black Wali," I said, motioning him into the canoe, " thus endeth the second reading. It will not be wholesome for us to be in town to-day ; we will live on the water. We have managed badly, done injustice, ruined our land, and made things unpleasant."

" Oh, wise one," he said, with gorgeous simplicity, " the land is ours, the waters also ; we want no others."

The day had begun disastrously, but as we swung down the river, past the half-burnt mountain, the marvellous beauty of the new day soothed me even to forgetfulness. The whole clear landscape lay laughing under the morning sun. The fathomless blue, the fleecy, snow-drifted clouds, the mountains and trees were mirrored faultlessly in the dark water, even to the veins of a leaf.

As we came out of the river's mouth the canoe rose to the beat of the open water. I felt the spring beneath me and looked back at my silent companion. The drink had not yet died out of his veins. His lips were flushed, his eyes restless ; the muscles knotted and swollen on his great arms as they bent the paddle almost to breaking. He was finding solace in the heat and glow of toil. I turned to my task. We were in the open lake. The foam-capped waves, running like ravenous dogs, came upon us only to break away harmlessly on either side. The sun chased the long shadows across the lake and up over the red woods.

With the shadows your muscles were iron ; the land was cold, and life was strong. With light came gayety, warmth, rich silence, joy superlative. The loon, storm-lover, sent his long-drawn, maniac shriek across the waters. The air, spiced with pine and hemlock, was as iced nectar of the gods. The day was a day of many days. Life with its perfect simplicity lay before one in exquisite miniature, with faint visions of past childhood days, maturer life, the dim future, all in grand, comforting perspective. It was good ! Thunderingly good ! Near the heart of nature with the solution of things in one's own hands. Such a day does not come often to a man lest he think himself a god and so refuse to die.

Hour after hour we paddled on in unbroken silence. Late in the afternoon, as Black Wali built a fire, I whipped the waters of a dark pool. Then we ate as only men can who have spent nine fasting hours at the paddle. After lunch, rug-wrapped, I lay in the rich, warm, sleepy stillness of the late autumnal afternoon.

If a man is wise with the wisdom of the open he will pull gratefully at his pipe and drink deeper bliss. Thus only can he slip into the luxury of childlike unconsciousness and see strange things—astonishing visions not told in the language of life. A woman may come, the only woman for him, and with eyes full of mystery and a voice like the music of waters, she will beckon him to follow, and perforce because he is a man he obeys. She will fly before him, her hair streaming with the speed of her flight, like the wind over hills and through deep valleys. As he toils after, his eyes dance with fire, and now and then she laughs a full-lipped laugh and the melody is sweet to his ears. A burnished sea lies before them. She stops ; she is waiting ; he feels her breath ; he has her, but, alas ! consciousness has swallowed her up and there is only the wind and the glint of the light on the waves.

The sun was far set when I found Black Wali, sunk in the deepest repose of tobacco, staring vacantly at the water. I kicked him gently and pointed to the sun. He rose mournfully with a slight protest and took the stern seat. I settled comfortably facing him. For many moments nothing was heard but the long-drawn swish of the paddle as it rose and fell in monotonous rhythm. At last Wali broke the silence.

"Oh, wise one, son of the weary race, we have spoken ere

this with naked hearts and our hands have dipped in the same dish ; hast thou ever loved ? "——" What ! No ? Good ! Thy white god hath blessed thee above men. Thy heart is not like the camp fire at dead of night where affection hath burnt itself out."

I looked curiously at the bronze face in the waning light. It seemed softened unto sadness.

"It is good, when the heart is too heavy for endurance, to ease it by speech." I spake as to a child. He continued :

"Whence is my sorrow ? Does a man tear out his heart and make dough of it in small cakes over a slow fire for aught other than a woman ? Laugh not friend of mine for thy time is yet to be. Listen ! Into whose heart love enters there is naught else but evil. Nay, but I loved her, and I was young. She came from beyond the gates of the prairies. I saw her in her father's wigwam among the hunting grounds of the north. A glance of her eye would have blinded thee, wise one. Her eye was black ; her hair and eyebrows black as leeches. Her mouth was tiny with its portals of blood red. Her hands were tiny, which to touch was a gift of Manitou. Her feet were tiny and have trampled on the bared hearts of many men. Oh, wise one, Myona was Myona, and when thou hast said that thou has come to the beginnings of knowledge.

"A great and joyous belief told me that I had found a woman, and I forthwith worshipped. Those days were good, too good for the lasting. After the hunt I would early forsake the council-fires and in the dark look for my loved one. At the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand the fever burned the fiercer. With each seeing, deeper and deeper the madness grew. I swore that she was mine—mine, friend, and no other's."

He paused, the great chest rose and fell. The pull of the paddle was tense and vicious. This was a new side to my friend's character hitherto unknown to me. In silence I marvelled at the depth of feeling, the dignity and simplicity of this rude child of the forest.

"Oh, friend," he continued, "the gods of love are stern. The arrows they use are poison-tipped and tear in the drawing ; as the poison spreads the venom of hell spreads also.

"There was a lover among her people but of that her father

spoke naught. For him my prayers are curses. At the end of a month in an evil hour I left her alone. In twelve days I returned at the falling of the day and at the door of my tent I heard a buck's voice singing, and she sang too. The song was of love. Oh, friend, it was beyond pity. My heart turned to flint and the Evil One was with me. I crept up the hill road with my knife drawn. A stone slipped and he looked up. He moved not; with a laugh he said: 'Oh, strike, dog of night, thou canst not break our love, strike!' and being blinded with fury I struck and struck again. He fell; his evil, smiling face looked up in the pale moonlight.

"The rage of my people came upon me and I turned to the woman, but she had fled from my anger. In those hours, brother and friend of my heart, the stars were as blood above me and in my mouth a taste of dry dust. I followed her down the river trail as a hound follows when the blood of a wounded roe is in the wind. She leaped from cliff to cliff, sprang into a canoe and fled far out on the water before me. I swore she should not escape me. Mine, mine she was even in death—if not, her mongrel tribe would die and the land be filled with blood.

"I followed close behind her all that day. Thou hast seen a wolf play with the hare, the rabbit. Thus I played with her, ah, so tenderly! through that never ending day. Called her dear one. Told her of my great affection that would take her thus and *thus* and crush her in the great bear's hug of death. But she laughed, mocking. Told me of her perfect hatred, of her chief and tribe and people.

"Then at night as the great sheets of flame fell upon the painted river and she heard the rapids whisper with the roaring of the falls, swifter did she ply the paddle and laughed gaily. Then a great fear fell upon me lest the river yet might rob me. As a knife my paddle tore the waters up in foam, and my breath was hot and dry as the breath of burning forests.

"Swiftly, swiftly was she drawn from me. Seeing this she laughed more gaily. Then with eyes dark rimmed and gleaming, up she stood and sang the death song of her people. On the brink she smiled and cried: 'I am coming, ah, beloved,' to her devil of a lover, then was gone. Three days later, ah, my friend, —days that were as years in passing, on the yellow sands I found her with her smiling face upturned.

"Dost thou speak to me of love? It's a torture-stake unending where the flames leaping ever scorch but do not kill. Love? A dog's love for a woman's. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

He had stopped. In the silence, so intense it seemed to take tongue and speak, the hollow, mirthless laughter echoed far out over the water and down through the pathless forest. Again and again that wild laugh rang out. The night grew cold. I gathered my rug about me and watched the play of the face before me in the pale moonlight. The mirth had ended. The stoical calm, the dignity of chiselled stone was his. I had seen the Sphinx of old Egypt with the calm of centuries resting upon its face. Such was the calm of my friend, the dignity of a great nation that had taken on not the strength of civilization, but the power of rushing streams and endless forests, the might of sleeping hills and running seas.

We passed the naked mountains. In the dim outline of the moonlight they stood, blackened and stripped, bearing the heavy odor of burnt life. I looked at the face of my friend, drawn, scarred, yet strong. This, thought I—this is The Way of the Wild.

Raplh G. Hartley, '05.

WHEN I WAS SIX.

(SECOND PRIZE.)

A boy in knickerbockers was I—a small one; indeed my sixth birthday had only just been left behind. Exactly how long ago it was I would rather not confess; yet the occurrences I am about to relate are as vivid in my recollection as if they had happened only yesterday. It does seem that some of the memories of childhood—just one here and there—never fade, no matter how old one gets.

It was white winter. I had been playing all the morning in the snow, shouting and rollicking like a true boy, "bobbing" down the hills, then trudging up again, only to "bob" down once more. All too soon dinner-time had come round, and with my little scarlet-colored sled trailing behind me I was making for

home, when a man stopped me. I remember he was very big, and very much muffled up in a huge coon-skin coat.

"Sonny, just run over and post these letters for me ; there's a good boy."

With this the stranger explained how to get the stamps that were necessary, and in another minute I was obligingly racing for the post-office. The stamps bought, I found I had a penny over, and like the honest boy that I was I hurried back with it. However, on reaching the place where this big stranger had met me, I was surprised to discover that he was nowhere to be seen. I dared not wait longer then, but returned to the spot directly after dinner. But the man I sought did not re-appear. So at length I wandered off, the penny in my pocket.

Presently, as I went aimlessly along, as a child of six will do, the gay window of a candy store caught my eye. I peered in through the frosty glass. No doubt it was thick glass, but none the less the taste of those sweet confections got into my mouth and tickled my palate wondrously.

"If only!" sighed I, with all the feeling of a six-year-old under such circumstances. Whereupon some imp suggested to my innocent mind that in my pocket was a penny.

"No," I said, instantly and decidedly, "it's the man's."

But I did not go away from the window.

Right bravely my better self fought its battle in my little breast. The struggle went on for several minutes without result one way or the other, then I reached up my small hand to the door-latch (not to go in and buy ; not at all !) just to slip in and ask the woman how many you got for a penny, and come out again.

My enquiries answered, child though I was, I had a feeling that it might look cheap to go out without buying *something* ; and I had given the woman a great deal of trouble, too ; and besides —a big, big "besides" if one must be frank—the things did look so grand ! At anyrate I am ashamed to say that when I left the shop I was carrying a chocolate elephant !

The prize having been cautiously stowed away, deep down in my overcoat pocket, I recollect that I stole out of the store almost on tip-toe, and looked up the street and looked down the street ; then I began to run. However, to my surprise, none of the people

I met seemed to know anything about what I had done, so by the time home hove in sight I had again become quite calm and brave.

The attic at the top of our house had always been a place of delight. In the seclusion of this retreat, free from the irksome restraints that held sway nearer earth, I spent many a happy hour. Upstairs to this place I now hurried ; my purpose, of course, to make the acquaintance of that seductive chocolate elephant. I trembled a little as I took him out ; the paper crackled dreadfully loud I thought. However, the sight of the chocolate, brown and rich, at once made me forget all my fears, and, in an absurdly short space of time, the wonderful beast had become part of *me.*

But no sooner was the last mouthful "down" than my fears began to return. The more I thought about them the worse they became. The penny was gone. The elephant was gone. All that now remained was the awful consciousness that I had actually *stolen!* Little did my young and simple mind know what it had laid up in store for itself. Poor little soul! for more than a day and two nights, verily, I believe, I tasted the tortures of the damned.

The last bit of the elephant had gone the way of all candy not more than a minute or two when a loud, sharp knock sounded at our front door. My hair almost stood on end. A policeman! I *knew* it was. "The man" had sent him! But after all it turned out to be nothing more dreadful than "posty."

By tea-time I had worked myself up into a superfine state of nervous apprehension. My father was accustomed to read his paper at the tea-table—even though mother kept telling him it was bad for him. It happened that night that he read aloud about some man who had been sent to prison for stealing. The sentence was five years hard labor. When I heard that who shall tell my feelings? I could eat no more after *that.* Of course my mother noticed how poorly my tea went. She was convinced I had been eating something that had upset me, so I had to swallow a liberal dose of some horrible stuff out of a bottle, "to settle my stomach." Poor little sinner! what I needed was something to settle my conscience.

Very long, indeed, it was before I got to sleep that night, and when I did, could it be called sleep? Inexplicable sounds

filled my ears. Half-discerned figures moved across my terrified vision. "The man," distorted and swollen to ten times his normal size, pursued me until just at the moment I fell exhausted. The scene changed, and I found myself surrounded by a whole herd of elephants, with trunks high in the air, mouths wide open, and eyes like balls of fire. I was on the point of being trampled to death by these frightful monsters when the scene changed again, and a row of enormous policemen marched into my room and kept calling out with loud voices: "Five years!" "Five years!" "Hard labor!" "Five years!" My state of fear was quite beyond description, but appeals for mercy had not the slightest effect, and I was dragged to the brink of a beetling cliff to stare down into the sickening depths below. All my tormentors were present, assembled in awful array. And I, poor tiny creature! all alone, without a friend in the world, stood shivering in the icy wind on the brink of that precipice! Suddenly "the man," wrapped in great robes of fire, waved his two arms aloft like the conductor of some oratorio; the elephants lashed their tails furiously from side to side, and began to scream all together; one of the policemen stepped forward and seized me; with one tremendous push I was sent headlong over the edge of the cliff! Hundreds and hundreds of feet I fell, down, down, in empty space, each moment with increasing velocity. But just in time to save me I awoke, to behold the bright beams of the morning sun streaming in through the window curtains.

But, unfortunately, to *me*, these cheerful rays were nothing better than the signal for the tortures of daytime to begin. Every noise startled me. Every passer-by was an officer of the law, and not least among my sufferings was the medicine. Ugh! that medicine—which I had to swallow. So, poor little soul, I went through the day to begin another night like the last. Tossing and turning gave no relief. To bury my face in my pillow was vain. What was to be done? Where *could* I fly from my own wicked, wretched self? The breaking strain had come; had that tension been kept up, the poor little mind must have utterly given way.

But sweet mercy intervened with the bright sunbeams of that next morning. I was inspired with a new idea. It showed me the way out of all my troubles. Why ever hadn't I thought

of it before? I would *earn* a penny! Simple child, I had not the remotest notion how, but I was resolved to earn one and keep it until I could give it to "the man."

What creatures of an idea we may be! My darkness instantly turned to light. Hope rose again, fresh and new, in my young heart. And what a breakfast I ate! My good mother said, with a knowing look, "That's splendid medicine, that!" and I slipped out at the back door to go to look for work.

I called at several shops and asked very politely if they wanted me. Of course they smiled and said "No." Why all the people smiled I could not guess. It was very discouraging, but I persevered bravely till I could find no more shops to try; then my spirits fell to zero. Yet the worst was still to come. On turning a corner what should I see but an immense fur coat coming straight toward me. It was "the man!" I ran—no, I flew!

In a narrow lane I crouched, huddling close to a friendly wall. How small I was; yet how much smaller I wished to be. I was quite sure if "the man" ever found me he would instantly hand me over to the police, and my terror again grew really indescribable.

Suddenly I noticed, in the grass at my feet, something that shone in the sunshine. When I came to look closer, scarcely could I believe my eyes—it was a penny, bright and new!

Ramming this gift of the gods deep into my pocket, I made off as hard as my short legs could carry me, not to escape "the man" this time, but to find him. Puffing and panting, my cheeks glowing—not with shame now—I thrust the bright penny into his hand.

"Well, well," he said, "you are an honest boy. I meant you to have that penny for yourself. Anyhow, we'll go and spend it now."

Soon we entered the very selfsame store that had brought me all my troubles.

"What would you like?" he asked, looking down at me with kindly eyes. "Wouldn't you like one of those nice chocolate elephants?"

I shook my head very decidedly, and he looked a little puzzled that a boy should not care for chocolate elephants.

"Well, then, how will some 'bull's eyes' do?" he enquired.

I nodded assent—a trifle timidly, but quite eagerly—and we went out, the two of us, crunching "bull's eyes."

Frank S. Beddow, '06.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

To some the woods in winter present no other picture than a stretch of bleak landscape covered with the gaunt forms of the trees, erect and naked, and where no sound is heard save the melancholy moaning of the wind as it moves through the deserted branches. 'Tis true the redbreast has taken his flight southward, but his absence is atoned for by the white-winged snowbird, who rejoices in mantled field and frosty air. Others of our summer friends have forsaken us, but a number remain faithful, and, rejecting the temptation of an excursion to the balmy South, brave the inclemencies of a winter in the ice-bound North. In the trees there may be found the blue-jay, the grosbeak, the pheasant, the owl, the crow, and the woodpecker; and on a lower level, the field-mouse, the red squirrel, the weasel, the Yankee rabbit, and the fox.

To the lover of nature the woods in winter present an opportunity unparalleled for observing the habits of these denizens of the fields and forests, especially of the animals, when every morning there is revealed in the snow the excursions and depredations of the past night.

A heavy snowfall may cause these little creatures to remain indoors for a day or two, especially if the snow is moist and clings to the branches. Not until the wind has removed it to the ground do they delight to make marks upon it by skipping hither and thither. The field-mouse is usually the first to venture forth. A brave little fellow is he, and a severe storm it is that keeps him in the second day. He is eager to write his name on the new white coverlet. If the snow is dry and moderately deep the jumps will be united by the dragging of his wee feet, the whole track presenting the appearance of a chain with each link interclasped. When the snow has become hard and crusted his track becomes a beaten path with curves and tunnels like a miniature railroad, now on the level, then disappearing beneath the crust, then out into the daylight again, and bending around a root or a stone.

One morning, after a light fall of snow, I came upon a track less distinct than that usually made by this animal. Slight as

this exception was it aroused my curiosity. The way led to the open, and, after going in a straight line for a few yards, suddenly stopped. On either side of the last mark was the impress of a wing. The snow had been soft enough to receive and retain the imprint of each feather. The details were perfect and the whole beautiful. This was unusual and demanded further scrutiny. Bending carefully down I discovered that the last track of the mouse was not a track at all, but a mark, as of a small body having been forced into the snow. This with three small red spots on either side told a mournful tale. The field-mouse had been pursued by an owl, and these wing-marks in the snow were circumstantial evidence as to the identity of the midnight murderer.

Another interesting habitant of field and forest is the weasel. His summer coat of brown sometimes causes him to be mistaken by the unknowing ones for a red squirrel. But his body is long and lithe, lacking the plumpness of the squirrel, while the tail is not so bushy and has a dark tip. In the winter all is changed, or nearly all, for the weasel puts off the brown for a white coat. Nearly all, we say, for at the point of the tail is a brand unchangeable, like the anchor tatooed upon a sailor's arm. The weasel is very fleet of foot, being even more rapid in movement than the red squirrel. When the snow is light and dry its progress across a field resembles that of a small snow-plow, and presents rather a pretty sight as the snow is driven from the furrow by its scarcely distinguishable white body.

The partridge is one of the larger birds found in our woods. It is timid of man, fond of slashings or copses of short, stubby trees, low, thick ravines, and a lover of the snow. During the early morning it often walks considerable distances, making a winding path and very rarely retracing its footsteps. Sometimes it will nestle in the snow during a storm, and remain there until all save its head is covered. Because of its timidity the study of this bird is a difficult task. When startled by a dog or a hunter, if it be on the ground, it cannot immediately rise in the air, but must get a start by running. In this case the tracks are not in a straight line or yet quite circular, but bent like the handle of the "Little Dipper," to use an astronomical simile. The whirr of the flying partridge is familiar to all.

Many of the animals delight in sport, but the Yankee rabbit

or cottontail is easily first in love of a contest. With his brownish-grey coat, long ears, large eyes, and tuft-of-cotton apology for a tail, he is in a class by himself. He is not built for beauty but for speed, and is always ready to try the mettle of the hounds. The spirit of the woods is in him. He will leave the mouth of his burrow, where is perfect safety, just to show in what contempt he holds the best hound in the pack. The course of the rabbit is in the nature of a wide detour. He is almost sure to come back to his starting point, and the size of the circuit depends on the depth of the snow. The still-hunt for a rabbit consists in one person remaining perfectly still where the footprints are first discovered, and the other, "taking the track, runs the rabbit," the little fellow in the meantime making sure that his pursuer is introduced to the thickest brambles and the sharpest thorns.

Perhaps the most wonderful characteristic displayed by this animal is his sense of distance and direction. He generally knows his location. He rarely makes a mistake, and if he is rudely awakened from his snooze by a ferret, any error of direction in the race for cover will be instantly corrected and manifested by a lightning-like swerve to either right or left as the case may be. But his sense of direction does not surpass, if it equals, his capacity for determining distance. A rabbit that had been wounded was noticed leaving the woods and making for the centre of a large field. Suddenly his speed slackened, he halted, sat up, and began a series of forward movements, each time striking the crusted snow with his forefeet. When he had been safely stowed away in the game-bag, the snow was broken where the rabbit was seen striking. About a foot below the surface the mouth of a burrow was found, and doubtless an escape would have been effected but for the hardness of the snow.

The track of the rabbit is a study in itself. If the prints of his feet are joined by lines, the result bears a strong resemblance to the outline of the letter Y. The peculiar motion of a rabbit and in particular the humping of his back in the middle of every bound, is due to the greater length of his hind legs. In fact the rabbit over-reaches, and the last prints are those of the forefeet, while the two in advance are made by the hind feet. In winter the rabbit depends for food upon the buds, leaves and tender bark of young trees. He does not provide for emergencies and conse-

quently a series of severe snow-storms often leaves him in dire necessity.

But when the birds in the trees join with the chattering squirrel in a chorus of welcome to the returning spring, the rabbit mutely looks his gladness, and in the leafy grove and grass-covered meadow forgets the clinging cerements of snow and the days of his many privations.

VOLNEY A. RAY, '03.

THE NEED OF EVANGELISM.*

Evangelism in its essence is difficult to define. It is the convert-making power applied to religions. That many of the so-called religions are securing converts needs scarcely to be said. But these religions are hollow. They are non-existent except in profession. They lack the fundamental principle which makes Christianity stand out conspicuous and which wakes up the dormant moral powers and rolls back the sea of sin. "Christianity has stimulated the forces and faculties of human nature into an effective vitality and activity quite unknown under other now current religions." It has been the only religion that has constantly practised aggression, and this, as a rule, by legitimate means, and has thus furnished a perpetual challenge to all other creeds. This triumph of success can undoubtedly be traced to the spirit of evangelism on which all successful Christian work must pivot.

The spirit of evangelism needs to be developed in new and efficient forms of activity. No person can look out upon society in our day without being cast down and alarmed. There is a general unsettlement of belief. There is a weariness of the present and an uncertainty of the future. There is an atmosphere of indifference in which it is difficult to breathe. Ian MacLaren has recently applied the words of Matthew Arnold to our age :

> "Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
> Your social order, too ;
> Where tarries He, the power who said,
> See, I make all things new?"

* Substance of an address delivered at annual meeting of Fyfe Miss. Society, Dec., 1903.

We instinctively feel the need of another of those great movements which come as the dawning of the morning or the rushing of the tide, deeply spiritual in essence and inspiring to the soul,

> "One common wave of thought and joy,
> Lifting mankind again."

As we look around on civilized society it must be with many fears and with more and more earnest desire that a regenerating spirit from heaven, from religion, may descend upon and pervade it. We particularly fear that various causes are acting powerfully among themselves to inflame and madden that enslaving and degrading principle, the passion for property. This peril is increased by the spirit of the times, which is a spirit of commerce, industry, internal improvements, mechanical invention, political economy and peace. We are no foes to civilization. We rejoice in its progress, but without a pure religion to modify its tendencies, to inspire and refine it, we shall be corrupted, not ennobled, by it.

The need of evangelism is most conspicuous in the church. The early church was radical and primary—the modern is superficial and secondary. It is sure proof that a man has gotten away from the primary when he adopts the secondary. It is equally true in reference to the church of Christ. Methods and mechanics have taken the place of life. While it is true that the social and the æsthetic were never so well developed as to-day, and while we would not belittle their importance, yet these devices are proving themselves harmful, because they are taking the place of the life which lifts men from their sins and starts them out from "their refuge of lies."

The Christian church is more fully equipped to-day than at any previous date. It is also true that the influence of Christ's spirit vindicates itself by many a beneficent charity, but it still remains that everyone who wishes well to the religion of Jesus has grave cause for concern. Can it be affirmed that there is any evangelical denomination in which the membership is actually increasing beyond the degree in which the population is increasing? and less than that means decline. A goodly number of young life pours into our Sunday schools, with the result that only a tiny rivulet trickles into the church of Christ as its final issue.

Has the vast scale upon which the building of churches has gone on really answered its end, and does a greater or a less proportion of the population go to places of worship than formerly? In England the attendance on public worship is less than at the middle of the nineteenth century. If we turn to Scotland the striking similarity of the results leaves but one conclusion—attendance dwindles as well as membership. Only four per cent. of the population of the great towns in Germany ever enter a place of worship. In the United States and Canada the church is gathering yearly from the world the magnificent number of three for every one hundred of its members.

These statements are startling, but, nevertheless, true. The church should awake to her duty. A spirit is abroad amongst us which threatens the very basis of social order. It is a spirit of lawlessness, a spirit of inertia, a hunger at the hearts of men. It pervades our literature, degrades our politics, disturbs our streets, defiles our homes. The fountains of sin need to be broken up. The church ought to put out the fires of hell which are laying hold of the wicked. The wickedness of the wicked should grieve and humble and distress her members. In the words of the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, "She must evangelize or fossilize." Everywhere the human heart hungers for the Gospel; for a deeper and clearer consciousness of God as Father, for the hope that robs death of its sting, and for the masterful love that organizes all power of helpfulness. The church exists to satisfy this hunger of the soul, to nurture this spiritual nature, to develop the sentiments that shape character and determine conduct. If it fails here its failure is serious and fatal, because a failure to do the particular thing for which it is created. If the church does not meet this spiritual need it will not otherwise be supplied. Wealth and knowledge are but curses unless back of both there is the moral ideal and the spiritual purpose to direct us in the use of both.

Not only is there a need in the church at large, but there is also a great need in her individual members. The day of great meetings is not over, nor is the day for the evangelist. He has never been more needed than to-day. The days of union meetings have not passed, but in the present day the emphasis is to be placed on personal evangelism. The need of this is obvious. Almost every pastor is forced to admit that he has but few, if any,

in his church who are able to make clear the plan of salvation to a convicted soul. One trembles when he thinks of the judgment seat of Christ and a great throng standing in his presence empty-handed. The time has come when business men must seek to win their business associates, when the man on the farm must seek to win his neighbor and the college man his room-mate.

The potent factor of the personal worker, the lack of which reveals the need, is sympathy with men. To be effective in bringing men to God the spirit of Christ must be caught and His method largely reproduced. How Christ yearned for men! What a love of interest! What a wealth of patience! What a tender and touching persuasiveness! How easy and natural it was for Him to take His place beside men of all classes and to assure them of sympathy in all their distresses and needs.

> "No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
> No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
> Shines with such lustre as the tear that flows
> Down manly virtue's cheek for others' woes."

The great evangelistic need of modern times is seen in the pulpit. The preacher is the leader in spiritual affairs. If he be in earnest over the salvation of the lost, if he be more anxious to save souls than to trumpet conversions, if every drop of blood in his body throbs in response to the Gospel, he cannot fail to instil that passion into the hearts of his people.

We need an evangelistic movement in the pulpit, because the work of winning men for Jesus Christ is incomparably the most important work we have to do. After the minds which flamed out with a great light throb of thought think no more, after our bodies lie mouldering in the dust, the souls of men will go on forever. Laying hold of men and bringing them into contact with God is the most enduring work we can accomplish.

The tendency to-day is towards the scholastic and the æsthetic. The preachers of every generation have had their hobbies, but only when they returned to the cross that "still leads the generations on," have they seen a religious revival sweeping over the land.

The need of evangelism in the pulpit is evidenced by the desire to please men rather than to declare unto them the whole

counsel of God. The man-pleasing spirit prevails. This need is also shown by the lack of positiveness. It seems that present-day preachers have not the same courage displayed by the heroic souls who in times past shook the world with their messages. There should be no uncertain ring about the Gospel.

Although the need of evangelism is evident wherever we fix our gaze, the signs of the times point towards a satisfying of this need. It is always darkest before dawn. How discouraging was the condition of affairs in the seventeenth century previous to the awakening known as the Puritan Revival. Before the revival of the eighteenth century the church was in a sad state. Religion had lost all spirituality. Isaac Taylor calls the church of this period a fair carcass. But the signs of a new dawn came, when, instead of "gorgeous palaces built on the sighs of enslaved people," instead of aping society, a taste for simple living and a love of innocent pleasures set in. Poets began to sing of the joys of the pastoral life, and the new era, the good time coming, burst with noontide glory over the entire world. Previous to the awakening of the nineteenth century in which Moody was leader, chaos reigned in the church. The poet declared :

> "I look around, but soon become distracted,
> And ponder over life's suffering and wrong.
> When shall be righted all earth's sad disorder?
> When be fulfilled the angels' herald song?"

Then God rose up and did a work worthy of Himself, a glorious work, in which human instruments were used and the Holy Spirit was the great indisputable worker.

The signs point towards another such revival. The consciences of men are being disturbed. Recently in England four thousand confessionals have been re-established. Does not that show that men are hungering for something to satisfy their spiritual cravings? Is it not most significant that in every State convention except two the subject of evangelism has been discussed? Are there not similar signs of an awakening in Canada?

We have passed through a winter in which men's hearts have sometimes been made anxious. The attacks of science upon revelation and the work of Higher Criticism have alike caused serious misgivings and anxieties in many souls. We have

learned that truth will hold its own against any odds. The bright yellow flame may be hidden in the dense smoke for awhile, but the smoke will blow away and the bright yellow flame will make the night like day. The winter is passing away, the flowers are appearing on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is at hand. Let us follow in His train! Let us join the crusade! The enemies of Christ may fling their handfuls of sand into the torrent; will these arrest the victorious rush? Mighty engines may be brought to bear upon this divine conflagration that is now blazing; will they quench a single spark? While Christ lives the Gospel lives and will retain its power over the hearts of men. Let us do our part to lessen the need of evangelism. Let us hasten the day when the words of Thomson may he applied spiritually:

> "No more
> The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold,
> But full of life and vivifying soul,
> Lifts the light clouds sublime and spreads them thin,
> Fleecy and white, o'er all the surrounding heaven."

W. A. Cameron, '06.

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Editorial Notes.

IN the issue for November THE MONTHLY announced a Prize Story Competition for graduates and undergraduates of the University. The response in the matter of the number of stories was not as satisfactory as we had hoped, only two graduates and four undergraduates taking advantage of the opportunity to compete. After a careful consideration of the various stories, the judges, Professor McLay, Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., and Mr. V. A. Ray, B.A., have concluded to award the prizes in the following manner: Graduates—First prize, Mr. S. R. Tarr, M.A., '95, of Toronto; second prize, Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, B.A., '94, of Montreal. Undergraduates—First prize, Mr. R. G. Hartley, '05; second prize, Mr. F. S. Beddow, '06; third prize, Mr. W. J. Grigg, '05. The first and second prize stories in the undergraduate competition appear in the present number of THE MONTHLY, and the two stories by graduates will be published next month.

In both competitions the judges had considerable difficulty in coming to a decision. Mr. Hartley's story, "The Way of the Wild," to which first prize was finally given, is not wrought as artistically as Mr. Beddow's "When I was Six," but it seemed

to the judges more fully to meet the requirements of a *story*. Mr. Beddow's contribution is an admirable study of a child under the prick of conscience, and is excellent in the selection of significant details and in effective expression. Mr. Hartley's story has evident artistic defects, but in spite of these it has a power, a grip, that, in the opinion of the judges, deserved the highest award. By publishing the two in one number we give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves as to the relative merits of each.

THE sympathy of Faculty and students goes out to Professor McKay in the loss of his father, whose death occurred at London on the 6th inst. The dangerous illness of our beloved Dr. Welton has called forth many expressions of affectionate sympathy, and prayers for his restoration to health, if it be God's will.

Book Reviews.

BAPTIST WAYMARKS.

This is the title of an unpretentious little volume of some 200 pages, written by S. H. Ford, D.D., and published by the A.B.P.S. It is a statement of the principles and usages of the Baptist churches of America, deduced, not from a study of the New Testament, but from a study of American church history. It is an attempt to "arrange systematically the acts of churches and associations in important matters of discipline with members, ministers or churches ; to report cases and review them ; so as to present the usages of Baptists, past and present." It is very suggestive and helpful. It is what it pretends to be, viz., a book of reference, which will serve as a guide and help to produce uniformity in the operations of independent Baptist churches.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

THE University librarian is beginning to have a fear that some one wandering around these halls has never been given a name, or that the said person has forgotten the same. Library checks have been left quite frequently of late upon which is the name of the book taken, but no signature.

THE high esteem which McMaster grads. feel for the Fyfe are often expressed in words. Even more eloquent than words have been the number of handsome subscriptions sent by some of our grads. pursuing post-graduate studies elsewhere.

THE usual large number of students were present at the Literary Society meeting on Friday evening, January 22nd. In spite of the inclement weather many of the ladies graced the gathering with their presence on the left-hand front seats, their exclusive domain. After the usual business had been gone through, and Mr. Stokes, Theol., had been chosen to represent the society at Trinity College's conversazione, the programme was rendered. The opening number was a flute solo by Mr. Blackadar, '04, which was immediately encored. The News of the Week was served in an entertaining and profitable style by F. C. Maybee, '04. The audience then listened with attentive interest to a talk on student life in Geneva, given by Mr. Glenn H. Campbell, M.A., who spent a year in that old-world and cosmopolitan city. The last number was a well-rendered selection by the '05 quartette, consisting of Messrs. Brouillet, Janes, Jordan and McGregor. These gentlemen sang well, and are a credit to year '05 and to the muse of song.

ON Friday evening, January 29th, at 6.45 o'clock, occurred the inter-year debate between '04 and Theology. The hour was set early to provide time afterwards for the lecture of Prof. Squair, of Toronto University, to Moulton College, in the chapel. Without any waste of time the interested sides plunged into the debate—"Resolved, that our system of State education should include the teaching of religion." Messrs. C. New, B.A., and W. T. Roberts, B.A., of Theology, debated for the affirmative, that this policy had succeeded elsewhere, and also that the public

school was the only means by which religion, the basis of morality, could be satisfactorily brought in contact with the children. The negative argued that the qualities the state demanded were not necessarily religious, and recounted the dangers of such a policy. So well did they present their case that the judge, Prof. Tracy, gave his decision in favor of the negative. While waiting for the judge's decision, Mr. W. Bowyer, B.A., Theol., quelled the obstreperous spirits of the audience with a well-rendered song.

Promptly at 8 o'clock Moulton appeared on the scene in full force, and Prof. Squair, after being introduced by Prof. Tracy, announced his subject as "The Development of Sacred Architecture." Assisted by Mr. W. C. Carpenter, '05, of the Science Department, and his electric lantern, Prof. Squair gave a very interesting talk on the various styles of architecture observed in the sacred edifices of northern France. The students who availed themselves of the Moulton Heliconian Society's invitation to the lecture came away with a sense of having enjoyed a pleasant and profitable hour.

On Friday evening, February 5th, some of the students went over to Moulton by the kind invitation of Mrs. Wells, and enjoyed a skating party at their rink. The occasion was an at-home given by the senior class of Moulton. In spite of the somewhat mild weather the ice was in excellent condition, and the skating was thoroughly enjoyed. A pleasant hour was afterwards spent in the cheery parlors of the College, and as the boys left many wishes were expressed that the good time might at some future time be repeated.

Leader of the singing class—"Gentlemen, kindly sing, 'Gentle spirit kind and free.'" Sweet voices—"Gentle *spirits* kind and free." Leader—"Not '*spirits*' but '*spirit*,' gentlemen." One sweet voice—"Please, sir, it's 'spirits' in *our* books." Leader—"Well, then, give me spirits." But sweet voices interfered.

The inhabitants of the Hall are all wearing their most pleasant faces these days, for Mr. C. J. Cameron and his photographic outfit are again in our midst. Several classes have been honored by the choice fallen on them to be "taken," and their pictures shown to an admiring public on our Field Secretary's travels.

McMaster's proud record still stands unshaken as the best debating college in Toronto, for on Tuesday evening, February

9th, in Trinity College chapel, she won her tenth consecutive victory, defeating the Trinity College debaters in the semi-finals of the series of intercollegiate debates.

The large crowd of McMaster students arrived at Trinity in good time, and proceeded to fill in the gap till the programme began, with yell and song, in which laudable undertaking they were ably seconded by the Trinity boys in the gallery. We cannot help priding ourselves on the way in which the yelling ability of the different Toronto schools is progressing under our example.

The programme was opened by a sweetly sung solo by Miss Ada Ross. Then came the debate. The position of the affirmative, upheld by Messrs. T. F. Summerhayes and F. H. Hansfield, B.A., of Trinity, was that certain portions of the scripture could be compiled to form a code satisfactory to all, fit to be taught in the schools, and also in a strong appeal as to the prevalent immorality in the public life of the country, due, they contended, to the lack of religious teaching in our schools. Our debaters showed that the constitution of our government did not allow it to teach religion, and that the schools are doing all they can in teaching morality. The practical difficulties of the policy were also pointed out.

While the judges, Mr. T. C. Robinette, K.C., Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., and Mr. J. E. Atkinson, were weighing the arguments pro and con, the audience was favored with a song by Mr. R. G. McLean, which was enthusiastically encored. Mr. McLean and Miss Ada Ross then rendered very acceptably a duet, "O that we two were Maying." When the judges gave their decision in favor of the negative, the McMaster boys gave their feelings full vent, and yelled and cheered for themselves, their debaters and Trinity (for five minutes) till they were hoarse.

The ladies of the University and their escorts were conveyed over to the scene of battle and back in a sleigh, and the said escorts report a happy and hilarious ride.

"I do not sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

This is the motto of several of the young men in the Hall just at present. The music class is a new departure, and if results speak it is an excellent move. Mr. T. Brown, '07, who has had considerable experience in teaching music, has taken charge of a class in which men may learn somewhat of the theory and practice of music. True, there are some people who will never sing in this world, except to the discomfort of all within hearing distance, yet if there are any latent possibilities whatever in a man these may be brought forth in the choral class. Already the influence of this training has been felt, or rather heard, in the

halls. One can almost imagine that one is treading in spring woods these days, as the sweet sounds float through the corridors. From the very depths of the basement to the highest accessible point of the building come these sounds. At all hours, under every conceivable circumstance, a man may be seen now, armed with his book, seeking some secluded corner where he may inspire the darkness with his "Do, Rah," etc. Those who once had visions of some day becoming masters of the tuneful art, yet who had never hoped for the realization of their dreams, smile complacently as they run the scale in rich, mellow tones. Some have even made bold to say that yet awhile and they will attempt "Tessie." Notwithstanding these threats the music class has done a good work, and it is believed will continue to give what every man with any voice at all requires—some knowledge of music. Mr. Brown is to be commended for the efficient manner in which he has undertaken this work.

THE first regular meeting of the Literary Society for the year 1904 was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, January 15th. The black clouds which had been hanging over the heads of the burners of the midnight oil had rolled away, and a right merry company flocked to the place of entertainment. The truth will always prevail, and even in these columns, wherein the silver lining of clouds is always looked upon, truth must be stated. The programme was not up to the standard displayed last term, and the audience felt that for the first meeting of the year something of a higher class might have been provided. Mr. A. E. White, '07, pleased the audience with a spirited song, and was prevailed upon to respond to a vigorous encore. Then followed something rather novel in the history of McMaster literary life. The "Noah's Ark Chorus," composed of about twelve male voices, rendered the classical "Tessie." The tenors were apparently suffering from stage fright, which seemed to spread to the audience. Swords were then drawn, and a weighty problem was discussed in impromptu debate. "Resolved, that country life is preferable to city life" was the subject. Mr. A. E. White, '07, and Mr. R. Craig, '07, for the affirmative, Mr. R. Young, '07, and Mr. E. R. Gray, '06, for the negative, were the debaters. The audience finally decided that the affirmative had won. The evening's entertainment was brought to a close by a second appearance of Noah's Chorus. The members had fully recovered, and sang "Where the silvery Colorado wends its way" in good tune, splendid attack and rare enunciation. At the conclusion of this number the curtain rolled down slowly and silently.

THE Literary Society met as usual on Friday evening, February 5th. The rare sporting spirits were rejoicing over a well-earned hockey victory, and it was almost impossible for some of them to settle down to the enjoyment of a literary evening. The programme was not a lengthy one, but every number was exceedingly well rendered. The first number consisted of a piano solo, played with considerable spirit by Miss O. Martin, '06. This was followed by a vocal solo by Mr. D. H. Williamson, '07. The "Catastrophes of the Week," political and otherwise, were then recounted by Mr. R. C. Bensen, '06. The last item on the programme took the form of a humorous selection, by Miss E. Wilkins, '07. Miss Wilkins is a pleasing reader, and has already delighted more than one audience in Castle Memorial Hall. The listeners seemed to be well pleased with the programme, and departed in a happy frame of mind.

FYFE SOCIETY.—The Fyfe Missionary Society held its fourth monthly meeting in Castle Memorial Hall on Thursday, Jan. 28, the Day of Prayer for Colleges. The morning session was devoted to a continuation of the course of missionary papers on India, given by different students, professors and friends of the society. The topic of the day was "Early Missions in India," and the purpose was to gain a comprehensive view of evangelistic effort in India till the time of Carey. Mr. V. A. Ray, B.A., read a paper on "Mohammedanism and other Religions," left over from the session of Dec. 9th, and gave a comprehensive outline of their inception, growth and doctrines. Mr. John B. McLaurin, '05, gave an outline of missionary work in India in the early times, and was followed by Mr. R. C. Benson, '06, and Mr. Woodburne, '06, who described the beginning of modern Catholic and Protestant missions respectively. A report was also heard from the River Street Mission, and from the treasurer, Prof. R. W. Smith, who reported a deficit. This was caused by a falling off in the subscription fees, and the students and faculty will endeavor to wipe it out. In the afternoon the special nature of the day as one of prayer for colleges was observed. All met in the chapel, and, after a devotional hour and a few earnest words by the Chancellor on the value of the ethical and emotional elements in life, the students of the several years attended their respective class prayer meetings. There has been a noticeable deepening of spiritual power in the school this year, and the prayer meetings were of the most helpful nature to all who attended.

THE final debate of the Ladies' Literary League, between Victoria and McMaster, will be held in Victoria College on February 24th.

THE ladies of McMaster Literary Society were given a treat on Friday, February 5th, in the form of a talk by Chancellor Wallace, on "Cairo." Needless to say it was most interesting, and was much appreciated by those present. The ladies also were glad to have with them Miss Guyatt, of Moulton, who sang several selections very sweetly. Miss McLay and Miss Wilkins also contributed to the programme.

PROFESSOR (in Theism)—"Mr. A. will you begin where we left off last day." Mr. A.—"We were just beginning the moral argument for——." Professor (interrupting)—"That will do. That is perhaps where *you* left off. Your mind evidently began to wander just there."

THE second of the series of debates between University College, St. Hilda's, Victoria and McMaster was held at St. Hilda's on January 27th. In the first debate, University of Toronto against Victoria, Victoria was successful. In the second, St. Hilda's debated with McMaster. The subject of the latter debate was—"Resolved, that the education of the negro should be industrial rather than literary." Misses Layng, '04, and Senior, '05, of McMaster, had the affirmative, Misses Hannington and Wade, of St. Hilda's, the negative. Both sides of the question were well discussed, but the decision was given in favor of McMaster.

THE open meeting of the Ladies' Literary Society will be held on the evening of March 11th. The chief feature of the programme for that evening will be class orations. Miss Culver has been appointed class orator for '04, Miss Hartley for '05, Miss Harton for '06, Miss Blanche Shields for '07. Music and readings are also being provided, and a pleasant evening is anticipated.

ON January 26th the class of '04 was entertained, as on the previous year, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, of Willowdale. Nothing could have been more successful. Although the day had been stormy the evening was all that could be desired, and during the seven miles' drive the music of the bells blended harmoniously with the songs and shouts of the joyous students. An hour and a half passed quickly, and soon the cheery lights of the farm house greeted the party, where until midnight a pleasant time was spent. The evening's entertainment consisted of games of the most lively kind, such as flinch and progressive ping pong. After refreshments had been served the class listened to a few remarks by the president, in which he thanked the host and

hostess in behalf of the class for their hospitality. A poem, full of fun, fact and fiction, was then read, composed by the bard, Mr. Priest. The remainder of the time was taken up by singing college songs, after which Mr. Gibson, in a few humorous remarks, thanked the class for coming to his home, and hoped they would all come again. How quickly the time flew! The horses were again hitched, shouts were again resumed, and some time before the 8.15 lectures began the party had arrived home.

STUDENT for the Baptist ministry, counting up an unusually small collection on Sunday evening—I guess it's no use; I'll have to go in for something else.

ENQUIRER at room 17—Have any of you fellows here the "Vicar of Wakefield." Student—No; but we have the "Bishop of Red Deer."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, '05.

McMASTER'S DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP.—McMaster has been successful against the Provincial University for the second time this school year. In the fall we won the district rugby championship. Now we are winners in group A of the Intermediate hockey series, and will play in the semi-finals against R.M.C. The matches are set down for February 12, in Kingston, and February 19 in Toronto. Should we be successful in winning the round McGill has the privilege of playing us a sudden death game in Toronto. Here's to our hockey team! May they have every success!

McMASTER 7, VARSITY II. 4.—The first league match of the season took place in the Caledonian rink, Mutual street, on Friday, January 29th. McMaster won handily by 7 goals to 4. The game was a good exhibition of hockey, being very fast in spots. The green and black got away very fast at the beginning, and before eight minutes had passed had tallied four goals. For the rest of the half play was even, each team scoring twice. Varsity's heavy team used their weight to advantage in the second half, and had slightly the better of the game, scoring two goals to our one. The game ended 7 to 4 in McMaster's favor. For McMaster all did well. Each member of the team, with the exception of Munro, in goal, took a hand in the scoring. Munro played a star game in

front of the nets, stopping many difficult shots in the second half. J. B. McArthur and Roland Young were very strong at point and cover. "J. B.'s" lifting and "Roly's" rushes were features of the game. Baker, M. S. McArthur, Peine and Blackadar all did yeoman service on the forward line. For Varsity Robert, Broadfoot, Jackson and Sherry played the best games. The match was refereed very satisfactorily by F. D. Woodworth. The scoring was as follows: First half—1, Baker, McMaster, 2½ mins.; 2, Young, McMaster, 1½ mins.; 3, J. B. McArthur, McMaster, 3 mins.; 4, Young, McMaster, 1 min.; 5, Jackson, Varsity, ½ min.; 6, M. S. McArthur, McMaster, ½ min.; 7, Peine, McMaster, 14 mins.; 8, Jackson, Varsity, 3 mins. Second half—9, Sherry, Varsity, 14 mins.; 10, Broadfoot, Varsity, 3 mins.; 11, Blackadar, McMaster, 10 mins. The teams were:

McMaster—Goal, Munro; point, J. B. McArthur; cover-point, Young; centre, M. S. McArthur (captain); rover, Peine; left wing, Blackadar; right wing, Baker.

Varsity II.—Goal, Robert; point, Broadfoot; cover-point, Jackson; rover, Sherry; centre, Carruth; left wing, Montague; right wing, McIntyre.

McMaster 6, Varsity II. 7.—The return match was played a week later on February 5th with the above result. The total of the two games was thus 13 to 11 in our favor. It was one of the most exciting games in which McMaster has ever participated, and not till the whistle blew were the supporters of the green and black on easy street. Varsity began by scoring two goals, and McMaster followed suit. Varsity then added two more, and the best our men could do was to make one before the whistle blew for half time. With the score 4 to 3 against them, McMaster went in to win. Young scored in six minutes, and then for a while it was all Varsity. Their superior weight stood them in good stead and they secured a lead of three goals, tieing the score on the round. They played hard to score another, and Munro had to stop many hot ones, which task he was equal to. It was decided to play five minutes each way to break the tie. The McMaster men seemed to be fairly running over with ginger and put Varsity on the defence entirely. The roof was shaken by the deafening "Osciwowows," that followed M. S. McArthur's well directed shot which found the nets. In the second five minutes Bert Baker scored and put the result beyond doubt. Goalkeeper Robert was kept busy during the remaining minutes of the play. Varsity had a stronger team than on the previous Friday, Nethercott and Heyd taking the places of Sherry and McIntyre. Both were very fast, and were the best men on the forward line. Broadfoot and Jackson were regular stonewalls. The Varsity

forwards worked a very nice combination game, which might be copied with advantage by our men. For McMaster, Munro in goal and J. B. McArthur at point were quite equal to the heavy work imposed on them. "Roly" Young played a great game at cover. All the forwards played splendidly, and it would be unfair to pick out any for special mention. Miller replaced Blackadar on the left boards, and was always where he was wanted. The goals were scored in the following order: First half—1, Jackson, Varsity, 1½ mins.; 2, Broadfoot, Varsity, 4½ mins.; 3, M. S. McArthur, Varsity, 1 min.; 4, J. B. McArthur, McMaster, 5 mins.; 5, Heyd, Varsity, 6 mins.; 6, Heyd, Varsity, 2 mins.; Baker, McMaster, 6 mins. Second half—8, Young, McMaster, 6 mins.; 9, Carruth, Varsity, 6 mins.; 10, Broadfoot, Varsity, 4 mins.; 11, Carruth, Varsity, 4 mins. First half extra period—12, M. S. McArthur, McMaster, 3 mins. Second half extra period—13, Baker, McMaster, 1 min. Total—Varsity II., 7; McMaster, 6. The teams were:

McMaster—Goal, Munro; point, J. B. McArthur; cover-point, Young; centre, M. S. McArthur (captain); rover, Peine; right wing, Baker; left wing, Miller.

Varsity II.—Goal, Robert; point, Broadfoot; cover-point, Jackson; centre, Carruth; rover, Montague; right wing, Heyd; left wing, Nethercott.

Referee F. D. Woodworth gave good satisfaction.

McMaster 9, Victoria 0.—McMaster played a practice match on February 1st with Victoria University on the College rink with the above result. The whole McMaster team were in fine fettle, and the Methodists were never at all dangerous. The McMaster team was the same as in the first Varsity game, with the exception that Miller played in Peine's place as rover.

McMaster 5, St. Andrew's 3.—Such was the tally at the end of a short practice game with St. Andrew's College, played in the Caledonian rink on the afternoon of February 3rd. The match was marked by the best of good feeling, and was a very fair exhibition of our great winter sport.

Other Intercollegiate Games.—Varsity Seniors and Queen's will fight out the senior hockey championship between them. Varsity is at present in the lead by virtue of having beaten McGill twice, in Toronto by 9 to 7, and in Montreal by 5 to 0. Queen's won from Varsity at Kingston by 11 to 5, and lost to McGill in Montreal by 3 to 1. The deciding match will be played in Toronto on the 12th inst. between Varsity and Queen's. In the intermediate series Royal Military College won the round from

Queen's by 17 goals, winning by 9 to 1, and 10 to 1 respectively in the two games. In the junior series of the O.H.A., R.M.C. won from Queen's by 8 to 4 on the round.

Beddow's Good Fortune.—Frank S. Beddow, '06, has been appointed to the staff of professional cricket coaches of the M.C.C., the leading club in England, and consequently of the world. Frank will have the opportunity therefore of playing this summer at Lords, and will have a most enjoyable vacation. He has acted as professional for many of the best clubs in America, among them Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Toronto Rosedale, and should be able to make good with the M.C.C. We wish him every possible success.

Notes of Sport.—George Stephens, cover-point of last year's hockey team, is playing point for the McGill intermediates. . . McGill has entered a junior team in the Quebec Rugby Football Union series. It is said the Eastern University contemplates withdrawing from the Intercollegiate Union, but we hope this is not the case. . . It is difficult to see the consistency of the O.H.A. in allowing the St. George's to play Queen's without suspending them. Queen's have played Varsity, and should be as much under the ban as Varsity. . . Queen's won from St. George's 5 to 3 on the 6th inst., which would go to prove that Intercollegiate hockey is quite equal to the O.H.A. article, despite the Toronto *Telegram's* statement that Queen's would make a poor second to a team of tombstones.

The Green-Eyed Monster.—Ever since the various teams comprising the Intercollegiate Hockey Union withdrew from the O.H.A., the Toronto *Telegram*, the mouthpiece of the President of the bigger organization, has done everything possible to belittle the college organization. In the issue of February 6th, the second McMaster-Varsity match was characterized as "a bull fight," and an exhibition of brutality which passed under the name of hockey and did not therefore render the spectators liable to arrest. Strange to say none of the other city papers took the same view. All said it was an interesting, exciting and fairly clean game, considering the prize at stake. In our own opinion it was a game of which we have no reason to feel ashamed. It was a hard game, and there was some heavy body checking, but nothing to compare with many of the O.H.A. matches played in this city, which have been praised as splendid exhibitions. But since the O.H.A. controls the *Telegram*, and we have no say in its management, we suppose we must submit to being libelled just so long as that journal wishes to keep it up. Such comment

is not conducive to a friendly feeling between the two organizations, which are not and should not be regarded as rivals. We have our own mission to perform, the O.H.A. has its mission, and there need be no clashing of interests.

An Amendment to the Amateur Rule.—Dr. Billy Wood, of Varsity, has given notice that he will move the following amendment to the amateur rule at the coming annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Hockey Union: "That the definition of amateur be changed to read: 'An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize, or staked bet, or with or against a professional for any prize, or where gate receipts are taken.'" This is the O.H.A. definition, and if it is carried, will do much to allay the friction at present existing between the two bodies.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Maretta Gordon.

On February 5th Mrs. Wells gave a skating party to the third and fourth years, in honor of the seniors having received their privileges. A very pleasant evening was spent by both students and guests on the rink, where the skating was excellent, and later on in the drawing room, where refreshments and games were the order of the evening.

It is always pleasant to have friends of the school with us at our chapel services and Wednesday night meetings. This month Chancellor Wallace, Dr. Weeks and Mr. Freeman have been with us. Mrs. Howard Taylor was also present at chapel on the 29th of January, and gave us an intensely interesting talk about her work in China, and spoke earnestly of the need for more workers. We are especially interested in the work in China, as one of our former teachers, Miss James, is now engaged in missionary work in that country.

The girls who have joined us since Christmas have already lost the distinction of "new." Probably this is due to the influence of "exams.," which as a great leveller might almost rival the ancient gentleman of the scythe and hour-glass. When girls have compared results, mourning over "thirds," and congratulating one another for "firsts," a lasting bond of fellowship has been established.

The rink has been a very popular place this winter, for most of our girls are good skaters, and those who are not are fast becoming proficient. The ice has made up in quality what it may lack in quantity, and there has been excellent skating ever since the Christmas holidays. Our hockey teams have not been very regular at practice during the examination time, but have since returned to the game with renewed vigor.

On the 29th of January Professor Squair, of Toronto University, gave a very interesting lecture to the Moulton students at Castle Memorial Hall. The subject was "church architecture," and with the aid of stereoptican views illustrating his lecture, Professor Squair spoke of the different periods and styles of church architecture. The History of Art students were busy taking notes and storing up knowledge against future time of need. The lecture was enjoyed by all, and Professor Squair's kindness much appreciated.

The Day of Prayer for colleges was observed in the school with services in the morning and evening. Dr. Weeks was to have led the morning meeting, but could not be with us. Dr. Perry spoke at the eleven o'clock service, and Dr. Farmer took the meeting in the evening. The services of the day were of an earnest and helpful character, and the day was one of spiritual benefit to the school.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editors: { E. J. Bengough, B.A.
G. Grobb.

The Literary Societies are now in a flourishing condition, and are looking forward to a very profitable season. The officers elected for the spring term are: Philomathic Society—President, L. S. Haverstock; vice-president, O. E. Rutledge; secretary, H. L. Turnbull; editor, M. Nesbitt; sub-editor, E. B. Cutten; marshal, "Corporal" Eede; critic, D. A. McKerricher, B.A. Excelsior Society—President, N. McKenzie; vice-president, J. Hind; secretary, N. Shaffer; editor, E. Brock; sub-editor, W. Dadson; marshal, F. A. Connors; critic, A. T. McNeill, B.A. Debating Society—President, H. R. McTavish; vice-president, W. J. Chalk; secretary, J. G. Roberts; councillors, Messrs. Bingham, McCausland, Turnbull, Younger; marshal, J. Hind.

Following the examples of her predecessors, the class of '04 met not long since to organize. Mr. Wm. Younger was unanimously chosen to fill the president's chair. The other officers are : Hon.-president, N. S. McKechnie, B.A.; vice-president, H. R. McTavish ; secretary, M. Long ; valedictorian, Geo. McLean ; bard, A. C. Bingham.

On Saturday, Feb. 6th, the College hockey team went down to defeat before St. Andrew's College team. During the first half the game was very close, the score at the end of the half being 1-0 in favor of Woodstock. St. Andrew's got busy in the second half and scored seven. When the final whistle blew the score stood 7-1 in favor of St. Andrew's. The team representing the College was : Goal, A. Fisher ; point, McDiarmid ; cover-point, R. D. Moyle ; rover, Becker ; forwards, Richardson, Puddicombe, Miller.

On Thursday, Jan. 28, the Junior Hockey team met the Collegiate Institute Junior team and returned victorious with a score of 5–4.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the College rink into shape, but the recent extensive thaw and sudden freeze has put it in good condition.

On Friday evening, Jan. 22, the College was honored by a visit from Chancellor Wallace, when he delivered his lecture, "A Trip Through the Holy Land." His pictures and remarks were thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience, which quite filled the chapel. The Chancellor is always a welcome visitor, and we hope we may have him with us again in the near future.

As we write, there is being organized in the College an evangelistic band, similar to the McMaster band. Over twenty volunteers have been enrolled. The band is to conduct services in the East End Mission, and Second Church in the near future. Mr. Proctor, pastor of Second Church, is the organizer and leader.

Inter-year hockey matches are to be played in the near future, and speculation is rife as to the results.

On the 25th inst. it is expected that Canon Dunn, of London, will visit the College and deliver an illustrated lecture on "A Trip Through Ireland."

Instead of the usual spring literary open meeting, the College is this year to hold an At Home. The event has been fixed for March 4th and plans are being put into execution with an energy and enthusiasm that speak well for the success of the enterprise.

Here and There.

EDITOR : W. C. PEARCE, '04.

THIS month we have received the following exchanges : "The Athenæum," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "McGill Outlook," "St. John's College Magazine," "The Bowdoin Quill," "The Monthly Maroon," "The Queen's University Journal," "Vox Wesleyana," "The O.A.C. Review," "Montreal Monthly," "The Manitoba College Journal," "The College Review," "The Educational Monthly," "The William Jewell Student," "The Acadia Athenæum," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Philomathean Monthly," "Brandon College Monthly," "Presbyterian College Journal," "The Southwestern Theological Review," "Ontario Normal College Monthly," "The Hya Yaka," "The Varsity."

INSTEAD of *The Columbia Literary Monthly* we this month welcome *The Columbia Monthly*. The change is the result of the merging of Columbia's two publications into one representative magazine. The first number appears in a dainty cover and is replete with good things, both prose and poetry.

HOPE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Hope sleeps deep in the heart like dew in a lily's cup ;
Hope comes forth like the heaven's blue when the storm clouds have flown;
Hope springs up like a trembling leaf from a barren cliff ;
Hope shines under the tears like a diamond in a stream.

O, poor faint human heart, forsaken a thousand times,
Ever turn thyself heavenward, hoping and trusting anew,
Just as Arachne, unwearied, spun each day a new web
When at evening the threads were torn by the hand of Fate.

—*C. F. in the Philomathean Monthly.*

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I'll pay before I go to bed
My dollar to the MONTHLY.

(COL. STEED (on contracts)—"If I should place $1,000 in your hands for safe-keeping, without any written agreement, would you be bound?" Jones—"Yes, sir ;—for Canada."—*Ex.*

Dr. Burnett—"What was the next thing in order after the death of Edward the Confessor?" Anthony (with satisfied certainty)—"His funeral, sir."—*Ex.*

Patriotic Sympathy.—Once upon a time Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:—"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the Queen." In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that a student had added to the announcement the words, "God Save the Queen."—*Ex.*

The college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.—*Ex.*

Chicago's Christmas Gift.—To Chicago Christmas came three days early this year, and when President Harper took down the big maroon stocking on the night of Dec. 22, he found therein $2,956,830.81, given by friends of the University. Of this $1,850,000 is from Mr. Rockefeller, and there is also an unexplained $1,096,466, which report ascribes much of to the same source. The rest of this big Christmas gift comes from many people who appreciate the needs of the University.

Under the will of William Wyman, the philanthropist, John Hopkins University will receive his estate, valued at more than $500,000, upon the death of his daughter, Mrs. Helen Wyman Rollins.

The highest scholarship honor given at Yale this year, the degree of M.M., *summa cum laude*, was awarded to Chung Hin Wong, LL.B., of Tien Tsin University, China.—*Ex.*

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, has settled the two-year college course by saying: "I cannot imagine how anybody who ever saw a sophomore could think of graduating one in that condition."—*Ex.*

Little drops of water
Freezing on the walk,
Make the naughty adjective
Mix in people's talk.—*Ex.*

"Sixth lap," groaned the Little Darling, as his fond mamma passed him round the Sewing Circle.—*Lampoon.*

THE chief feature of the Cornell exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition will be a plaster model, eight by six feet, of the campus. This will show the streets, buildings, gorges and waterfalls, all in color. To represent the groves 2,000 miniature trees have been ordered from Germany. The work is under the supervision of Professor H. N. Ogden.—*Ex.*

OPEN THY HEART.

Open thy heart; bid Truth come in—
  Truth with His waiting will and power
To cleanse thy heart from all its sin
  And make it blossom as a flower.

Open thy heart; bid Light come in;
  That streams from purer realms above,
Dispels the darkness, leaves within
  The radiant brightness of a perfect love.

Open thy heart; bid Joy come in;
  Sadness and sorrow God hath given
That we may prize and strive to win
  As crown of earth, the joy of Heaven.

Open thy heart; bid Life come in;
  The life thou hast all came from Him,
Thy Maker, Keeper, He has been—
  Ask and receive more life of Him.

Open thy heart; in frequent prayer
  Before thy God receptive bow;
So shall His comfort chase thy care,
  And thou shalt taste Hereafter now.—*Ex.*

THE HUMORIST IN THE SICK ROOM.—He (weakly)—"It is very good of you to come, Mrs. Houston, to come and see me when I'm so ill." She (gushingly)—"Not at all! I wish it were more often."

A BAD SPELLER.—He thought it safer to write to the girl's father for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a bad speller, and his note ran: "I want your daughter—the Flour of your family." "The 'Flour' of my family is good," replied the old man. "Are you sure it is not my 'Dough' you are after?"—*Ex.*

"NOOMI," he said softly, as he gazed at the moon above them," isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies throng my mind a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?" Silence for a moment. "I think I do, George." "What do they sound like to you?" They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Henry are calling the dog."—*Ex.*

In the class studying mental philosophy—Prof.—"Does an effect ever go before a cause"? Senior—"Yes, sir; sometimes." Prof.—"Give an example." Senior—"A man wheeling a barrow."—*Ex.*

A student who had been "ploughed" at his first examination telegraphed thus to his anxious family: "Examinations splendid; professors enthusiastic; they wish for a second in June."—*Ex.*

On old Carlisle Bridge in Dublin there used to be a fruit stall kept by one Biddy, an apple woman, who was a well-known figure to all passers-by. She had a ready tongue, and never did a verbal opponent retire with all the honors. An American visitor, who had heard rumors of her skill at fence, one day took up a water melon displayed for sale, and said gravely: "You grow pretty small apples over here. In America we have them twice this size." Bridget looked up, coolly surveyed the joker from head to heels, and replied, in a tone of pity: "Ah, what for should I be wasting my breath to talk to wan that takes our gooseberries for apples."—*Ex.*

Where Day Meets Night.—The great steamer plowed monotononsly on through the quiet sea. No sail or even the smoke of a distant liner rested the eye from the blue expanse of heaven and water. The day was almost done, and the soft silvery light that fell across the waves glistened, now and then, upon the scales of some playful fish as it leaped from its native element. The gods were at peace with the world, and danger slept. And yet the face of the captain, as he leaned over the rail and gazed with his glass to the west, wore a troubled look. Observant passengers gathered about him, wondering at his strange silence. He seemed unconscious of their presence, and questions brought no answers to the inquisitive. Women began to look into the eyes of their husbands and the children felt a strange fear creep into their hearts as they grasped the skirts of their mothers. Something was wrong—but what? A sigh escaped from the breast of the brave seaman. "Poor devil,—we can do him no good." And then, as he noted for the first time the anxious upturned faces, he smiled sadly—"It is not us, but more's the pity that while we sail so safely, another, beyond our aid, goes down. Look!" and he passed his glass to the nearest passenger, "You can make it out—close on the western horizon—the sun—it's sinking!" he moaned, and a manly tear, trickling slowly down his cheek, rolled overboard into the ocean with a silent splash. And the ocean salted it down.—*Ex.*

A Spoiled Child's Whims.—"Sit down," said the fierce old man, and the trembling youth obeyed. "Well, what is it?" The unhappy young man cleared his throat. "I have came, that is, I have come," he began in stammering accents, to ask you for the hand of your daughter Ruth." The old man leaned back in his chair, and intently regarded his visitor. "Does my daughter want you?" he asked. "Yes, sir; I am sure she does," the youth replied with some eagerness. "She sent me to you." The old man sighed. "The whims of that child are really unaccountable," he muttered. "It seems but a day or two ago that she cried for a doll. Then it was a pony. Now it is a monkey. Of course, she'll have to have it, if she wants it. That's all. Good day."—*Ex.*

A green little freshman in a green little way
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little freshman's green little grave.—*Ex.*

It took place in a dairy. The milkman was pouring milk through a fine wire sieve. Hundreds of microbes caught in the meshes. Other microbes sat on the edge of the crock and looked sorrowful. Their relations were being strained.—*Ex.*

When first I asked her for a kiss,
She then was quite a little miss,—
A maid of ten, or so;
I knelt and tied her dainty shoe,
And then demanded as my due
A kiss; she answered "No."

When next I asked her for a kiss,
It did not seem to me amiss
To see the ruddy glow
That spread across her dimpled face
And added doubly to her grace,
And yet, she answered: "No."

Last night, once more, I begged a kiss,
And pictured to myself the bliss,
My heart with doubting swollen,
And, stately belle, she answered: "No,
Such things are—sometimes—stolen!"—*Ex.*

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1904.

NOTES ON ENGLISH HYMNODY AND PSALMODY.*

(*Concluded.*)

The song movement promoted by Keach had somewhat of a set back during the time of his successor in the pastorate, who was the once famous Dr. John Gill, the commentator (1697-1771). His views, dating in 1734, may be thus summarized :

He disallows the use of hymns and such like "human composures," but strongly advocates the use of Psalms. The Hebrew Psalms are in metre of a certain kind, and there should be no objection to the English metrical version. No doubt, he says, we often meet in singing with words that cannot be applied to our own case, but we do the same in listening to the public reading of the Scriptures or in following the extempore prayer of others. He shows that if a man could deliver an extempore psalm or hymn it would be a form to the rest who joined with him ; and that to be consistent every one must sing his own psalm or hymn ; but that would be mere jargon, confusion and discord. He contends that instruments in public worship were abolished by the gospel dispensation—which retained only moral duties. Finally, he concludes that all the congregation, including women, may sing, and that it is no sin for Christians to sing in a mixed multitude with unbelievers.

The doctor had not only to grapple with the *matter* of a church song, but also with the *manner* of it. This episode is preserved by the historian, Ivimey. Dr. Gill was willing to bear with the weaknesses, failings and infirmities of some complaining members. Thus, when a poor old woman visited him to complain in great trouble about some new tune having been introduced

* Part of an Address delivered at the Bloor St. Baptist Church.

by the clerk, the doctor, after politely hearing her tale of woe, how her mind had been hurt, etc., asked her: "Sister, do you understand singing? "No, sir." "What, can't you sing?" "No, sir." The doctor did not run the risk of hurting her feelings by saying that the people who could not sing and also did not understand singing were the last who should trouble the pastor with such complaints; but meekly replied, "Sister, what tunes would you like to sing?" "Why, sir, I should very much like David's tunes." "Well," replied the doctor, "if you will get David's tunes for us, we can then try to sing them."

This is the original of an anecdote which I have seen attributed to half a dozen different and more modern persons, the last being the version given in Dr. Cuyler's "Recollections of a Long Life." In it Dr. Guthrie tells of some old Highland woman who said to him: "Doctor, nane of your modern improvements, I want naething but good old Dawvid's Psalms and I want 'em all sung to Dawvid's tunes, too."

The predilection of Dr. Gill for the language of sacred Scripture to be used in song worship was also manifested towards the close of the eighteenth century by the great Baptist leader, Andrew Fuller—though the opinion was accounted by his contemporaries to be "singular." He says that he had long wished to see introduced into the churches a selection of divine hymns and songs taking the place of all human compositions. By that he means the pure word of God translated without any respect to rhythm or number, and set to plain, serious, and solemn music adapted to the sentiments. He contends that the spirit of David's Psalms can never be preserved in a translation into modern verse. Without disparaging the labor of any one, he says, there is a great disproportion between our best compositions and those of the Scriptures, or between the speeches of Job and his friends and the voice of the Almighty. The same note is struck as late as 1886 by Henry Bazely, the Oxford evangelist, who pleads for the exclusive use of the Psalms as being the only inspired songs.

His equally great contemporary, Robert Hall, was on the other hand, a jealous upholder of the use of hymns and Christian congregational worship. He had many favorites in the compositions of Dr. Watts and that author's "Psalms and Hymns,"

and showed his appreciation of the Baptist hymn writer, Benjamin Beddome, by recommending his production as the properest supplement to Watts' for church song.

The objection of Fuller rested considerably upon the inappropriateness of the music to the words and the manner of singing then in vogue—at times intolerably slow and monotonous, and again incomprehensibly perplexed and involved. This difficulty was boldly grappled with by John Wesley, who paid the greatest attention to singing in his chapels. He specially enjoined that the whole congregation should sing, that there should be no repetition of words, no dwelling upon disjointed syllables, and that they should not sing in parts but with one heart and voice in simultaneous and uninterrupted feeling.

Dr. Watts' writings form an epoch in the history of hymnody. While he was not the first to write hymns, he was the first to supply a body of hymnology which in its compass and variety, its depth and height, its compact form, its strong simplicity, its firm grasp of truth and earnest devotion, has remained, as a whole, unrivalled ever since. He has embodied phases of feeling and experience which come home to every large gathering of sincere Christians; he thereby touches the hearts of the people and supplies the material wherewith to make melody with heart and voice—with the spirit and with the understanding also. His work forms the connecting link between the era of metrical versions of the Psalms and the modern hymn which has displaced, practically, the psalter in all the churches. Over the bridge erected by him (it has been well said) the English Churches of all sections have passed from the age of metrical psalms to hymn singing pure and simple. To this distinction Watts is entitled because of the characteristic note of originality found in his verse, whereby his renderings are an accommodation of the Psalms to New Testament thought and language.

In truth, Watts struck a note in advance of his age. His utterances were keyed above the average of religious thought and experience in contemporary Christianity; his voice of song heralded the brighter days coming; for many years his hymns lacked any appreciative general reception, and they won their way but slowly and almost suspiciously until the coming of the Wesley brought in a better time for the church and the world.

It may fairly be concluded that the great triumph of hymnody over psalmody was due to the fervor and spirituality of the Wesleys. The power of stirring song in the Christian church was demonstrated by their successful use of it in the revival of evangelical religion. John Wesley was a man sent by God to deepen and purify popular faith, and to bring home to all men the necessity of a personal relation with God, because the Father has sent to every man the message of a present salvation through His Son, Jesus Christ. For this good news John Wesley roused the hearts of the people to sing, and his brother Charles came with the appropriate song. The early Methodist church lived, moved, and had its being in an atmosphere of sacred song. With quick intuition of fitness, many of Watts' hymns were incorporated in the Wesleyan hymn book, and thereafter the place of Watts as one of the worthiest ministrants of Christian song became assured and established.

The experience of generations has sifted out the finest hymns of Watts from the many hundreds he has written, and these are comprehended in the sixty-six which appear in the Baptist Church Hymnal. Of those which are best for church use he has supplied a greater number than any other author, and of these it is safe to say not a few will be sung as long as men praise God together in the fellowship of song.

Before the close of the eighteenth century singing, as a part of public worship, had become universal among the Baptists. There was no hymn book, however, in general use till 1769, when the Bristol Book was published. By far the most important hymn book was that issued in 1787 under the supervision of Dr. Rippon, a distinguished name in ecclesiastical annals. This was an excellent collection and selection from many authors as a supplement to Watts' psalms and hymns, and it soon became the most popular book in use in the denomination—passing through over thirty editions before the copyright expired in 1844. It formed, indeed, the foundation on which the compilation of subsequent books proceeded.

Dr. Rippon (1751-1836) was notable also as being a successor in the pastorate of the church ministered to by Keach and Dr. Gill, and afterwards by C. H. Spurgeon. It is worth mentioning that when the Metropolitan Tabernacle was lately consumed by

fire there were saved from the wreck three rare and valuable portraits, in wig and gown, of these Baptist worthies, Keach, Gill and Rippon, whose lineaments are thus preserved to remind us what manner of men they were.

Dr. Rippon was a poet of no mean rank in sacred song, and will perhaps be best remembered by his admirable addition to Perronet's grand hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." The original, after calling upon "Angels," "Martyrs," "Converted Jews," "Gentile believers," stops at "Sinners of every nation." Rippon takes up the theme and carries it on with a last verse to "*ourselves*"—

> O that, with yonder sacred throng,
> We at His feet may fall!
> There join the everlasting song,
> And crown Him Lord of all.

It is a remarkable fact that the outcome of the long and honorable rivalry between psalmody and hymnody has resulted in the almost complete prevalence of the hymn. The turning point was during the career of the Wesleys. Just as the early Protestants were known as the psalm singers, so were the later Methodists known as the hymn singers.

Every successive revival of religion in the English speaking churches has recorded its existence and influence and spirit in the hymns of the period. The Anglican revival, which uttered itself lyrically in the Olney Hymns, the revival which bore fruitage in the fervour of the Oxford movement, and the subsequent Anglo-Catholic revival of the sacred verse of former days, running back to mediæval times, have each and all issued in varied and valuable contributions to the Christian hymn book of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. All this general wealth of hymnody is represented in the Baptist Church Hymnal, and indeed in every worthy book of praise used in modern worship.

John Wesley set the example of drawing from the best sources of hymn writers, and in the last century this was followed by zealous and gifted translators from Greek and Latin verse of those canticles of the Eastern and Western churches which still glow with a fire of Christian love.

All this, based on the everlasting psalmody of Scripture, is the church's inheritance of song, which, by the *consensus* of all Christ's people, guided by the dictates of sanctified common

sense, is gratefully accepted as the best *medium* for worshipping in song our God, from whom all blessings flow.

The mass of hymnology is increasing in value as the years go on, but the hymn books, by judicious editing, are decreasing in size. This is, in effect, a necessity of the growth of hymnody; as it is of natural growth the old largely disappears to make room for the new. About half a million of hymns in English have been published, of which only about fifteen thousand are extant. Out of these not more than five hundred are in common use, and of these five hundred perhaps not two hundred are of the highest rank, the imperishable hymns which are stamped with immortality.

Displacement is going on by an adjustive and selective process, by which the fittest survive, and the best new ones supply the vacancies. The individuality of every age seeks congruous forms of expression; hence, new life, new songs. The prevalent thought of to-day recognizes that the note of praise to God shall be the dominant one in books of Christian congregational song. I have referred to Beddome—the most voluminous of the early Baptist hymnists—and he supplies a striking instance of this working rule or law of church song. A few years ago, out of his eight hundred and thirty hymns, there were one hundred in general and common use; yet in our Hymnal he is represented by only one hymn, No. 531. The reason consists greatly in this, that it was his practice to prepare every week a hymn to be sung after the Sunday morning sermon, and these have fallen into disuse because didactic in tone—little sermons in verse—shaped for the edification of his hearers and to the enforcement of his discourse, and thus losing sight of the main essentials of a hymn, which is to draw the singer Godwards, and to uplift his spirit in praise to God. Hence there is a periodical transportation going on in the forms of worship-song—decay and efflorescence alternately—the old passing away and giving place to the new, or rather the old life is being produced in new forms.

The consideration of this subject must impress upon every mind the suggestive truth fittingly set forth in the words of the editors of our Hymnal in their prefatory note. "The union of so many diverse minds from every section of the church universal has added another to the impressive illustrations which our best hymn books afford of the essential harmony of all devout spirits in faith, hope and love."

J. A. Boyd.

THE SONG OF THE ALSATIAN WOOD-CUTTER.

Bring me no Rhenish wine, old king,
Bring me no flagons of sack,
But give me a bowl of Alsatian brew,
And I'll drink you your kingdom back.

I'll drink you back that glorious day—
That day of a long-past spring—
When first you stepped on your throne of hills,
And I first called you "King."

Then you'll count once more your princely wealth—
The gold coin of the broom;
And don your silver state-robes, spun
By the frost on autumn's loom.

You'll march again to your field of war
Where the foemen darkly pack,
And feel the thrill of the conquering axe—
See! I'll drink you your battles back!

But glory and wealth, and plunder and strife—
Why call these up anew?
They're nothing beside the love that reigns
In this small realm of two.

A sovereign kind, you've warmed my hearth
Many a long year through;
And now that your ruling days are done,
'Tis I who care for you.

I'll ever keep this hearth-fire bright,
I'll be your retinue,
As long as Alsatian vales are green
And Alsatian hills are blue.

But if—if chance should cool the hearth,
Of my heart 'twould ne'er be said,
For I pledge in this brew a sun-like love
For you, My Old Wood Sled.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

THE "HEALER."

(FIRST PRIZE.)

I.

It was over two months since Wade and Winger's circus had made a one-night stand at Bergersville. At first thought this circumstance might seem in no way connected with the matter of faith-cure. But, without doubt, the interest that greeted the advent of the "healer" was due largely to this continued dearth in itinerant entertainments.

He was credited with coming to Ontario from the States—a territorial designation somewhat vague. Known only as the "healer," more definite information as to his origin or personal identity was not forthcoming. All that Bergersville knew was that for two weeks he had created considerable stir in Marshton, a neighboring village.

Late in the day on which the "healer" was to drive to Bergersville, a cyclist dismounted at the Bay Horse—a low-built inn of a bygone day. He was a wiry, alert-featured man, with dark hair showing first signs of gray. Leaving his wheel after a brief parley with the landlord, the stranger walked leisurely towards the village post-office, where he asked for and received a letter addressed to Cyrus J. Yonge. He then enquired casually whether there was a bank of any sort in the village.

"Yes, John Ecklin's private bank — that's his son just gone out," replied the postmistress, pointing to a youth of twenty-three or so walking briskly across the street. Then followed her directions as to the finding of Ecklin's place at the other extreme of the village.

It was shortly after six o'clock supper that the banker was called from the sitting-room to speak in the hall with the cyclist. Their colloquy proved a lengthened one. For some minutes young Ecklin and the girl near whom he was standing remained silent. Her fingers touched idly the keys of the piano at which she sat. He watched her face, a somewhat gloomy expression upon his own features. The piano-lamp touched

to a glow the coiled tresses of brown hair that half shaded her pale forehead. At length she turned towards him her eyes—golden brown like the hair. The gaze was one of habit, not of sight, as just a year since the girl had been blinded under peculiar circumstances.

During a visit to Toronto, Eunice Churchill had been taken ill with typhoid. Scarcely convalescent, she was awakened one sultry night by rumbling thunder. On her way to the room of her hostess, with whom she thought to take refuge during the storm, she stumbled against someone in the passage. A flash of lightning revealed a man, roughly clad, masked, and with ready revolver in hand. "Oh! Don't shoot!" she screamed, and fell swooning to the floor.

It was not for days that she recovered sufficiently to explain anything of her experience. The burglar had made good his escape, with considerable plunder, and no one but a blinded girl as witness of his trespass. To the minutest detail, however, the lightning flash seemed to have photographed his appearance upon her visual memory—for months a recurring horror.

Her guardian—she had been John Ecklin's ward since early childhood—spared no efforts to effect a cure. But restored sight seemed as far off as ever. To young Ecklin, lover through boyhood and youth, the blow had been a heavy one. Her refusal to allow him to be burdened with her impaired life seemed final in its resolution.

To-night at the tea-table Mr. Ecklin had referred to the alleged cures worked by the "healer" at Marshton.

"Do you think, Uncle, that he really heals people?" Eunice asked earnestly. There was a look of pity in the shrewd, kindly face to which the blind eyes had turned.

"I don't know, little girl; perhaps in some nervous troubles he does."

It was just at this point that the banker was called from the room.

But the thought suggested to the girl proved insistent. The New York specialist had hinted at continued nervous derangement as being still the cause of her affliction. Could there be here a ray of hope? What happiness then for Dick—and for her! At length she broke the silence.

"Dick," she faltered, "I want you to do something for me. Will you promise?"

"If possible, little girl."

"Honest and true?" she pleaded, in the phrase of their childhood.

"Don't I always?" he said in laughing reproof.

"Yes, Dick—but this is different."

"I'll promise," said Dick simply.

"I—I want you to bring the faith-healer after his meeting to-night."

"Why, Eunice!"

"But you promised."

II.

As Dick mounted the creaking stairs of the old Temperance Hall the audience was rendering with gusto a swinging revival tune. The room, hot and crowded, was almost stifling with kerosene fumes. On the platform stood the "healer" beside an unvarnished pine table. Upon this had been placed a white water-pitcher and a tin cup of Brobdingnagian proportions. The "healer" was a strongly-built man of ordinary but somewhat heavy features. His chestnut beard did not fully disguise the lack of a cravat, and his tawny hair fell to his shoulders. In leading the singing he waved his arms constantly, and Dick noticed that two fingers were missing from the right hand.

At the close of stanza eight a disciple from Marshton prayed at considerable length and with a gasping fervor that rendered his delivery well-nigh incoherent. Interjected groans and varied ejaculations increased the hubbub, until the shouting appeals reached a climax, and suddenly ended with a wheezing amen.

During this remarkable petition the "healer" knelt behind the table, with elbows outspread upon it. His head was supported by his clasped hands and leaned somewhat to one side.

"*All* sing," vociferated the "healer," jumping to his feet—"'Piscopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methody—I don't care—I don't belong to none of 'em. But I tahl yuh ye'll have to get used to me now—because I'll be in heaven. There's no doubt about that—I'll be there."

Then began an uneven vocal race between himself and the audience, in which he was easily leader. At the end of this exciting performance came the sermon—so-called—a rambling dissertation upon the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians. The argument, such as it was, maintained that the "gift of healing," having once belonged to the Church, might be claimed by it still.

"Wasn't the mission of the Church to preach the gospel an' heal the sick? An' yuh only believe half of it—yuh Christian infidels. Yuh damn thousands more souls than out-an'-out unbelievers."

Of such lucid exegesis was the discourse composed. Dick found himself wondering what local origin was indicated by the speaker's accent and pronunciation, but was nonplussed by its inconsistent vagaries.

"Now while we sing again we'll take up the collection—after that we'll have a testimony meetin'—only short testimonies, mind yuh."

While all joined in singing "Hallelujah! 'tis done," a plentiful shower of coppers and a dribble of small silver fell noisily upon the two tin collection plates.

Then began the testimonies. A number of "cures" from Marshton and its vicinity were on hand. The first to rise was a six-foot burly farmer, well-to-do and good-natured in aspect, with long sandy beard and faint blue eyes that might indicate either simplicity or cunning.

"I'm glad God saves *big* sinners," was his vigorous introduction.

"Praise the Lord, you're one for sure, brother," ejaculated the "healer" with a guffaw in which both audience and testifier joined.

"It's pretty hard to be short when you're long," continued the speaker, perceiving the facetious to be in favor. He then went on to tell of his recovery from heart-trouble—a vaguely indefinite complaint that admitted of considerable latitude in description.

A pale-faced young man, whom Dick recognized as a Marshton tailor with not the choicest reputation, was the next to testify. There was no lack in variety this time.

"I have been cured of catarrh of eighteen years' standing,

sore eyes of six years', shattered nerves, and minor ailments, such as a sore head." The latter statement was accepted as deserving another general laugh.

After this had subsided the "healer" picked up a crutch from the floor of the stage and pointed it violently at a middle-aged woman near the front of the room.

"That's the sister. A week ago the crutch brought her—to-day she brought the crutch. Here's the way she went on three legs"—hobbling grotesquely across the platform—"now she walks as good as I do"—striding firmly back again.

The object of these direct references rose eagerly and told of her experiences with regard to what was evidently an intermittent rheumatic affection.

This concluded the testimonies. Then followed the ceremony of "anointing for healing," this being prefaced by the statement that a cure would surely follow where faith was exercised—though the result might not be immediate. Three women, one young and two well advanced in years, together with a man of middle age, knelt before the front row of chairs. Jumping off the platform to the floor, the "healer" stood over the suppliants. Loudly he called upon heaven. Then he let fall upon the head of each a drop or two of oil from a small vial, repeating a formula of anointing in the name of the Trinity. After each case he drew his hand across his forehead, giving a theatrical sigh, expressive of the nervous strain which he was supposedly undergoing.

At the close of this performance one of the usual church benedictions was pronounced. The meeting broke up noisily, with jeers of ridicule, undecided questionings, and here and there expressions of belief.

III.

A conflict of promptings harassed young Ecklin as he stood at the head of the stairway in the shadow of the swung door. But back of it all was that unconditional promise.

The thought of her grieved displeasure—the possibility of losing that almost childlike confidence, made retreat impossible. He could only hope that before the impostor proceeded with his

blasphemy her sensitiveness would recoil from his coarse speech and manner.

At last the "healer" finished counting the collection, and started to leave the hall in company with one of the inner circle of his followers. Stepping out of the shadow, Dick accosted him. The man's involuntary start awakened still stronger distrust in Ecklin.

"I'm in a hurry," was his short reply to Dick.

"It's this," said Dick, taking him out of the third man's hearing; "a young lady who is blind wants you to come immediately—will you?"

"Where is it?" asked the "healer," looking with suspicion on the strong-featured youth.

"Is it necessary to know the name?"

"I'll not go without," came flatly.

"Well, it's at John Ecklin's—the banker."

A quick glance from the shifting green eyes was followed by his assent.

"I'll come, mister."

And together they walked down the unlighted back street, and entered the side gate of Ecklin's garden.

"Guess there's goin' to be thunder," the "healer" had remarked.

"Yes," was the brief reply, and conversation ceased.

Certainly a storm was imminent. The air was oppressively close, and dense clouds screened every vestige of moonlight.

Leaving his unwelcome guest in the wide hallway, Dick hastened to the sitting-room where he had left Eunice nearly two hours earlier. The few minutes he was alone were spent by the stranger in scrutinizing keenly his surroundings.

"He is here, Eunice," Ecklin said quietly to the girl as she rose in agitation. "Shall I bring him into this room?"

"Yes, Dick—and, oh, thank you so much."

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed," he said pityingly, and went into the hall to call the "healer."

As the two men entered the room the girl was standing so that the light from the piano-lamp shone full upon her face. Dick, watching the stranger closely, noticed him start as though

in surprise. Controlling himself immediately, the "healer" inquired,

"Is this the blind one?"

"Yes, I'm blind," answered Eunice; "can you help me?"

"The Lord helps all that truly believe"—Dick could have thrown him from the room for his unctuous hypocrisy.

Something in the coarse and unpleasant voice brought a sensation of pain and fright to Eunice. The tense nervous strain of two hours' waiting gave way to a state almost of panic.

The closeness of the room stifled her. The rumbling thunder came as a part in her mental terrors. Dick was miles and miles away, and in her weakness she could not even call out for his strength.

"Kneel down," commanded the "healer," and she obeyed mechanically.

Stepping quickly towards her, before Dick could prevent him, he was placing both hands upon her brows. At the moment when the coarse, maimed fingers of his right hand touched her forehead the house shook with a peal of thunder that followed instantaneously a dazzling flash of lightning.

In an infinitesimal of time an anguished flood of memory swept through the mind of the girl—blinding light and deafening crash, a threatening ruffian-face, and a revolver in a disfigured hand, a shock of pain that crazed her.

"Oh, don't shoot!" she shrieked, in terror.

Dick rushed and caught her as she fell, then carried her gently to the sofa.

"Go and get help," he commanded the "healer." There was no response—the stranger had already disappeared.

At the sound of the girl's frenzied appeal—the repetition of her cry on that other night—the scoundrel realized that in some way she knew him. Quickly escaping from the house, he rushed down the path through the blinding rain. Just as he stepped to the street he was confronted by John Ecklin and two companions. One was the stranger cyclist, and the other, Bergerville's entire police force. Seized quickly by the two, the "healer" struggled fiercely, but vainly. Thrown to the ground and handcuffed, he listened sullenly to the detective, who arrested him as "Pete" Simpson, charged with safe-blowing and burglary.

Just then Dick rushed through the gate.

"Help Janet with Eunice," he gasped, recognizing his father as he ran past in the dark. "I'm going for Dr. Pierson."

In a few minutes the doctor was doing all for the prostrated girl that kindly skill could effect. Soon her eyelids opened. The direct rays of the lamp which Mr. Ecklin was holding up fell on them. Their sudden contraction called from Dr. Pierson the sort of half-whistle which he had a habit of emitting when particularly surprised. He blew out the light in an instant.

"What's the matter, doctor"? exclaimed Dick, in anxious astonishment.

"Oh, nothing—nothing wrong—get me something dark and soft for a bandage—*quick!*"

After this was put in place over the girl's eyes, the doctor drew the elder man out of the room. Dick was holding the sufferer's hand.

"She can see! The 'healer' and the thunder have reproduced the exact shock of a year ago—and just reversed the effect."

"Pierson! do you mean it"?

"We must go slowly," came the reply in professional tones. "But we'll get there, John," he added, grasping the banker's hand in a way that betokened more than professional enthusiasm.

S. R. Tarr, '95.

THE NOTCHED STICK.

(SECOND PRIZE.)

I.—The Rat.

It was in the month of August, in the year 1689. Canada was still under the rule of Louis XIV. Denonville was at the height of his ephemeral power.

At the time of the occurrence of the following incident there flourished an Indian chief, by name Kondiaronk or "The Rat." As leader of the tribe of the Hurons he was known to be a wary diplomat, and became celebrated as the ablest representative of the Indian race whom the French had ever encountered in America. Well did he deserve the name of "The Huron Macchiavel."

At the time of our story Denonville—the French Governor—was at Fort Frontenac, an outpost on the site of the present city of Kingston. This officer was about to patch up a treaty with the Iroquois, a tribe against whom Kondiaronk entertained a most implacable hatred. Wishing to monopolize the friendship of the French, "The Rat" devised the following means of sowing discord between them and the Iroquois.

He intercepted the Indian envoys as they were on their way to meet Denonville in council. Some he slaughtered, the rest he took prisoners. When the Iroquois captives remonstrated with Kondiaronk, that he, Denonville's ally, ought not to have molested them, being peace envoys, he told them that the attack had been made at Denonville's suggestion. Then he released the prisoners, who now, of course, burned with hatred against the French whom they deemed perfidious. The released prisoners went back to their tribesmen, told their story, and from that time forward the six nations of the Iroquois patiently plotted a frightful revenge.

A young and flourishing French settlement had been formed at La Chine. It was guarded by detachments of soldiers located in three garrisons—Remy, Roland, and La Presentation. In addition to these, Subercasse, a French officer, had encamped two

hundred soldiers near the St. Lawrence, east of the settlement. On the fateful night of the fourth of August Subercasse was absent in Montreal, leaving his garrison practically leaderless. In the camp there was a young and daring *coureur-de-bois*, named Claude Roy, whom Subercasse had attached to himself with the intention of using Roy's knowledge of the neighboring country in a certain expedition which he had planned. Claude was a young man of twenty-three—daring, muscular, handsome, enthusiastic, and eager for any adventure which would take him from the dull routine of colonial life.

II.—The Massacre.

It was half-past ten. Claude was sitting in his tent, impatiently waiting the return of Subercasse with his final arrangements for departure. Suddenly a blinding storm of rain swept up the river, which, at the point where the colony was located, was upwards of six miles in width, and is there known as Lake St. Louis. There had been a day of sultry heat, followed by this storm of rain, lightning and thunder, interspersed by gusts of hail. Impressed with the terror of the storm the garrison sought shelter in their tents and the colonists in their cabins. But within the terror of that storm was an infinitely greater terror, for, protected by the darkness and tempest, fifteen hundred Iroquois warriors were crossing the seething lake in canoes and posting themselves around the sleeping village. It was their hour of revenge for the supposed treachery of Denonville at Fort Frontenac. Screeching their demoniacal war-whoop, the Iroquois rushed in on the villagers and began an indiscriminate massacre of the colony without regard to sex or age. Only those who have read the narratives of Indian massacres as preserved in the ecclesiastical histories of these early times, can form any idea of its indescribable ferocity.

The very first cry reached the ear of Claude Roy. He leaped from the ground, and seizing hunting knife and pistol, ran toward the heart of the settlement where lay Clementine Bronsard, a beautiful French girl attached to the hospital at Ville Marie. She had been spending some lovely summer days with an uncle there, and, in so doing, had unconsciously walked into the very jaws of death.

Claude Roy and Clementine Bronsard were devoted lovers, and this love of Claude's it was that brought him to the door of the stone-walled cabin before a group of incarnate fiends in the likeness of men had converged upon it. He burst open the low door and found Clementine just awakened in horror. He threw a blanket about her, and without a thought for others made a wild rush towards the river shore, hoping to be able to make his way to the encampment sheltered by its bank. The tempest had now cleared and the night was light enough for moving forms to be dimly discerned. Moreover, lurid flames bursting from a number of the wooden houses, set on fire by the Iroquois, began to illuminate the awful scene. He was successful in eluding pursuit and reached the river, almost stumbling, in the dim light, into a rude boat moored to a jutting tree trunk. He lifted the half-unconscious girl into the boat, and with a stroke of his knife severed the rope and freed the boat, just as a tomahawk, aimed by an Iroquois warrior, grazed his head and plunged into the water beyond. A few strokes of the paddle and they were out of immediate danger.

The oars and the current soon brought them opposite that point on the shore where the famous windmill now stands as the sole remaining relic of that terrible event. Its broad vans outstretched like giant arms in the dusk, seemed to invite them to its protection. He pulled in to the shore, clambered up the high bank with his heavy burden, and was soon knocking loudly at the door of the mill. It was opened by one of a group of settlers who had found refuge within. For the present his work was done—but not his sufferings. Clementine, once conscious of being safe, began to call in agony for her Uncle Ronsard. Claude determined to attempt a second rescue for her sake, and, opening the door, dashed out into the night; but scarcely had he covered a hundred paces when he was surrounded and made a prisoner by the Iroquois, who were now made more fierce than ever by the intoxication of bloodshed.

III.—Friend and Lover.

Meanwhile, in his quiet home in the city of Montreal, quite ignorant as yet of the fearful tragedy that had been enacted only

ten miles away, dwelt Henri Lanctot, at once the friend of Claude and the rival lover of Clementine. Henri had not the daring spirit of Claude and was little given to adventure, but he had a more passionate heart. When it became clear to him that Claude had found a larger place in the affection of Clementine than he, the discovery was a severe strain upon his love for his friend, but Henri was magnanimous and continued to deport himself as before towards his old associate.

They had grown up together in the colony since childhood, and since they had become men had engaged successfully in trapping. Claude had a wonderful genius for carving, and between his excursions into the neighboring forests, when long days were passed by the two friends in Montreal, he beguiled his time by making wood-carvings. Not a few of these, of a religious character, now decorated the Ville Marie chapel. Lanctot often watched his friend at this work with an amused interest. Claude could write upon bark with his knife-point better than upon paper with his pen. Many were the souvenirs conveying mystical meanings, understood only by her, that Clementine had received from him. Exquisite little fans and fire-screens, linked wooden chains, and a score of prettily carved devices ornamented her little room in the hospital, some bearing his initials ingeniously interwoven with her own, others familiar legends of the church. When Claude contracted for the expedition with Subercasse, Henri was in despair, and an unselfish sympathy sprang up between him and the hospital girl.

At midnight of August the 4th, a blood-stained messenger rushed into the presence of the governor of Montreal and informed him that he alone had escaped of the inhabitants of La Chine, that the village was burned and all its inhabitants slaughtered or made captive. Montreal was terror-stricken. Paralysis seems to have seized the officers who were in charge of the military and political affairs of the French settlements, for it is an historical fact that from the date of the massacre until the middle of October the Iroquois haunted the surrounding country almost unmolested.

When the news reached Henri Lanctot that the butchery had occurred and that Clementine was a victim and Claude a prisoner, his despair became a stupor. His utter inability to do anything to help his friend deepened his misery and he chafed under

the inaction. He felt that his devotion to his friend and lover was able to inspire him to any sacrifice, but he saw no opportunity for making an effective effort on their behalf. His heart was in a ferment that endured for two or three days. Then he heard that Roy had succeeded in carrying Clementine to a place of safety, and it was but a short time before she was safe in Montreal. Henri's first words on meeting her were—

"Can you tell me anything of Claude?"

"Nothing," she replied, "but that he is lost."

The two resumed their old friendship, and Clementine never wearied of telling Henri of Claude's daring courage. He listened with sympathetic enthusiasm to her story of the rescue of herself and his attempted rescue of her uncle at the cost of his own liberty and life. If Henri now felt any hope of winning the heart of Clementine, he was too chivalrous to attempt to do so.

IV.—The Notched Stick.

It was a golden day in the middle of September. Pierre, the old hunter and fisherman with whom Claude and Henri had lived, had resolved to spend it in angling off the island now named St. Helen's. He made his way to the cove where his boat was moored, a point on the shore near the place where the northern abutment of the Victoria Bridge is built. From there he intended rowing diagonally across the swift current to the head of the island. He was on the point of thrusting in his oars when a gentle tapping noise attracted his attention. Looking for the cause of it, he discovered a curiously notched willow stick floating on the water, the rippling of which made it beat a light tattoo on the outside of the boat. What was his amazement when, upon taking it up, he found Henri's name carven upon it in Claude Roy's unmistakable characters.

"Let the finder of this token deliver it to Henri Lanctot at Montreal."

The stick was about twelve inches long and about one and a half in diameter. Two deep notches, about two inches from either end of it, marked points where the bark was cut through to the wood quite around its circumference. Between the two points referred to the bark was loose on the wood, while one of the small

bands of bark between the notch and the end of the stick was but slightly fastened. Full of amazement Pierre hastily made fast his boat, hurried home and delivered the strange missive to Henri. He, full of astonishment, easily removed the band, and drawing the sheath of bark from the stick found this message cut in the willow wood :

"I am a prisoner in the camp of the Iroquois, on the south shore, about two miles up from La Chine. I send you my farewell. Death is near. All the prisoners have been tortured one by one and slain. No rescue is now possible. My undying love to you and our Clementine.—CLAUDE."

Henri's amazement was absolute. To think that this floating message should have drifted so soon and so directly into his hands ! It must, he thought, have been tossed into the river with a prayer, and perhaps he had found the clue at once to the real secret. But the fact remained that the carven lines were there in his hands. His impulsive temperament at once urged him to think of schemes for Claude's rescue, if indeed he still lived. He wisely decided that there was no time left for an organized attack on the camp. If a rescue were to be made one might accomplish the feat better than a whole expedition. He resolved to take his life in his hands and to go alone.

V.—THE RESCUE.

That night he crossed the river in Pierre's boat and stole like a shadow along the forest trail that followed the south shore of the St. Lawrence. It was midnight when he reached the locality indicated by Claude in the carven letter. If he had been cautious before he now became the impersonation of stealth. He was able at last to make out the glow of smouldering embers through the forest trees that marked the camping place of the Iroquois. Like a panther he crept nearer and nearer, until, in the dull red glow of the fire, he could distinguish the crouching form of a solitary Indian, silently smoking, and a few feet behind him, securely tied to the trunk of a pine tree, was the worn form of Claude Roy.

Henri had been right in the impression that he had formed that the camp was temporarily deserted. This silent warrior had

been left to guard the sole surviving prisoner. Henri's decision was soon taken ; with a bound he leaped into the glare of the firelight, and before the Iroquois could recover, seized his heavy pistol by the barrel and dealt the Indian a terrific blow full on the forehead, stretching him unconscious. Drawing his hunting knife he sprang to the side of Claude and with a couple of strokes severed the bands that bound him. There were then but two words spoken—" Henri ! "—" Claude ! " Before there was time for the exchange of another syllable, several silent forms crept into the opening. They were the advance guard of the returning Iroquois, but so silently had everything taken place that for a moment the Indians did not know what had happened.

In this interval Claude and Henri had plunged into the shade of the woods. Claude whispered, " To the shore—the canoes ! " They began a dash to the river, which lay about twenty-five yards distant, and just as they leaped together into the nearest canoe and seized the paddles, a yell pierced the silent air. The Indians had discovered their flight. They had not put a distance of more than twenty yards between themselves and the shore when they were followed. The low moon, that had up to this time favored Henri's approach to the camp and aided him in the rescue, broke out from behind a cloud and disclosed the broad lake and close behind them two dusky forms pushing out from the shore in pursuit of the two friends.

Then began a terrific race for life. It was a struggle of heroes with demons. Henri and Claude instinctively headed their canoe down the current toward La Chine. Stimulated by the returning hope of life, which during the long weeks of his captivity he had abandoned, Claude, in spite of the weakness following upon suffering and fasting, was more than able to equal Henri in the fierce energy with which he plied his paddle. For three or four miles the race continued, when a dull roar suddenly awakened them to the fact that they were being drawn into the swift current immediately above the rapids. It was too late then to attempt to gain the shore. Already the river was hurrying them down faster than the feverish strokes of their paddles. The pursuers gained. The canoe of the two Iroquois was now almost prow to prow with that of the fugitives. In a moment the two frail vessels touched. Pursuers and pursued plunged together

into the foaming rapids that, in the moonlight, seethed about them, a sea of milk-white foam. One of the Iroquois—his ruling passion of hatred strong in death—raised a tomahawk to strike at Claude. Henri, in the back of the canoe, saw the attempt, raised his pistol and shot the Indian dead. In falling his lifeless body overturned the canoe, and his companion was swept down to death.

Henri and Claude were now in the hands of destiny. Even had they known those treacherous eddies, waves and rocks, it would have been madness to have attempted to pass them in the night. They abandoned themselves to this new form of death. Mighty billows, crested with moonlit spray, surged around them and sank behind. Jagged rocks sped by them and seemed to reach out terrible arms to drag them to destruction. For a quarter of an hour they lived in the midst of this awful danger; then the waters grew calmer, and they knew that the river that had threatened them had saved them. The two enraged Iroquois that had followed them into the rapids would never emerge.

Daylight was just breaking when the two friends entered their Montreal home. Pierre was watching, haggard with anxiety, to know the fate of his two foster sons. Imagine the welcome of the old Canadian, and the eagerness with which he listened to the story of Claude's long weeks of captivity! He had enjoyed freedom enough, it appeared, to be able to amuse his grim captors with his skill as wood carver, and this had made it possible for him to send, by the strange post, "The Notched Stick."

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

FUNERAL EXERCISES OF DR. WELTON.

Dr. Welton, our greatly beloved professor of Hebrew, entered into rest early in the morning of Sunday, February 28th. After chapel service on Tuesday, six students in cap and gown, headed by Chancellor Wallace and Pastor Freeman, bore his body through a long line of sorrowing professors and students to Castle Memorial Hall. Guarded by students it rested there until the last services in the afternoon, when many gathered to pay their final tribute of loving affection and respect. The Faculty occupied seats on the platform, and the students filled the centre seats of the Hall. Amongst those present were : Members of the Board of Governors and Senate, the members of the Baptist Ministerial Association of Toronto, Chancellor Burwash of Victoria University, Principal Caven of Knox College, and Professors McCurdy and Keys of the University of Toronto. The character of the occasion has been so beautifully expressed by Mr. G. R. Roberts in the *Canadian Baptist*, that we have obtained his permission to reprint what he wrote :

"He lay like a tired workman taking his rest in sleep. His friends stood sentry by his couch, and loving hands had laid flowers of fragrance and beauty all about him. From the walls the familiar and life-like faces of other sleepers watched the sorrowing company, and the tinted shadow of himself, more like him now than the set face in the casket, looked down upon him from the place where he had so often stood, and where his kind and tender words had been so often spoken. He had prayed there, and read the Book that was his life to those who came to listen and to learn. His colleagues file in silently and take their places, and he smiles not ; they join in prayer of thankfulness for the beautiful life they have known and honored, but he heeds not. The sorrowing company sing of the Saviour he loved and served, 'Jesus, wondrous Saviour,' and for the first time he joins not in the song. He sees not the tears, hears not the sighs, as those who knew him best tell of his life in young manhood, his service in the Master's vineyard, in Hall and church and home. Words failed them all. There was still something unsaid when

all had spoken, though highest testimony was borne to the faithful and gentle life now closed. Words cannot portray such lives as his, nor describe 'the childlike simplicity of his faith and his unswerving trust in God.' But the hearse was waiting, as it will one day wait for us all. And when a parting hymn of triumph had been sung, his boys of yesterday, and those of years ago, his fellows in labor, and friends from every walk in life, with uncovered heads watched his departure from the scene of his labors and the place of his delight. Dr. Welton has passed into the larger and the better life, where there is no more pain, and where all tears are wiped away. He will never die."

The service began with an invocation by Chancellor Wallace and the singing of the McMaster Hymn, after which Professor Farmer read portions of Scripture, and Dr. Goodspeed led in prayer. Four brief addresses followed. Rev. J. D. Freeman, as his pastor, spoke of Dr. Welton as a Christian man; Chancellor Wallace gave the story of his life and noted some of his characteristics as a professor; Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris dealt with his work and power as a gospel preacher; and Rev. J. B. Warnicker, representing Dr. Welton's students past and present, emphasized what in his character gave him influence over men. Prayer by Dr. Weeks brought the service to a close. The coffin was borne out by Dr. Goodspeed, Dr. Farmer, Professor McKay and Professor Clark, representing the Faculty; and Sir John Boyd and Mr. John Stark, representing the Bloor Street Church. The students walked in a body to Mount Pleasant cemetery, where the interment took place. Rev. J. H. Freeman and Rev. W. H. Porter shared in the service at the grave side.

In the October number of The Monthly we hope to be able to give our readers a comprehensive account of the life and work and character of our late colleague and teacher. In the meantime we print herewith Pastor Freeman's remarks in full, and brief digests of the loving words spoken by Chancellor Wallace, Dr. Harris, and Rev. Mr. Warnicker.

Rev. J. D. Freeman.

My tribute to the memory of Dr. Welton is the tribute of his pastor. It is, therefore, a tribute to his Christian manhood. Others will speak of what he achieved as a scholar, teacher,

preacher, and moulder of men ; it is for me to remind you of what he was as a man in Christ Jesus.

In his several spheres of labor he attained high rank and rendered conspicuous service, yet through all his days his character outshone his career. We shall not forget the noble work he did, nor the valuable contributions he made to the literature of his day, but it will be the man himself we shall most frequently and fondly think of as the days go by. He was pre-eminently a man of God. The foundation of his life-structure was his Christian faith ; the shining summit of his greatness was his radiant goodness.

If he gave his service to the Christian college it was because he had given his loyalty to the Christian church. He gave himself to the church because in early boyhood he gave his heart to Christ. With him the church was a choice institution, to be loved, honored and cherished. He was a notable worshipper. It was good to see his beautiful face as it shone in the congregation, and to hear his rich, full voice as it led in the responsive reading of the Psalm and rolled forth in the singing of the hymns. It was good to see him bow in reverence at the table of communion and touch the wounds of Jesus as he took the bread and wine. He was a faithful and constant attendant. One of the last levies that he made upon his failing strength was for force sufficient to bring him to the mid-week prayer meeting and to offer the tender petition that brought all heaven about our souls. He never dropped the Sunday evening service. For him "the evening and the morning" of the holy day "were the first day" of the week, both ends of which he looped up to heaven by the golden chain of prayer. For more than sixty years his spirit sang—

> "I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
> The house of Thine abode,
> The church our blest Redeemer saved
> With His own precious blood."

Truly this was a holy man ! By the Bloor Street Church he was regarded as one of her sweetest saints. There was about him a conspicuous heavenly-mindedness. It was a quality that abstracted him somewhat from the common ways of men, but did not isolate him from their fellowship and sympathy. He was a

man of singular purity. Everything about him suggested cleanness. He was a Galahad among the knights of the Cross, one who had seen the Holy Grail and entered into deepest fellowship with "our fair father Christ." He has gone to heaven as clean and sweet and white a soul as was ever washed in the blood of the Lamb!

There was also about him a beautiful simplicity, a wonderful child-likeness. He looked out upon the world through the unsuspicious eyes of a boy. And he trusted like a little child. During his lifetime many changes passed over the theological thinking of men. There was frequent shifting of doctrinal emphasis. But no changes touched his faith. The integrity and authority of the Scriptures, the Lordship and Saviourhood of Christ, the centrality and supremacy of the Cross, these were the certitudes of his faith, and by them he steered a steady course unto the end.

It was my privilege to be often at his bedside in his last illness. His room was a veritable sanctuary. It was easy to pray there, for God seemed very near. He had a painless passing. For months he maintained a heroic struggle for life. But though he desired to live, he was willing to depart and be with Christ. When the first cold spray of the advancing death-tide fell upon him he was manifestly disquieted. But as the tide, obedient to the call of the heavens, swept toward him, deep and strong, he knew that it was a homing tide, and he surrendered with a smiling face. Upon the crest of death's tidal wave he fell asleep as sweetly as a child upon its mother's breast. He knew that "though from out our bourne of Time and Place the flood might bear him far, he soon would meet his Pilot face to face when he had crossed the bar." Thus he went from us, and they who saw his face in that last hour beheld it as the face of an angel.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

This, my friends, is the fact of which I put you in remembrance. "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." This was his chiefest distinction. He served his generation by the will of God and then—

> "He gave his honors to the world again,
> His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

Yes. Peace—

> " Deep as the sleep of the sea,
> When the stars their faces glass
> In its blue tranquility."

" Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Chancellor Wallace.

Chancellor Wallace spoke of the childhood of Professor Welton, in King's County, Nova Scotia; his student days, at Acadia College and Newton Theological Seminary; his pastorate of seventeen years at Windsor, Nova Scotia; his call from the pastorate to theological teaching at Acadia College; his two years of study in Leipsic, Germany; his subsequent years of teaching at Acadia; his removal to Toronto, and his twenty years of service as Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages and Old Testament Interpretation in the Toronto Baptist College and McMaster University. After referring to the gradual failing of Professor Welton's strength during the months of October and November, his inability one morning to lecture after, by a great effort, reaching his lecture room, the return to his own room, assisted by one of his students, his hope during the first two or three weeks of his sickness of returning to his much-loved teaching after the Christmas holidays, and the final slow discovery that his work was done, the Chancellor spoke briefly of some of his characteristics as a scholar and teacher, mentioning in particular his industry, thoroughness, accuracy, and enthusiasm. The Chancellor's address was an affectionate tribute to the memory of one to whom he had been intimately related as student, pastor and colleague for many years.

Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris.

I was intimately associated with Dr. Welton in the fellowship of church worship and service and in other spheres, and during my acquaintance with him I never saw him do a thing I could wish undone, never heard him utter a word I could wish unsaid. With all his perfection of character, however, he knew himself to

be a sinner saved by grace. He had a deep sense of the enormity of sin and of the necessity of cleansing in the blood of Jesus. It was this that made his preaching effective. Behind every sermon of his there was, moreover, a man of God. He was an "Israelite in whom was no guile." A man's success as a minister depends more on what he is than what he says. Few of Dr. Welton's sermons were written out beforehand; he could compose on his feet. To do this requires intimate familiarity with the Word of God. Dr. Welton's spirit was saturated with it, the Old Testament especially. In consequence his sermons had unique richness, freshness and power. Finally, Dr. Welton was a man of prayer. In his constant fellowship with God lay the secret of the richness of his service.

Rev. J. B. Warnicker.

Among many features one thing stood out strongly in the character of Dr. Welton, namely, his simplicity. He taught his students that to be simple was to be strong, that wickedness was weakness. He was great because he was simple. He had not the statesman's vision or the touch of the business man that could bring order out of chaos; he was not an ecclesiastical lawyer. But we were the richer for his poverty. He had that heavenly touch that enriched all who came within the sphere of his usefulness. Of such a man it could be truly said,

> "There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose portals we call death."

Dr. Welton had worshipped so long at the shrine of the God of the beautiful that he reflected the image. He has gone from glory to glory. He has moved into the light that played about him for so many years.

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Editorial Notes.

DR. WELTON is dead. After a long life of strenuous service for the Master he now "takes his fill of deep and liquid rest." For some years his health has not been robust, but in spite of that he did not cease from the preaching and teaching he loved so well. But the time came when his work was done. "As the days of last October and November passed," to quote Chancellor Wallace's touching account of the pathetic moment when he appeared for the last time in the lecture room, "his strength grew less and less, until one day the short walk from his room to McMaster Hall seemed a toilsome journey, and the stairway up which for twenty years he had come into these buildings with quick and elastic step seemed steep and long, and the corridor leading from the main entrance to his lecture room was too great a distance for his faltering feet. By a great effort he reached the lecture room, where he sank exhausted into a chair. The hour for his lecture had come, and he was at his post, but his last lecture had been given. He must return from his lecture room to his bed. Leaning upon one of the students who loved him and whom he loved—he loved all his students and was loved by all of

them—he went out for the last time from the busy, strenuous, eager student life that he loved so well, and with slow and feeble steps, the teacher supported by his pupil, the old man leaning on the young man, made his way to the place where he should learn the last lesson, where he should see the final great revelation of this life."

With Dr. Welton's passing there has gone out from our midst one whose presence has enriched the life of every professor and undergraduate whose privilege it was to come into touch with his gracious personality. Through successive generations of theological students, and arts students too, he has impressed himself on the life of the Baptist denomination in Canada as few men have ; the Baptists of Ontario are what they are in no small measure by reason of the fact that for twenty years Dr. Welton has been professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Interpretation in Toronto Baptist College and McMaster University. He had the instincts of a scholar : like Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, "gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche." He wore his weight of learning lightly and modestly : knowing much he was humble that he knew not more. He had a fine taste in literature, and would often wax eloquent in class or in conversation over some sublime image that he had observed in the original text of Holy Writ. In a word, Dr. Welton was a gentleman and a scholar, in the best, though old-fashioned, sense of the phrase.

But his influence was not limited to the lecture room. As he moved in and out among his colleagues and students he seemed a concrete image of what we should all like to be. His gracious dignity and fine courtliness were an object lesson to us who belong to a generation younger and perhaps less concerned for the amenities of life. In his case manners were but the reflex of the man : they were not put on, but were the natural expression of graces of mind and heart. As in the days to come we recall to mind his beautiful countenance and rich, melodious voice, we shall often linger on one scene, namely when, in the regrettable absence of Chancellor Wallace in search of health, he presided at Convocation and conferred degrees upon the young men and women who had successfully completed their various courses. In fancy we shall see him rise to utter his words of welcome to the guest of that occasion, the old Hebrew scholar, Dr. Welton,

giving due recognition to the younger and more distinguished worker, President Harper. We venture to think that the latter, even with his world-wide reputation, was not unmindful of the honor conferred upon him by the generous utterances of the former. The graduates, too, who received their degrees on that occasion, will surely not soon forget the learned ease with which he pronounced the Latin formula of dismissal, *Dissolvo hanc Convocationem.*

There is much more that might be said about our beloved Dr. Welton. Kind words were spoken at the funeral services, of which an account is given elsewhere in this number of THE MONTHLY; more will be said later on by one competent to give adequate treatment to the character and work of the good man who has passed to his reward. We may, therefore, be permitted to conclude with a quotation from what Chancellor Wallace has so finely and truthfully said: "To his colleagues and students his presence was a benediction. Who of us ever saw him with a heavy and downcast countenance? Did he ever greet us with aught but a cheery word and a smile of kindliness? After a few words with him did not the day seem a little brighter and the round of toil a little less irksome? How glad we were when it was his turn to lead our chapel service! How intently we listened, subdued always, sometimes thrilled, as he read a favorite psalm! How our hearts followed as his petitions rose in reverent aspiration and pleading to the Majesty on high! . . . We shall not look up to see him coming, brightly and cheerily, into our company as colleague and as teacher. We shall long in vain to hear again his voice in prayer in this place. He has done for us what he could. There remains for us the duty of honoring him by being better men because we have known him and loved him, and because we have been taught and loved by him. Castle, McGregor, Rand, Welton—McMaster University is young in years but is growing old in sorrow."

College News.

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

AN apology is due from the editor of the department for omitting to mention the names of our debaters in the McMaster-Trinity debate reported in the February number. The able speeches delivered by Messrs. J. M. Cornwall and A. L. Huddleston on the negative side of the resolution "Resolved that our system of state education should include religious teaching," demand for them better treatment than they received at our hands.

MOCK PARLIAMENT—The Debating Club may chronicle four successful meetings for the month of February. The first three gatherings were devoted to debates which were entered into with the usual skill and style displayed by those who may perhaps hear the distant call of legislative halls. During the month Dr. Farmer and Prof. Dale very kindly filled the chair of critic at two of the meetings. The meeting held on Saturday afternoon, February 27th, was especially worthy of notice. The executive of the club decided to try a venture, and consequently advertised in advance a Mock Parliament. When the time arrived honorable gentlemen filled the seats on either side of the House. In the midst of breathless silence Lieutenant-Governor Warner entered and opened the House with the usual ceremony. Speaker Poapst then took the chair. Premier Mabee arose and made a few preliminary remarks, after which he outlined the policy of the Government. The main planks of the platform were as follows: (1) that a sixth story should be added to McMaster University for the Science Department; (2) that an appropriation be made for the installation of elevators in McMaster Hall; (3) that ground be purchased for an athletic field; (4) that a ladies' residence should be established. As the fourth plank was being inserted, honorable gentlemen completely lost control of themselves, and it was only after "*Page*" Jones had expended muscular energy that the Opposition regained their usual equilibrium. Mr. Pengelly, leader of the Opposition, arose, and pointed out in a vigorous manner the weakness of the Government's policy. Excitement ran high, the page ran all over, and the Opposition whip ran out to see if the old hoist was still in place. The speakers seemed to wander away from their text in several cases; others showed a decided partiality in dealing with the ladies' residence. During

the proceedings of the afternoon two honorable members from the Government deliberately left their seats and joined the ranks of the opposing party. After a great deal of discussion the Speaker declared the House to be adjourned, and honorable gentlemen sought the lobbies.

The adjourned Mock Parliament of the Debating Club met in session on Saturday afternoon, March 5th. The policy of the Government in connection with McMaster University was mainly to remain on the present site and sustain a forward movement by an increased Government grant. On the contrary, the policy of the Opposition consisted of removal from the present site and erection of new buildings, along with the sale of the present location. This policy would mean more expense than that of the Government party. Attorney-General J. B. McLaurin introduced a bill for the establishment of a chair of Municipal Government in McMaster University. This was strongly objected to by J. H. Cranston, M.L.L., honorable member for Hogg's Flats. A second bill was introduced for the establishment of a ladies' residence. This bill was introduced by the Minister of Education, Hon. Mr. New, a member of the Theological Society. A great deal of discussion took place before the division of the House. The division resulted in a majority for the Government. Dr. Cross gave some very practical and helpful hints to the several speakers, after which the House adjourned for one week.

The final inter-year debate came off at 6.45 on Friday evening, February 19th. The hour was set early in order to allow time for the students to see the hockey game against R. M. C., which came off later the same evening. '05 had previously defeated '06, and '04 won from '07, so the juniors and seniors were the opposing years. Messrs. C. S. Eaton and D. A. McGregor, for '05, upheld the affirmative of the somewhat familiar resolution : "Resolved, that poverty is due more to economic than to moral causes," while the negative was taken by Mr. W. W. Lailey, '04, and Mr. R. A. F. McDonald, '04. The first number on the programme was supplied by the ladies, who paraded across the front of the hall to their seats on the east side with their usual grace and éclat. As soon as the consequent uneasiness in the audience was hushed, the debaters were let loose. The affirmative, after expounding some interesting economical problems, occupied themselves in piling up instances of ecomically-caused poverty, and authorities who supported their position. The negative, on their side, declared that all these arguments were really in their favor, and quoted other authorities who contradicted the first point-blank, A mixed quartette, consisting of gentlemen who have requested that their names be not disclosed, next rose and proceeded to sing a very affecting ditty about a

"po' little lamb." When they reached the chorus, however, their feelings overcame them, and they retired in some confusion, and amid the cheers of the delighted audience. Prof. Dale reported on behalf of himself and his fellow-judges, Mr. Sanderson and Chancellor Wallace, that the affirmative had won, and the meeting closed with the soul-stirring sounds of "Pogga-Wogga," the '05 class yell.

Ladies' Debating Union.—The ladies of the Intercollegiate Debating Union were guests of the Ladies' Literary Society of Victoria University on Wednesday afternoon, February 24th. At this meeting the final debate was keenly contested by McMaster and Victoria. The subject was, "Resolved, that the influence of Greece has been and is more permanent than that of Rome." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Weekes, '04, and Miss Deacon, '05, of Victoria; the negative by Miss Culver, '04, and Miss Wilkins, '07, of McMaster. Dr. Johnson of Toronto University, Professor Wallace of Victoria, and Dr. McKay of McMaster acted as judges. Their task was unusually difficult, for both sides made especially bright and forceful speeches. While awaiting their decision the Victoria Literary Society pleased all with an enjoyable programme. Dr. Johnson, who spoke on behalf of the judges, complimented the ladies on their eloquence; in fact he said he did not know that ladies could talk so well on such ancient matters, but decided that the weight of argument lay with Greece and—Victoria. The ladies of McMaster congratulate their sisters of Victoria upon winning the championship of the Union.

The Literary Society held its public meeting for the second term in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of Friday, 26th February. Chancellor Wallace, the Honorary President, occupied the chair, and in his introductory remarks spoke of the efficient work the Literary Society was doing this year. He also expressed pleasure at the commendatory reports which he had received from time to time of the Debating Club, whose endeavors were akin to those of the Literary Society. The first number on the programme was a well-rendered piano solo by Miss Beatrice Mannering, of Moulton College. Miss Edith A. Hartley then gave a reading entitled "The Harvard-Yale Boat Race," which was much appreciated. As an encore, she gave a humorous selection. The next number was a vocal solo, "The Sands o Dee," by Miss Lillie M. Senior. The pathos of the song was expressed feelingly, and gained an encore for Miss Senior, who responded with a lively selection. Mr. E. A. St. James gave a reading from Drummond. He delighted the audience, and as an encore gave "La Canadienne." Miss Elsie Dryden's vocal solo

was rendered in a clear and well-modulated voice, and won the applause of the audience. Her encore was "The Japanese Love Song."

The first number of the second part was a reading from Hamlet, Act III, Scene IV, by Mr. Herbert Piercy. He was encored, and gave "Sam's Letter." Mr. Edward Carey Fox, '06, then gave a clarionet solo. Mr. W. A. Cameron's oration on "Man" was appreciated by all. The next number was a vocal solo, "A May Morning," by Miss Mabel Sowerby, who has already favored the Literary Society by taking part in the programme on other occasions. Her rendition of this bright selection left nothing to be desired. The last number on the programme was Rudyard Kipling's "Song of the Banjo," by Mrs. Fenton-Arnton. Her imitation of sounds produced by the banjo were especially good; it seemed as if the banjo were indeed there. The pleasant and profitable evening was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King."

Fyfe Day.—Friday morning, February 26th, found an unusually large number of students attending the sessions of the Fyfe Society in Castle Memorial Hall. It had been noticed that the attendance at former meetings this year had been greater, and the interest more marked, than formerly, but at this session the Executive had gone one step further in the attractiveness of the programme, by securing Rev. Canon Cody, of Wycliffe College, as the speaker, which accounted for the large gathering. Dr. Cody received a warm welcome as he stepped with Chancellor Wallace to the platform, his face beaming with smiles. He prefaced his remarks with pleasant references to the Baptist denomination, and to some of his relatives who were Baptist ministers. "Some of the Causes of the Church's Failure" was his theme, and most masterly was his delineation of the existing weaknesses of the present-day church. The solution offered by the speaker was not new, yet, nevertheless, helpful, because of the strong way in which it was presented. Interesting reports from the city missions were given, Mr. Tomkins on Weston Road, and Mr. Gonder on Taylor Street. In the afternoon the missionary studies on India were continued under the general head, "Carey and the Modern Period," which was subdivided as follows: W. C. Pearce, '04, on "Carey and his Associates"; Alfred Stokes, Theol., on "Duff"; J. McPhail, '07, on "Martyn," and J. B. Pengelly, '06, on "Jewett." Letters were read from Miss Priest and Mr. Ralph Smith, B.A., of India, and special prayer was offered for them and their work.

There was a quietness and sadness around the Hall when the news of Dr. Welton's death reached us on Sunday, February 28th. We gathered in the chapel on Monday morning at the accustomed time. The service was an impressive one because we knew that our beloved professor would not again inspire us with his presence there. On Tuesday morning, the day of the funeral, after a service had been held at the home among the relatives, the flower-covered coffin was borne to Castle Memorial Hall by Messrs. Beck, Jordan, Nobles, McIntosh, Stokes, and I. G. Matthews. On either side the students and professors lined the entrance while the body was borne through. As the public service did not begin until two o'clock in the afternoon, several guards of honor, four in each guard, were appointed. Wearing the college gown and cap, they stood motionless, two at the head and two at the foot of the casket, for a period of twenty minutes each. During this time many friends came to take their last look at the form of the dear old man. On the platform stood the life-size portrait of the deceased professor, draped in black. Among the flowers on the casket was a beautiful wreath, "Our beloved colleague," and another, "Our beloved professor." A beautiful anchor witnessed the affection of the Alumni. A full account of the afternoon service is given elsewhere in The Monthly. The students all marched to Mount Pleasant cemetery after the service in the chapel.

The Ladies' Literary Society was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Wednesday, March 2nd. The chief feature of the afternoon's programme was the final inter-year debate between '04 and '07. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, that the reign of Queen Victoria was more beneficial than that of Queen Elizabeth." The affirmative was supported by Misses Moule and Matthews of '07, while Misses McLaurin and Layng upheld the negative. Dr. Smith, who acted as judge and critic, after kindly, helpful words of criticism and commendation for both sides, gave his decision in favor of '04. Misses Healey, Parker and Hartley also contributed to the programme.

Final Inter-College Debate—Tuesday evening, March 8th, was an eventful night in the calendar of McMaster students. For three years McMaster has guarded the championship in the Intercollegiate Debating Union, of Toronto, having won ten straight contests during that time. On Tuesday night representatives of Osgoode Hall and McMaster met in Wycliffe Convocation Hall to decide who should be champions for the year 1903-04. There was a large attendance of students and friends of both institutions present, and precisely at eight o'clock, Mr. W. H. Vance, the chairman, opened the evening's entertainment. In the

debate, Messrs. J. B. Coyne, B.A., and M. A. Macdonald, of Osgoode Hall, contended "That it would be in the best interests of Society in Canada that, in order to remove the present difficulties in obtaining divorce, and for other reasons, these questions should be transferred to the ordinary judicial tribunals," while Messrs. J. M. Warner, '04, and I. G. Matthews, M.A., of McMaster, argued the negative.

For the affirmative Mr. Coyne, in a calm, thoughtful manner declared that the present system of securing divorce was unfair to the poor man on account of expense; that divorce through the Senate entailed greater publicity than it would through ordinary tribunals. Mr. Macdonald, also for the affirmative, gave a clever and energetic speech in comparing our system with those of other countries. Mr. Warner, in a well-worded and excellently delivered speech, spoke of the home as the corner stone of the state and said that the state should not abdicate in any degree its authority to safeguard the sanctity of the home, while his colleague, Mr. Matthews, in a most clear and argumentative manner dealt with the questions of legal difficulties, expense, laxity in marriage, and consequent neglect of children.

The judges were Professor Hume, Mr. C. C. James, M.A., and Rev. J. A. Macdonald. After a long retirement they returned with the verdict that while the negative had the advantage in style, the affirmative had a little the better of the argument, and for this reason Osgoode were declared the champion debaters. Thus ended the last and keenest debate of the season. McMaster congratulates Osgoode as champions of 1903-04. The musical and literary part of the programme was well provided for by Mr. W. E. Bowyer, B.A., Mr. Frank E. Blatchford and Miss Wilkins.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. J. SCOTT, B.A.

THE CLASS OF '96.

REV. L. BROWN, M.A., '98, B.Th., '98, after graduation from Theology, served the church in Grimsby for a considerable time, and is now pastor of the Baptist church in Petrolea, Ont.

REV. S. T. FOSTER, B.Th., '00, after graduation from Theology, went to Crystal City, North Dakota, where he was pastor. We understand that Mr. Foster still resides in Crystal City.

Prof. W. P. Cohoe, M.A., '98, spent from 1998 to 1900 at Harvard University, where he distinguished himself in his special department, chemistry. In 1900 he received the appointment to the chair of Chemistry and Geology in his Alma Mater. This position he fills successfully at the present time.

Rev. A. J. Darroch was pastor in Flesherton, Ont., for a time, then in Kenilworth. In both places his work was abundant and able. At present he is not engaged in pastoral work, which he had to give up on account of ill-health. It is the ardent wish of his Alma Mater that his strength speedily return.

Rev. A. Imrie after graduation was pastor of the church in Aurora for a time, and is now pastor of Immanuel Church, Brantford, Ont.

Rev. A. N. Marshall is our representative in the great and distant land, Australia. For a considerable time he was pastor in Melbourne, and is now pastor in North Adelaide, South Australia.

Rev. J. J. McNeil was for a time pastor of the church in Tillsonburg. From thence he went to Woodstock College, where for a year he was on the staff of teachers. In '99 he was called to the First Church, Winnipeg, where he is still pastor.

H. H. Newman took a post-graduate course in Chicago University. We understand Mr. Newman is now Professor in Science in the Military Academy, Culver, Ind.

J. B. Paterson is engaged in business in the West, and resides in Brandon.

Rev. C. E. Scott, after graduation from Arts, spent a year in Theology, and then accepted the pastorate of the Schomberg church, Ont. After a year's service in Schomberg he was called to the Baptist church at Fort William, Ont., where he is still pastor.

Rev. G. N. Simmons, B. Th., '99, after graduation from Theology spent four years in the pastorate of the church in Athens, Ont. He has lately entered upon the pastorate of Fonthill church, Ont.

Rev. J. C. Sycamore, M.A., '98, spent seven years as pastor of the Brockville church. He is now pastor of the James Street

Church, Hamilton. Mr. Sycamore found his helpmeet in his own class—the then Miss M. E. Dryden—who has been to him a popular and able helper. In this he set a good example to succeeding classes, an example which some wise men have copied.

Rev. W. W. McMaster, B.A., '94, B.Th., '96, after graduation served the church in Tiverton, Ont., for a considerable time. He is now pastor of Fourth Avenue Church, Ottawa.

Rev. E. J. Stobo, B.A., B.Th., '96, since graduation has served the churches in North Bay, Ont., and Poplar Hill, Ont. He is now pastor of the Port Burwell church, Ont.

Wm. Findlay, M.A., '98, Ph.D., Chicago, who teaches in Columbia University, has recently been appointed assistant secretary of the American Mathematical Society. We congratulate Mr. Findlay on his steady advancement.

Rev. A. G. Baker, B.Th., '00, is engaged in missionary work in La Paz, Bolivia.

Rev. C. J. Cameron, B.A., '94, B.Th., '96, since graduation was pastor in Vankleek Hill, then Assistant Home Mission Secretary. Lately he has entered upon work more directly related to his Alma Mater. He is now Field-Secretary for McMaster University.

Rev. A. F. Hammett, Theol., '96, went to Crystal City, North Dakota, where he was pastor for a year and a half. His death from typhoid fever in '97 removed a noble and able servant.

Rev. J. W. Kirkpatrick, Theol., was forced by ill-health to resign all pastoral work, and is now residing in Parry Sound town, Ont. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Kirkpatrick's health is improved.

Rev. B. W. Merrill, B.A., B.Th., '96, since graduation was pastor in Fort William, Ont., and in the First Church, Guelph. He is now pastor of the McPhail Memorial Church, Ottawa.

Rev. J. J. Reeve, B.A., '94, B.Th., has served the churches in Paisley, Ont., and St. George. Of the last church he is still pastor. At the present time Mr. Reeve is taking a graduate course in Chicago University, having been granted leave of absence for a session of study.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, '05.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE'S CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Cadets are again champions of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey Association. While the honor, as has been said, is not as great as the name, it is one which we fain would have had. But as the gods ruled otherwise, we congratulate the Cadets on having been fortunate enough to defeat us on the round by 19 to 16, a margin of three goals. We give them warning, however, that we intend to try again next season, and it will not be our fault if the new cup does not find a resting place in McMaster Hall for the year of 1905.

MCMASTER, 8; R.M.C., 8.—Such was the result of the first game of the finals, played in Kingston on the evening of February 12th. It was most gratifying to the supporters of our team, as it was thought we ought to win out on home ice. The game was played on Queen's rink, which is considerably larger than the Toronto rink. This gave our men an advantage over the Cadets, as they proved themselves much faster skaters. This advantage, though, was balanced by the fact that the Kingstonians had an average of ten pounds weight to the good all round, and this they made use of. It was a fast and exciting match, and should have resulted in a victory for the green and black. We quote some interesting sayings from the Kingston papers anent the game. *The Whig*—"Hockey of the strenuous whirlwind kind was on the 'boards' at the Kingston rink last night when the speedy intermediate puck chasers from McMaster University crossed sticks with the R.M.C. McMaster came down on Thursday afternoon and took every precaution to ensure success. The west side of the rink was lined with Queen's students, who cheered lustily for the visiting team. It is many years since a Toronto team received such a warm reception in the old Limestone City. . . . For McMaster every player was a star. The work of Young at cover and J. B. McArthur at point was a splendid demonstration of good defence work. Baker, Peine, McArthur and Blackadar, all did well on the forward line, while Munro in goal played a steady, cool game. The Toronto boys made many friends in the city who appreciated their gentlemanly actions while here." The other Kingston paper says: "The Cadets were lucky to come out even. . . . Young is one of the finest cover-points that has played here for some time. . . . It looks as if the championship will go west. . . . McMaster was the better team on the ice last

night. Their play was well balanced, and they were aggressive at all times during the game."

The teams lined up as follows :

McMaster (8)—Goal, Munro ; point, J. B. McArthur ; cover-point, Young ; centre, M. S. McArthur (captain) ; wings, Baker, Blackadar.

R.M.C. (8)—Goal, Goldie ; point, Harrington ; cover-point, Constantine ; centre, Gill ; rover, Dunlop ; wings, Powell, Hale.

Referee, J. Gillespie, Queen's.

The goals were scored in the following order :—First half : 1, Hale, R.M.C. ; 2, Hale, R.M.C. ; 3, Baker, McMaster ; 4, J. B. McArthur, McMaster; 5, Peine, McMaster ; 6, Gill, R.M.C.; Second half : 7, M. S. McArthur, McMaster ; 8, Powell, R.M.C.; 9, Peine, McMaster ; 10, Baker, McMaster ; 11, Gill, R.M.C.; 12, M. S. McArthur, McMaster ; 13, Peine, McMaster ; 14, Dunlop, R.M.C. ; 15, Constantine, R.M.C. ; 16, Constantine, R.M.C. The first goal was scored in ten seconds. Three minutes from the end of time the score was 8 to 5 in McMaster's favor.

R.M.C., 11 ; McMaster, 8.—The final game, played on February 19th, in the Caledonian rink, Toronto, was one that will not soon be forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness it. The McMaster students and professors turned out *en masse* to see what was one of the fastest games ever played by a McMaster seven. Unfortunately McMaster lost the game and with it the championship. The game was hard and the checking close, both teams evincing a desire to "rough" it. The referee was strict and the boards were decorated during a considerable part of the game. In this respect McMaster was the more unfortunate, as the R.M.C. scored six goals during the absence of one or more of our men. Baker had been ill ever since the last game, and did not play with anything like his usual brilliancy. Blackadar and Peine were the best of the forwards. Captain McArthur was also much in evidence. Munro, in goal, had plenty to do, and did it well. Some of the shots which escaped him were very hard to see owing to the bad lighting. J. B. McArthur at point and Young at cover were the two best men on the ice. Constantine was the star of the Cadets. His long lifts were directly or indirectly responsible for many of the Cadets' goals. Goldie put up a remarkable game between the posts, and Harrington at point was also very strong. The McMaster forwards had many opportunities which they lost through poor shooting. They also failed to assist the defence as much as they should when attacks were being made. The players ruled off were—Peine 3, Constantine 2, M. S. McArthur 2, J. B. McArthur 2, Young, Harrington, Hale and Gill. The teams, officials and summary :

R.M.C. —Goldie, goal ; Harrington, point ; Constantine,

cover-point; Powell, right wing; Gill, centre; Dunlop, rover; Hale, left wing.

McMaster—Munro, goal; J. B. McArthur, point; Young, cover-point; Baker, right wing; McArthur, centre; Peine, rover; Blackadar, left wing.

Referee, Dr. W. G. Wood.

Queen's Senior Championship.—We extend our heartiest congratulations to Queen's University on having again won the Intercollegiate Senior hockey championship. The games which won the chamionship for Queen's were played in Toronto and Kingston, where Queen's defeated Toronto University by 6 to 1, and McGill by 3 to 0, respectively.

Freshmen Win Hockey Championship.—Here's to '07, winners of the inter-year hockey championship. Captain "Roly" Young's bunch of Stanley Cup performers won their way to glory by defeating the much-touted Juniors and the stalwart Sophomores, who have in their ranks many brilliant stars. The first game took place on Monday afternoon, February 22nd. The Freshmen and Juniors were the competitors. Captain Young played the best game for the Freshmen, and "Scotty" McEwen was a good second. For '05, J. B. and Stan. McArthur and Munro were the only ones who lived up to their reputations, the others playing like a lot of cigar store Indians. "Bowie" McIntosh was a "big" factor in the game. He seemingly had a predilection for a closer acquaintance with the ice. As this was the first defeat for the Juniors in athletics this year, the Seniors and Sophomores were correspondingly jubilant. R. A. F. McMcDonald, '04, made a very lenient referee. The teams lined up as follows:

Juniors—Goal, Munro; point, J. B. McArthur; cover-point, Fitch; rover, Peine; centre, M. S. McArthur; wings, Gray, McLaurin.

Freshmen—Goal, Harkness; point, Wilson; cover-point, Young; rover, McIntosh; centre, Wells; wings, White, McEwen.

The goals were scored in the following order: 1, White, '07; 2, M. S. McArthur, '05; 3, J. B. McArthur, '05; 4, Young, '07. Second half—5, Young, '07; 6, J. B. McArthur, '05; 7, McEwen, '07.

The second game in this great series was played on the 24th, when the mighty Seniors were forced to bow their heads to the modest Sophomores. The score was 4 to 3. Murray and Miller for the Sophs., and McDonald, Lailey and Mihell for '04, were the outstanding brilliants. The game was dazzlingly (?) fast, and equally exciting. Bingham and Miller, and Chave and Poapst,

had numerous set-to's, and were relegated to the fence for numerous intervals. The game was refereed very satisfactorily by M. S. McArthur. The teams were :

Seniors—Goal, Harkness ; point, McDonald ; cover point, Lailey ; rover, Mihell ; centre, Bingham ; wings, Vail, Poapst.

Sophomores—Goal, Gibson ; point, Wells ; cover-point, Bensen ; rover, Miller ; centre, Chave ; wings, Chave, Murray.

The scoring : first half—1, Miller, '06 ; 2, Fox, '06 ; 3, Mihell, '04 ; 4, Chane, '06 ; 5, Vail, '04. Second half : 6, Miller, '06 ; 7, Mihell, '04.

The final, on the 26th, drew a big crowd. The two teams lined up the same as in the previous games. It was a fight to a finish, and when the tally was added up it was found that the Freshmen were in the lead by 6 goals to 2. For the Freshmen, White, McEwen and Young were the best men, while for the Sophs., Murray, Miller and Wells were the fastest. The game became quite rough at times, and at different periods E. Wells, Young, McIntosh, White, Bensen, Miller and Chave watched the game from the boards. This victory of the Freshmen was a popular one, as it is their only thing in the way of a championship this year. They now have the grand total of 18 points to their credit.

The scoring was done as follows : First half—1, Young, '07; 2, Murray, '06. Second half—3, White, '07 ; 4, Murray, '06 ; 5, Wells, '07 ; 6, White, '07 ; 7, McEwen, '07 ; 8, White, '07, Referee, M. S. McArthur, '05.

McMaster, 15 ; St. Andrews, 5.—A practice match was played in Mutual Street rink on February 15th with St. Andrews College, resulting as above. Our boys played well together, and the College boys were never in it. The McMaster team lined up as usual.

The Hockey Annual.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Intercollegiate Hockey Union was held February 20th in Kingston. Wilkie Evans and Harry Chown represented U. of T. The election of officers resulted as follows : Hon. President, W. T. Jennings, C.E. ; President, Wilkie Evans, U. of T. ; Vice-President, M. B. Baker, Queen's ; Sec.-Treas., C. Young, McGill. The surplus in the treasury was shown to be $57. The same eligibility rule as adopted by the C. I. R. F. U. was made to apply in hockey. The amateur rule was changed so as to coincide with the O. H. A. definition. This will prevent the University teams playing against professionals where a gate is taken. It was decided to buy an intermediate challenge cup.

The C. I. R. F. U. Annual Meeting.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union was held February 19th at Kingston. Those present were: President, Baldwin; Vice-President, Martin; Secretary, Macgillivray, of Queen's, and representatives of the U. of T., McGill, Queen's, Trinity, R. M. C. Cadets, and McMaster. The following schedule for next fall was drawn up:

Senior Series.

October	8	McGill at Varsity.
"	15	Queen's at McGill.
"	22	McGill at Queen's.
"	29	Queen's at Varsity
Nov.	5	Varsity at McGill.
"	12	Varsity at Queen's

Intermediate Series—Group A.

October	8	Varsity at Trinity.
"	15	Trinity at McMaster.
"	22	Varsity at McMaster.

Group B.

October	15	Royal Military College at Queen's.
"	22	Queen's at Royal Military College.

Group C.

October	22	Bishop's at McGill.
"	29	McGill at Bishop's.

A new rule regarding possession of the ball was adopted. "No team shall be allowed possession of the ball for more than three successive scrimmages, unless it makes a net gain of ten yards, or a net loss of twenty yards." The eligibility rule was also dealt with as follows: "No person shall be eligible to play on any team of the Union who is not a bona fide student, regularly in attendance at classes in some faculty of the university or college he represents, and further, no one shall be eligible to play a succeeding year who in the previous year failed to write on his examinations, except by special permission." It was also decided that hereafter Intermediate clubs should have two instead of three representatives to the Union. Regarding the admission of Ottawa College to the Union nothing was done.

A Question of Finances.—The question of finances is looming up bigger than ever on the athletic horizon. Only owing to the indefatigable efforts of Secretary-Treasurer McDonald, and the loyal and generous support of the faculty, students and friends of the University, have we been able to come through the year successfully. As we enter more and more into the College athletic world our expenses must necessarily increase. This year the

trip of the Rugby team to Kingston cost us about $90. Had we won the game, and made the second trip to play in the final, another $100 would have been added to our expenses. To send the hockey players east added a further expense of about $60. In future years, if we are out to win championships, we must raise from $250 to $300 for travelling expenses. This cannot be done while the present athletic fee of $1.50 is voluntary. We see two solutions of the difficulty. We may raise the fee to perhaps double what it is now, which course is open to the objection that it would throw a still heavier burden upon fewer of the students, or the athletic fee might, as is the case in many other colleges, among them Woodstock, be made compulsory upon all students. This latter method would make all bear a fair and equal portion of the expense, which would seem much more satisfactory than the former. At any rate the fee must be raised, or we must drop back again into the position of an institution unheard of and unsung. The suggestion has also been made that in consideration for the advertising done by the various athletic teams, the Board of Governors might make us an annual grant, which would help much in relieving our present difficulties. Just here let us thank the following friends of the University who have contributed so kindly and generously to our funds. We cannot thank them too heartily. Their names are: Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace, D. C. Thomas, K.C., Thos. Urquhart, Mrs. J. B. McArthur, W. K. McNaught, Geo. D. Porter, M.D., James Ryrie, Harry Ryrie, John Firstbrook, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Rev. Elmore Harris, Rev. Dr. Weeks, S. J. Moore, C. J. Holman, Clarence L. Starr, M.D., G. B. Meadows, J. W. Shenstone, W. H. Lailey, Mrs. Wm. Davies, Chas. T. Stark, Rev. J. Gibson, W. C. Senior, H. E. Eaton, Harry L. Stark, F. L. Ratcliff, Rev. E. T. Fox, Rev. P. C. Parker, Rev. J. D. Freeman, Rev. R. H. Mode, Rev. Dr. Bates.

Notes of College Sport.—The McGill Athletic Association has been reorganized, with a new constitution. . . . We welcome with open arms the new athletic association which has been formed at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. We are open to receive challenges to play anything but ping pong, "Flinch" or "Pit" preferred. . . . The University of New Brunswick is to have a new up-to-date gymnasium. . . . Basket ball is becoming very popular in the American colleges, and an intercollegiate union has been formed. . . . The Toronto University athletic directorate for 1904-5 is made up as follows: "Casey" Baldwin, Ralph Williams, Ernie Henderson, John Sherry and Ned Boyd. . . . Queen's University hockey team, senior champions of the I. C. H. U., have challenged for the Stanley Cup. The games will not be played until next year.

Here and There.

EDITOR : W. C. PEARCE, '04.

THE following magazines have been received this month : "The Hiram College Advance," "The University Monthly," "McGill Outlook," "The Athenæum," "The Varsity," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "The Advance," "Montreal Monthly," "The College Review," "Acta Victoriana," "Brandon College Monthly," "Vox Collegii," "The Philomathean Monthly," "The Ottawa Campus," "Presbyterian College Journal," "The O.A.C. Review," "The Monthly Maroon," "The Manitoba College Monthly," "Allisonia," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The William Jewell Student," "Bowdoin Quill," "The Acadia Athenæum," "The Queen's University Journal," "University of Ottawa Review," "The Hya Yaka," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Sibyl."

TU NE QUAESIERIS.

Ah ! seek you not to know, my dear,
What end the gods to your career
Have given—nor yet to augurs go
In search of future joy or woe.
But think how better far 'twill be
To suffer what, to you or me,
Our father Jove has long decreed,
Whether for many years we lead
Our life, or whether lurking death
Shall break us soon with chilling breath
As winter breaks the dreary waves.
Let us be wise, strain out our wine,
Well knowing life cannot confine
Much joy—for see, dear heart, while yet
I speak, stern Time does not forget
But hastens on—Come, catch the day,
And dream not after endless May !

J. W. S., in The Bowdoin Quill.

THE Medical Department of the Johns Hopkins University lost $1,300,000 in the recent fire in Baltimore. This will necessitate closing the free works for an indefinite length of time, as the insurance was only half of the amount lost, and the income from the burned houses will no longer be available.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE journalism was introduced by Daniel Webster at Dartmouth College over 100 years ago. Fourteen colleges in the United States now publish newspapers every week day

THE following is the newly-adopted war-cry of the Brandon College Athletic Association. Attention is drawn to the fact that the last part of the third line is in the imperative mood:

Hip skippi Boomalaka, Gold and Blue
Knuckle to it! you can do it! you, you, you!
City of the wheat, never know defeat!
Go it college, go it college! Ree Rah Reet!

HARVARD University has taken the lead in the matter of using phonographic records for historical archives. The first deposits have been made of records of Emperor William's voice on metal matrices. The German emperor uttered into the phonograph a few observations of Frederick the Great, and also gave a disquisition on "Fortitude in Pain." Harvard will endeavor to collect a great number of these unique historical documents from prominent Americans as well as famous men abroad.—*Ex.*

AT the University of California it has been decided to inaugurate a system of senior control in all minor matters of under-class discipline. The men of the senior class will be welcome to take part in the deliberations of the Students' Affairs Committee, which will handle all undergraduate misdemeanors, such as the disturbance of class meetings, elections, cutting of wires, rushing, and the severest forms of hazing. It was also resolved to remove the bonds the various classes are now required to deposit for the use of the University buildings, in order to give the seniors, as a body, the opportunity to use their influence in preventing the destruction of college property.—*Ex.*

THE SMALLEST UNIVERSITY.—The smallest university in the world has just commenced its twenty-third year of active work. This is the American Classical University at Athens, and the unprecedented total of six students is sufficient evidence of its popularity. The scholars are all Americans, engaged in classical research work, and a notable fact about this student body is that each one holds a fellowship. Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Smith, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Wesleyan University are represented. The school has already performed valuable excavations at Corinth, and this year will attempt to enter other fields, under the direction of the professor of literature.—*Ex.*

MISUNDERSTOOD.—Mr. A. (who has received the offer of a position from Mr. B.)—"Well, give me till to-morrow to decide. I'd like to sleep on it." Mr. B.—"There must be some Scotch in you." Mr. A.—"No, I haven't had a drop to-day."

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1904.

ST. PAUL IN CORINTH.*

In respect to situation ancient Corinth was the most important city of Greece. Planted on the famous isthmus, "that bridge over the sea," joining the Peloponnesus and the mainland, she commanded imperiously all the highways of commerce of the eastern Mediterranean. By a supreme stratagem of nature the great oversea roads of the east and west, and the great overland roads of the north and south, met and crossed at Corinth, thereby making her the great market-place of the Greek world. From a military point of view her situation rendered her the key to the Peloponnesus, and, to a large extent, of the mainland to the north. Thus from her birth at once a land power and a sea power she made conquests on every hand.

By sea Corinth developed a trade of colossal proportions, to which only that of the Phoenicians, of ancient peoples, may be compared, and established colonies on nearly every Mediterranean coast. On land she reared a city mighty in resources, famed for its wealth and luxury, and unique for the heterogeneity of its population. Yet, strange to say, never did she once reach the proud position, seemingly gratuitous by virtue of her situation, of the first city of Greece. From the times of Periander, her sage-king, the getting of material wealth left her no energy to devote to becoming truly great after the manner of Athens and Rome. When the powers of Greece took sides Corinth always figured as a leader of the second-rate powers. She furnished the sinews of war through her commerce and colonies, while the subordinates did the fighting. She was always great, but never first.

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Such was the great city of Corinth when destroyed by Mummius in 146 B.C. Almost every vestige of her glory was obliterated, and her movables were taken away to deck the villas of the victorious Romans. For a century her site was a desolation and a waste. Then Julius Cæsar began to rebuild the city. The work of restoration grew apace. Temples were erected, public works executed, trade relations broadened, the fine arts encouraged, in short, a strong new city arose, but as before only a great emporium, not a metropolis. This was the city of Corinth in the time of St. Paul.

The apostle had a choice between two routes for reaching Corinth from Athens. He could have gone by the high road that led past Eleusia and Megara and thence skirted the precipitous shores of the Saronic gulf as far as Cenchræa. Or he might have taken ship at the Piræus and sailed past Salamis directly to Cenchræa, the eastern port of Corinth. It is probable that he chose the latter, the more frequented route. In either case he must have touched at this port before proceeding to the city of Corinth proper. From the images on Corinthian coins, from writings of travellers, and from actual remains we are enabled to reconstruct with tolerable accuracy the city and suburbs as they were at the time Paul's journey was made.

Arriving at Cenchreæa by water, the first thing that would strike the apostle's eye was a huge statue of Neptune standing high on the end of a mole projecting straight out into the harbor. On both sides of this were two semi-circular moles, which, all but touching one another at their extremities, formed a secure shipping basin with an inlet from the gulf. Below the surface of the water the foundations of these three moles can be seen to-day. Their immensity and solidity is conclusive evidence of the commercial importance of ancient Corinth. A port of no account could neither have required nor afforded them. On both sides of the basin rose stately temples of gray limestone or marble. Behind them towered the abruptly broken edges of mountain ranges. Back of the harbor and a magnificent quay was what had been a thriving city before the Roman rule, but which at the time of St. Paul's visit was an insignificant village. Its modern descendant, Cechriais, is apparently about the same size and importance.

The merchandise unloaded at this port was hauled by wagon to Corinth, but three or four miles distant. Small vessels that wished to reach some western port were dragged on rollers over the Isthmian portage-road, some two and a half miles long, to Lechaeum, the western port of the city. Thus the long and dangerous voyage around the Peloponnesus was avoided. In times of war whole fleets of triremes are recorded as having been thus portaged. To-day, here and there across the Isthmus there are remains of the old road visible. This is probably the highway trodden by the apostle on his way to the city.

At present vessels are conveyed from one gulf to the other by means of a canal. The first project to cut through this neck of land dates centuries before St. Paul. The first genuine attempt was made by Nero a year or two after the apostle's death, but the work was dropped shortly before the end of the emperor's reign. Yet so well was the work done that the modern engineers have followed the exact lines proposed by Nero and utilized all of his excavations.

The Isthmus of Corinth is a low-lying patch of green between two barren chains of mountains—a pleasant island, as it were, in a desolate sea. Yet it must not be inferred that it is a garden of the gods. Only by comparison is it verdant. It is of strange formation. On the east and west it is barricaded by the sea ; on the north and south by lofty precipices. The enclosed space is covered sparsely with a short, tough grass, which here and there is broken by little patches of bare rock, or perhaps by straggling clumps of mimosa. The only trees in evidence are some gaunt scrub pines, which to-day are the sole natural ornaments of color to the rocky coasts of Greece.

The ancient highway across the isthmus was embellished in a characteristically Greek fashion. Temples and shrines and images marked practically every furlong. Just as at Athens the statue of Athene was the most frequent, so here that of Neptune, the patron of ships and shipping, was oftenest seen. On leaving Cenchræa Paul saw a votive offering to the Sea, another to Calm. Here stood before him the likeness of a sea-monster ; there, one of Amphitrite. The Athenians worshipped mind and art and contrivance ; the Corinthians, commerce and navigation. This was impressed on the traveller from the moment he first set foot

on Corinthian soil. Further on his way toward the city the apostle passed the great stadium where the famous Isthmian Games were held. Near this was the theatre, the presence of which made so clear to the Corinthians the apostle's exact meaning when later he wrote to them : "For we are made a spectacle (*i.e.*, a theatrical display) unto the world." Close beside both theatre and stadium ran a wall of fortification from gulf to gulf. It had been built originally in very ancient times by the inhabitants of Corinth and the neighboring districts to prevent invasions of the Peloponnesus from the north. In the shadow of this walked St. Paul, past a sanctuary, a grove, a long line of tombs, down the western slope of the isthmus into the town of Lechaeum. To-day this path can be traced with great ease, for not only does the portage-road itself show in places, but also its course is marked by substantial remains of the great wall, the theatre, and the stadium.

Lechaeum in its palmiest days must have been a place of greater size and importance than Cenchræa, for it was the home port of the Corinthian merchant fleets and the final port of call for the numerous tramp craft belonging to the Corinthian colonies and alien states of the west. Its harbor was similar in construction to that of the eastern port, and likewise over it towered a huge image of Neptune. Twelve furlongs to the south lay the central city of Corinth. To protect the ceaseless traffic and communication between the two places a long wall had been built. Under cover of this the apostle made his entrance into the great city which was to be his home for the next year and a half. If one will now go on foot carefully over the ground separating the sites of these two places, traces of the walls may still be seen. Much plainer still, though under water, are the remains of the moles which formed the harbor.

As has already been remarked, the destruction of the ancient Corinth by Mummius had been practically complete, and the city which St. Paul entered by way of the Lechaeum gate was one but a century old—an infant among Greek cities. Its most striking landmarks were of the age of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. Yet here and there the glitter and polish of newness was dulled by the gloomy appearance of some time-worn portion of an ancient temple or portico. As is evidenced by his words, Paul had been

struck with the magnificence of Athens. But never could it have appeared to him as wanton and overdone. Good taste and moderation were its corner-stones, so to speak. At Corinth, on the other hand, the display was utterly different. The architecture was a veritable revel done into marble. The groves and numerous springs were decked out with porticoes and colonnades, not after the fashion of the studious grove of Academe, but in a spendthrift pleasure-seeker's fashion. Wealth poured into the city through her innumerable channels of commerce. Like an unbridled mountain stream it flooded the place with a thoughtless luxury, and left as its silt a host of cankering evils. Learning found scant lodgings in Corinth. Corinthian art became repulsively degenerate. Her population became a hideous mixture of all nationalities, tongues and classes. Religion developed into the worship of those gods who aided traffickers, and of those whose worship not only permitted but demanded from the worshipper unrestricted indulgence of his baser appetites. The one aim of Corinth was to "commit the oldest sins the newest kind of ways." The city into which the great missionary had come was one where virtue was vice, honor dishonor, and wealth poverty of mind and soul. In short, Corinth was more Roman than Greek.

A careful perusal of Paul's two letters to the Church at Corinth, and of these he wrote during his sojourns there to the Churches in Thessalonica, Galatia and Rome, will reveal his opinion of the condition of things in the great city. Sometimes he refers directly to such ; at other times his statements are mere reflections, yet in their way no less effective. When he wrote to the Romans, "There is none righteous, no, not one," his spirit was weighed down by the corruption open and shameless round about his own dwelling. The first chapter of the same letter is read with added meaning when one recalls that it was penned at Corinth. The apostle knew well the litigiousness of the commercial people when he wrote the opening verses of the sixth chapter of his first letter to them. Wealthy communities that are heedlessly lavish of material adornment of their homes and cities are never noted for their liberality to what one might call immaterial or spiritual causes. So the wealthy Church at Corinth had to be urged persistently to contribute even a mite to the sufferers at

Jerusalem. Yet what grand success ultimately crowned the minister's efforts in this incalculably difficult field ! It was a well-proven piece of advice from his own experience that he sent forth from Corinth to the baffled and discouraged Church in Galatia : "And let us not be weary in well-doing : for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

The city occupied a plateau raised about two hundred feet above the level of the gulf, and situated at the foot of the lofty Acro-Corinth or citadel. It was surrounded by a wall except at points where the base of the Acro-Corinth was a sufficient natural protection. The wall was four and a half miles in perimeter and enclosed a population of some three hundred thousand. Some remains of this rampart are still visible, but they are very meagre and unsatisfactory. Even the poorest remains at Athens are better than the best here. The most conspicuous relic of the ancient city is a portion of a temple of the Doric order. Only seven columns, two architraves and the foundations are left intact. The material is gray limestone deeply scarred with the tooth of time. Turks and earthquakes have done their work of destruction so well that nothing is left whereby we can tell to what god it was dedicated. All we know is that it is old—at least one hundred and fifty years older than the Parthenon—and was reconstructed in the time of Julius Cæsar. It is, therefore, more than probable that St. Paul was well acquainted with it during his long sojourn at Corinth.

No Greek city was complete without an almost impregnable acropolis. Corinth was the best provided of all. Most of her rivals possessed only a hill of respectable proportions, but she had a whole mountain. By virtue of formation and situation it is a greater fortress than Gibraltar. Its sides are as precipitous as those of the Matterhorn, and assailable from only one point. Its height of nearly two thousand feet and the extensive area of its summit rendered it an absolutely safe retreat for the entire city in times of hostile invasion. But it was also, in times of peace, a sort of religious annex to the city proper. Here were situated sumptuous temples, and particularly one of Venus, the Protectress, where took place at fixed and frequent intervals the religious rites which rendered Corinth notorious among cities. A small remnant of this temple still exists. The entire circuit of the Acro-Corinth

was a mile and a half, and that of the Acro-Corinth and the city together was nearly ten miles. All of this could have been nothing else than familiar to the apostle as an eighteen months' citizen of Corinth.

The scene from the summit of the Acropolis is for scope of view unsurpassed in the world. One sees the most of the Peloponnesus and a large portion of the mainland to the north better than on a map. The long, river-like Gulf of Corinth, with its ultramarine waters, stretches out to the Adriatic at Patras and Missilonghi. To the left lie the green vales of Argolis and Arcady, as flourishing in herds and olives as in the days of the old pastoral poets. To the north tower white-peaked Helicon and Parnassus, the home of the Muses. Eastward one looks down over the isthmus, Athens, and the Saronic Gulf with all its island landmarks. Nature is unsullied and beautiful on every hand. Such was the view that met Paul's eye as from time to time he must have looked down from this eminence. But just at his feet the wicked city of Corinth grovelled in her lucre and iniquities. Truly it was a spot "where only man was vile."

That Corinth was not a mere place of residence for the apostle, but rather a centre of missionary operations for Achaea, is evident from the tone of his writings. We do know for a fact, however, that a church was established at Cenchræa.

It is reasonably certain that Paul arrived at Corinth during the autumn of 52 A.D. In that case he would undoubtedly have been one of the vast concourse of people assembled to witness a celebration of the Isthmian Games in the stadium just without the city. These games were held every two years, on the first and third of each Olympiad. From these data we know that a celebration took place in the late spring or early summer of 53. It is difficult for us moderns to realize what these and similar games meant to the Greek world. In regard to national tradition, history and renown, they were the one centre of interest. Individuals, tribes, families, cities rose and fell in popular esteem according to the results of these contests. They were the highest passion of the Greeks. If Paul did not see this celebration in 53 we know from his writings he must have been familiar with some other. But no fact of his career that we possess gives us any clue as to where that would be. It is not until after his sojourn

Corinth that his writings are extensively colored with metaphors of the race-course and athletic contests in general. In view of this and the fact that there were only three other important games held in the Greek world, and those in localities unvisited by the apostle, he must have attended the games at Corinth in 53.

That he fully entered into the spirit of their importance is borne out by the frequency of his references to them, and his evident knowledge of the weight such would have on his Greek hearers or readers. The distinction between the corruptible crown of the athletic victor and the incorruptible crown of the Christian was very clear to the Corinthians who read Paul's first letter to themselves; for the victor's crown of plaited pine twigs or celery leaves would shrivel and fall apart with a few hours' exposure to the summer sun. What could have better impressed the Greeks with Paul's strenuous earnestness than for him to describe his efforts as a race?—"Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The strict regulations of the games were better known and observed than the laws of the states. Bribery was punished by a heavy fine. Certain moral and political offences disqualified competitors. All had to swear that they had been eight months in training before they were allowed entrance to the lists. "And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully." Could Paul with any other figure have made so clear to Timothy the necessity for faithful Christian living? And when the old apostle, during the latter days of his work in Rome, began to feel the cold, relentless hand of Nero groping for his life, and realized that it was at last gradually closing upon him, his thoughts may have gone back to Corinth—to the stadium and the throng of spectators. Once more he witnesses the trials of strength and speed. Competitor after competitor comes into the course; and competitor after competitor loses and withdraws—all except one, and he, victorious over many in spite of great odds, is at length called forth by the herald's trumpet and the plaudits of the people to receive the victor's crown at the hands of the appointed judge. It seems to him a prophecy of his own career. Then with beating heart he takes up his pen and writes to his friend Timothy: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.'

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Canterbury is one of the oldest and to me the most interesting of the English cathedrals. One cannot enter its precincts without that subdued feeling experienced in the presence of things venerable and sacred. It is the scene of many of the stirring and tragic events which stand out with such prominence in our mediæval history. From the time when pious St. Augustine established himself upon the quiet banks of the Stour, Canterbury has played no small part in English civil and religious life.

The gray old cathedral walls with their rifled niches bear testimony to the pillage and bloodshed of many wars. Worn paving-stones mark the spots where countless pilgrims have knelt before shrines long forgotten. In the floor of a little chapel to the left of the nave are seen two tablets which mark the spot where fell the proud Thomas-a-Becket when Reginald Fitzurse and his companions had done their bloody work. The stone is still to be seen at which the penitent Henry knelt before his martyr's shrine. The little French chapel in the crypt is where, later, the suffering Hugenots found sanctuary when persecution had driven them to England. Memorial windows, tablets and effigies vividly recall many of the most prominent characters in our nation's history.

We had wandered here and there unconscious of the swiftly passing hours, and when suddenly the cathedral clock struck three we were interrupted by a verger who asked us to withdraw or to attend the regular afternoon service held in the choir.

To one unaccustomed to worship in such a place the service in an old cathedral is impressive. The organ rolled its stately harmonies through the great edifice, and we sat enchanted as the majestic strains came to us filtered through arches and among pillars, and were lost in the lofty recesses above. We watched the long line of choristers with their sweet faces and spotless surplices as, singing, they marched up the aisle and took their places in the stalls. Their voices seemed to blend with the spirit of the building, as if, in the centuries during which these same

words had been sung, the ancient pile had become so saturated with the music that it seemed a part of its very self.

Behind the choristers came the dean of the cathedral. I could not but notice his distinguished appearance and dignified bearing. He was an old man, above the average height, with slightly stooping shoulders; his hair was white and thin, his features were clear-cut, with firm mouth, calm but very impressive eyes, and lofty brow. As he moved with slow and solemn tread, his flowing robes and white hair, seen in the dim, religious light of the cathedral, were in keeping with the whole scene. He looked, I imagine, much as Becket might have looked as he trod the same flagstones centuries before.

As he neared us his features became more familiar, and it came to me that Farrar was the Dean of Canterbury, and that before me was the distinguished author of the Life of Christ and of St. Paul. The incongruity of the thing struck me at first. It was hard to reconcile this picturesque figure in the dim cathedral, surrounded by all that spoke of the mystery of a past world, breathing the very atmosphere of ages gone by, and the man whose talents had done so much to influence modern life and thought.

The old cathedral with all its associations failed to interest me as did Dean Farrar. They were but dumb, dead relics of the past, but from the kindly eyes before me there looked forth one of the broadest, grandest intellects of the church. A man who had a message for the pulsing life about him, and whose life was a ministry to the needs of this present work-a-day world.

Slowly he rose and conducted the service. The inspiration of that hour is with me yet. His intonation was perfect, and without seeming effort his voice penetrated the great church with its music. His very tones were an incentive to worship. The church service, which had always seemed mere ritual to me, took on new meaning from that time forth. His prayers impressed me with their sincerity and their power to impart sincerity to those who listened. The familiar words were spoken with a directness and conviction which might have characterized their first utterance. There was no coldness or ritual in his voice, but, as he prayed, "Have mercy upon us, miserable offenders," we could feel the man behind the words and could read the great heart from whence they came.

The service was without a sermon, and we were denied the privilege of listening to the wealth of thought and grace of diction which had for so many years attracted the culture of London and its visitors to St. Margaret's or Westminster Abbey. The service ended, the congregation slowly passed out. We followed toward the vestry, where we hoped to get a closer view of the well-known Dean. We found him surrounded by his choir boys, his countenance alight with a kindly smile as he chatted with them. He gave us a smile and a nod as he passed us on his way to the Deanery close at hand.

It is a quaint old deanery at Canterbury, built in the Tudor style, surrounded by the beautiful grounds of the cathedral precincts. Its diamond windows, tiled roof and ivied walls suggest an ideal home—a fitting home for the declining years of one whose life had been so full of activity and toil.

It has been claimed by some that Farrar was unjustly treated and that higher dignities in the church he served should have been his, but his was a career which soared above preferment and promotion, and the quiet, tranquil life at Canterbury, with his study and his garden, and with his loved ones about him, was perhaps the most fitting close for the life of a great scholar, a great minister, and a great man.

T. M.

THE STREAM.

Through a meadow, crosswise cutting,
Runs a merry, laughing stream,
Where the graceful willows bending
Make the wand'rer pause and dream
And watch the little rolling ripples,
When the fishes jump in play,
Gently kiss the drooping branches,
Make the floating leaflets sway ;
Then, passing onward, circle wid'ning,
Softly lap the sun-dried stone,
Until the shady moss-bank reaching,
They're lost forever, one by one.

Overhead and in the tree-tops
Feathered songsters joyful sing,
A noisy sparrow chirps and hops,
And flips its tail with saucy fling.
Clinging to a trunk, a flicker
Bores the wood with steady tap,
Ignoring chipmunk's angry bicker,
Whom he disturbed in midday nap.
The kingfisher, wakeful, watches
From his perch far o'er the stream,
For the luckless darting fishes
That near the surface show a gleam.
Though the fish are quick as lightning,
Yet quicker still this silent bird
Downward drops, like comet falling,
Seizes one; no sound is heard
Till flashing wings and iron claws
The struggling fish bear far away
To quiet spot, in yonder haws,
Where hungry birds devour the prey.

From nearby meadows, softly sifted,
As through leafy boughs they sink,
By a fragrant breeze are wafted
Notes of sweet-voiced bobolink,
And from the distant field, in answer,
Tripping songs of meadow lark
Come lightly over crops and pasture,
Lightly come from morn till dark.
Then softer still in farther wildwood,
Calls of many nesting birds,
Heard sweet and faint, that all notes blending
Low chorus make, with mystic words.

Up the stream among the rushes,
With their shining, sword-like blades,
Flit in and out the darting thrushes.
The crane in solemn silence wades,
Or standing with one foot in water,

The other drawn up out of sight,
She seems to say to old Dame Nature,
"You've given too much leg for height."

'Neath the trees the bold white bloodroot,
Bright against its bed of green,
Reigns proudly, with the dainty violet
For its pretty modest queen.
Here and there like stars are scattered
Blowing trilliums, snowy white.
In between with red bespattered,
Wake-robins add their crimson light.
From the grass in dryer places
Fairy bluebells peeping grow,
Where the red-top interlaces,
Nodding when the zephyrs blow.
In shady spots fine maidenhair
Waves its leaves in gauzy shower.
Between the shrubs, in cold, fixed stare,
Gazes out the bright star-flower,
And over all a background forming,
The crystal blue of cloudless sky.

'Tis nature's drama, so enchanting
That minutes, hours unnoticed fly.

E. Edward Wells, '07.

ENID'S LOVE STORY.

" Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud ;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

" Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

" Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man, and master of his fate.

" Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

Thus sang Enid, Earl Yniol's only daughter, as joyously she moved about her homely tasks, little thinking that a stranger knight was listening to her bird-like song, and exclaiming,

" Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

The knight has chanced upon Yniol's ruinous castle while seeking to avenge an insult done the queen. For when the queen, the stately Guinevere, was seated on a little knoll with Prince Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court, listening for sounds of the distant hunt, a knight, lady and dwarf rode past. Guinevere sent her maiden to demand of the dwarf the knight's name, which he refused to tell, and struck at the maiden with his whip. Then straightway Geraint went towards the knight, when the dwarf, striking him with his whip, cut his cheek. The prince, "from his exceeding manfulness and pure nobility of temperament," refrained from even a word, and returning to the queen vowed that, though unarmed, he would avenge this insult.

After following the three a short distance, Geraint

" Beheld a long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side whereof,
White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose ;
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spanned a dry ravine ;

> And out of town and valley came a noise
> As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed
> Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks
> At distance, ere they settle for the night.
> And onward to the fortress rode the three,
> And enter'd, and were lost behind the walls."

Everyone in this little town seemed to be very busy preparing for a tourney which was to be held the next morning. Upon enquiring for harborage Geraint was sent over the bridge to Earl Yniol's old castle. Thus it was that upon entering the court he heard Enid singing.

Geraint entered the old castle, and while Enid was preparing the evening meal, told Earl Yniol who he was and explained the reasons for his coming to the town. Then he enquired about the Sparrow Hawk, of whom he had heard so many people talking in the little town. The old earl immediately started to talk of Enid and her suitors, the second of whom was the Sparrow Hawk, whose name was Edyrn. This fellow, the son of Nudd, was a nephew of the earl, and when Enid was refused to him he had his uncle's house sacked and his earldom taken from him. He it was too who had done the insult to the Queen.

Hearing of the cruelty of this Sparrow Hawk, Prince Geraint asked for arms, that at one stroke he might revenge an injury done to this fair maid as well as an insult to his queen. He wanted to fight for Enid and, if he won, make her his wife. That Geraint had fallen in love with Enid pleased Earl Yniol, who, seeing that the modest maid had left the room at the mention of her name, bade his wife find out Enid's feelings towards the prince. The fair maid heard of Geraint's love for her, and feeling her own unworthiness could not rest. In the early morning she went with her mother to the meadow where the jousts were held, and there awaited her father and Geraint.

The contest between the stranger knight and the Sparrow Hawk was attended with great excitement. Their strength seemed matched, till at the cry, "Remember that great insult done the queen," Geraint overcame his foe. Threatening Edyrn, son of Nudd, with death, he forced him to make two promises :— The one, that he, with lady and dwarf, would ride to King Arthur's court and ask pardon for the insult done the queen ; the

other, that he would restore to Earl Yniol that falsely-taken earldom. Edyrn kept his promises, and while at Arthur's court

> " he changed and came to loathe
> His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself
> Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last
> In the great battle, fighting for the king."

On the evening of that glorious day when the pride of the Sparrow Hawk was humbled, Enid was very sad, for she loved Geraint and was loved by him. Geraint had determined to go back to court next day, and she knew that she had no clothes suitable for court life. While thinking of her promise to Geraint she

> " fell in longing for a dress
> All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift
> Of her good mother, given her on the night
> Before her birthday, three sad years ago,
> That night of fire, when Edyrn sacked their house,
> And scatter'd all they had to all the winds."

Longing for this beautiful dress Enid fell asleep and dreamed herself at Arthur's court. Suddenly her dream was interrupted by the voice of her mother. The beautiful dress had been recovered, and her mother was very anxious that her fair daughter should once more be gorgeously attired.

While Enid was rejoicing over the appearance she should make at court, Geraint awoke and called for her. When told that she was being clothed in such apparel as might well beseem a princess, the happy prince said, " Entreat her by my love that she ride with me in her faded silk."

With what a blow did this request come to Enid and her mother ! To lay aside this gorgeous robe and again put on that faded silk, this seemed, indeed, a cruel request. It was done, however, and Geraint greeted Enid in her faded silk. The prince gave as his reason for this request the promise made to him by the queen, who said that, whatever bride Geraint brought, she would clothe her like the sun. The prince wished Guinevere and Enid to love each other, and thought, perhaps, " that service done so graciously might bind the two together." But another reason prompted Geraint to make this request. He doubted just

a little Enid's love and thought to test it in this way. For if she would, for no given reason, lay aside that "splendor dear to women, and new to her, and, therefore, dearer," he felt sure that he could rest fixed upon her faith.

All morning at the court Queen Guinevere had been watching for Geraint. At last she caught sight of him with the maiden. Descending, she met them at the gates, and embraced Enid as a dear friend. Then Enid was clothed in apparel like the sun, but still she kept the faded silk, remembering how Geraint had "loved her in it, and all her foolish fears about the dress."

The gaiety of the court soon came to an unhappy end, for when the rumors of the queen's guilty love for Launcelot rose, there fell on Geraint a horror "lest his gentle wife had suffered or should suffer any taint." He therefore went to the king, asking permission to depart and defend his princedom, which bordered on a land where lived bandit earls, and caitiff knights, and those who loathe law and justice. Permission to go was granted, and Geraint with Enid left the court.

The purpose of this journey was soon forgotten, and Geraint thought of nothing save his wife. This forgetfulness was displeasing to Enid and also to the people, who talked of Geraint as a prince whose manhood was all gone.

One morning Enid was sitting beside the couch on which Geraint was sleeping, and wondering whether she were the cause for which Geraint received reproach.

> "Far better were I laid in the dark earth,
> Not hearing any more his noble voice,
> Not to be folded more in these dear arms,
> And darken'd from the high light in his eyes,
> Than that my lord thro' me should suffer shame,
> O me, I fear that I am no true wife!"

And as she spoke her tears falling on his breast awoke Geraint, who heard but fragments of what she had said. Then he thought, "In spite of all my care she is not faithful to me and I see her weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's halls." Then quickly getting up, he called for his charger and palfrey, saying,

> "I will ride forth into the wilderness; and thou,
> Put on thy worst and meanest dress
> And ride with me."

Enid begged to know her fault, but was told to ask not but obey. Then, remembering her faded silk, which had been carefully laid away, she arrayed herself in it and prepared to set out with her lord.

> "Not at my side. I charge thee ride before,
> Ever a good way on before; and this
> I charge thee on thy duty as a wife,
> Whatever happens not to speak to me,
> No, not a word!"

How cruelly were thundered forth these words as Geraint loosed his purse and flung it from him. Then the wearisome journey began. Enid led the way, as through swamps and by perilous paths they went. Twice were they attacked by robber knights, and twice Geraint proved his superior strength, defeating the robbers, stripping them of their armor which he bound to their horses, and bidding Enid drive the horses on ahead. Geraint's anger began to calm as he saw how patiently and obediently Enid was carrying out his commands. Still he could not speak to her whom he so dearly loved. Towards evening they came in sight of a town, where Geraint obtained some food and apartments for the night. Even now "the two remained apart by all the chamber's width." Suddenly a great tumult arose, and a guest arrived. This proved to be Limours, one of Enid's former suitors. Now wine and fruit were brought and freely used. Limours entreated Enid to leave Geraint and go with him, for his passion for her was stronger than of old. She begged him to leave her for the night as she was tired.

As she pondered whether to tell her lord of what had happened, Geraint fell asleep. She did not wish to waken him, and so quietly placed the pieces of his armor in one place in case of sudden need. When Geraint awoke Enid told him the words of Limours and apologized so sweetly for breaking his command that Geraint for a moment thought that perhaps his charge against this fair one might be false. Then calling for charger and palfrey, the two went away. As before, they rode on in silence for some time. Then came sounds of hoofs and clashing armor. Enid turned; her face grew pale as death as she beheld Earl Limours and his wild followers gaining upon them. What relief

came to her wildly beating heart as the earl was overthrown and his followers put to flight.

She thought it was as much as she could bear, but a time of greater anxiety was still to come. While turning a bend Geraint fell from his horse, and Enid, going to where he lay, found him wounded. With all tenderness she bandaged up the wound as best she could, and sat beside him weeping. Just at noon, when the sun burned hot, Earl Doorm and his robber band rode by. Two of these rough fellows carried Geraint to their castle, and there left him with Enid. Patiently sat the true wife chafing his hands, calling softly to him as quickly the warm tears fell on his face.

A great noise, coarse laughter, and in came the wild fellows. They feasted like brutes, speaking not a word. "Eat," cried Earl Doorm, as he saw Enid; "Eat. Look yourself. Sweet lady, never, since I first drew breath, have I beheld a lily like yourself. Yea, eat and be glad, for I account you mine." But all his rough persuading was in vain, for Enid would neither eat nor drink till bidden by her lord. The earl's anger was fully roused at this helpless creature refusing to obey his commands. Indeed, so angry was he that he smote her cheek.

She uttered a sharp and bitter cry, and Geraint, grasping his sword, pounced upon the earl and killed him. Relief had come at last. No more would Enid ride before Geraint and dare not speak; no longer would she hear his harsh commands and be accused of being false. Geraint had realized how wrongly he had used his tender wife, and how sweetly and patiently she had undergone all trials, supported by the strength of her love and reverence for the suspicious and almost brutal husband. Now the two together left the gloomy castle and together rode away.

"And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived thro' her who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him her's again; she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

Eva Wilkins, '07.

TO THE FRIENDLIEST OF POETS.

Chaucer, kind heart, who with the score and ten
Laughed your long way through Kent's a-greening fields,
So mild, my gentleman! yet your arch pen
Its ancient freshness yields.

Life was to you no dreary heaviness,
No, nor a fretting puzzle for the mind;
You saw the best and worst, and both would bless,
For both were of mankind.

The "smale fowles" lusty would be singing,
The summoner his "stif burdoun" would bear,
But in your poet-soul the music ringing
Was sure the sweetest there.

Maister of words, and lover of the human,
Refresh us ever with your vernal prime;
A tonic draught for us, or man or woman—
Your frank and winsome rhyme!

G. Herbert Clarke, '95, *in The Outlook.*

PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

The plains have scarcely lost the snow ere the little pasque flower heralds the coming of spring. With its sepals of delicate blue, protected in the bud by their hairy bracts, it has been able to withstand the frosts, which would destroy its more tender sister-flowers should they appear so early. These beautiful "crocuses," as the pasque flowers are commonly, though improperly, called, as harbingers of summer beauties, may even be seen peeping through the white mantle of a late snow, or dotting a desert of brown, long before the green of the grass appears. Probably they are the most widely loved of all the prairie flowers, for it is their sweet faces that announce nature's release from the stern bondage of winter. The announcement made and their

mission done, they quietly proceed with their parental functions, and escape notice until fluffy plumes waft away the offspring.

By this time new generations of bloom have come forth, and spring appears in all the splendor of a new robe. The plain brown has been put aside for a garb of green, richly adorned with a profusion of spring blossoms. Dotting it in careless beauty are the golden sprays of the fragrant gromwell and the drooping clusters of the purple aneus, amid its rich green, lignate leaves. The yellow of the golden pea (*Thermopsis*) is everywhere, while the false Solomon's seal, with its slender stems and delicate flowers, adds the touch of white.

The clumps of "bluff" have put on their spring attire, and the delicately-poised leaves of the poplar, so common on the plain, dance and flutter in the breezes. These bluffs, too, have their wealth of adornment. Those surrounding the sloughs and containing the willow, have their banks of downy "pussies." Others, higher and drier, enjoy the lesser show, but have none the less beauty in their lilies of the valley and violets, which breathe such exquisite perfume. The placid sloughs, veiled with the brown of the old cat-tail and rush, spring to life with their numerous progeny, hinting of future glory, and tinging their shallows with green. With the twitter of birds, and the gentle care of sun and of breeze, the prairies glow in the profusion of the nature-glory of the spring.

But these are only hints of glories to come, for where in early summer mere dots of color appeared, in later summer splashes are seen. The bluffs overflow with the beauties of the roses in all their tints, varying from a light pink, almost white, to a deep, dark red. In the calm of a summer evening the perfume from these banks of roses almost makes the air heavy with sweetness. The green-veiled sloughs are bordered with fringes of the pure snow of the pretty little water crowfoots, which, too, emit a very sweet fragrance. About the edges of many of these little ponds, just outside the fringe of white, is often to be seen a margin of deep yellow, the flowers of the giant bladderwort, whose finely divided leaves form a mat on which to display the bloom. The aspect of the plain has changed also. Great beds of purple and yellow and white vetches extend in all directions. The snowy white of the bedstrow is everywhere conspicuous. The

orange tiger lily, with its richness of bloom, and the purple racemes of the hedysorum stand out prominently from among the scores of varieties which seem to vie with one another in splendor. These, beaming in the sunlight and dancing in the breeze, banish gloom.

But they fade, except the rose, which lingers on into the autumn, scattering fragrance along the way. The coarser flowers appear. The gaillardia, with its golden bloom, along with the sunflowers and the cornflowers, add a beauty to the landscape which cannot be expressed. To see a great field of robust sunflower plants, waving their yellow heads above the dark green of their dense foliage, reminds one of Wordsworth's daffodils, of which

> "Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

In later fall the aster predominates, though the golden-rod makes strong claim for precedence, but, as the strife continues, grim frost mercilessly ends the contest, dealing death to each, and leaves all their glory but a mass of brown.

W. G. Carpenter, '05.

McMASTER ABROAD: IN INDIA.*

Although I had read so much about India before I came, I found when I got here that I had no very proper conception of what India was like. And yet the differences are not as great as I was anticipating. I find I am still on the earth. The soil is much the same, except that it is a little redder. It is very fertile, and the broad stretches of yellow rice do not look at all unlike our great wheat fields. The people are darker, and dirtier; they dress differently and speak a different language, and yet they are very human. The image of God in them has been badly broken, and the light of God for them has been turned into darkness; yet they are extremely religious, and I am looking for a type of Christianity out here which, although it may not be as practical as

* Part of a letter received by a member of the Faculty.

our Western Christianity, yet will be more deeply spiritual and poetical. Their features are extremely regular; and many a face have I seen on the busy streets of Cocanada which, despite the color, has reminded me forcibly of some of my friends at home.

The weather is beautiful here just now (January). We have had exceptionally heavy rains this year. I am told that this is the coolest cool season in many years. However, the grass is already losing its greenness, although the weather is still cool. It is the sun which everyone needs to beware of out here, for when it comes up with "a burning heat" let man beware. I am told that even the moon, at certain seasons of the year, when it is full, is dangerous. If anyone doubts the power of India's moon in this regard, I have only to refer them to the old promise, given in an Eastern country, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

The conference of our missionaries has just met here in Cocanada, and we have had a good time. These missionaries are grand people. I feel as though I were standing up among princes when I stand up with Laflamme and Davis and Craig and Stillwell. They are strong men, and are doing a wonderfully great work out here. . . . With all the missionaries there is a sturdy, manly, practical way that is very refreshing. It sometimes used to be asked at home, "What kind of men are needed for India?" I would say, from what I see now, that men of almost every character are needed, so long as they are God-sent. There are no two of our men here who are at all alike, and yet everyone has his message to these people.

Just now we are struggling with the educational problem. The Christian colleges of India are doing a superb work for Christ. The great Christian college of Madras has sent out hundreds of graduates, and you can tell these men almost at sight. They have all confidence in the missionary, and are not afraid to meet and discuss with him. They know the Bible, too, and are in every way favorable toward Christianity. Five of the mission boards of this part of India are agitating for the taking over of a large college at Rajahmundry, and making it a Christian college. I wish it could be arranged. India is rapidly changing. Western learning is pushing in as Eastern learning pushed into Europe previous to the

Reformation, and I am sure there will be a movement in India soon very much like that which took place in Europe in Luther's time, and now, as then, the colleges will be the centre of it. I learned yesterday that there are fully one hundred and twenty Bachelors of Arts in Cocanada at present, fifteen of these holding the additional degree of Bachelor of Law.

We have a large college here, which has beautiful buildings, and teaches up to the end of the second year in Arts, and has some four or five hundred students in attendance. I have already become acquainted with the principal and some of the professors, and have been invited to come over when the classes are in session. Mr. Laflamme has been elected one of the Board of Governors.

Recently an educational conference was held in the Convocation Hall, when representatives of all the surrounding colleges and schools met. Mr. Clark, principal of the Noble College, Masulipatam ; Dr. Wolff, of Guntur College, and Mr. Colelingam, head of Wardlaw College, Bellary, stayed with us. In the morning we went out to go over to the meeting, when we found drawn up at our door a body of students from the college, headed by one of the teachers. They were dressed in appropriate uniform, and served as a bodyguard to conduct us to the school. We were given prominent seats and shown every possible respect in the meeting. Such things as these serve to put one on his mettle in a way I was not looking for in India. And it has made me feel my insufficiency as I never have in my life before. Educational work alone offers field enough to fill the largest horizon.

Some weeks ago I saw another side to our mission work which I would like to tell a little about. I was up visiting Dr. Woodburne. He was at that time touring among the villages of the Tuni field. The custom is to take a tent and provisions along and pitch near a large village, and then reach out from there to the neighboring villages. Early one morning we started out to visit a distant village. It was too far to walk and there were no livery stables, so we hired a "Tom-John," which is merely a chair carried by four coolies. We rode in this by turns, and started off while as yet the grass hung heavy with morning dew, and passing through great groves of palmyra palm, cocoanut and mango trees, came out into a great level plain, waving white with a wealthy

harvest of grain (rice), in which harvesting had already begun. They send about thirty coolies into the fields at a time, and even then are not able to accomplish what a single binder would at home. Dividing these fields from one another are tall ridges of earth upon which are footpaths. Along these we went through the rice fields, then through a bit of jungle, until we came to a broad, sweeping, sandy river, in which Indian buffaloes were wallowing with nothing but their heads visible. Woodburne was in the Tom-John, so they carried him straight across, while two of the workers locked their hands under me, and with my arms about their necks they landed me safely on the other side. Here we passed up into the village. From the river it looked like a huge group of mud-walled, thatch-roofed huts, buried in a dense cluster of trees. But the caste quarter was more respectable, and boasted many brick houses, which are always plastered over and whitewashed in this country.

As we passed up along that crooked, sandy street that day we were the cause of much commotion in the little place. Some fled at the sight of us, others seemed glued to the spot, still others turned after us, till we had a considerable following of those anxious to know what these white-faced, toupeed dhorogaries had come to their village for. Soon we came to the "village green," if green it could be called; usually the village well is in such a place. Here we stopped under a large tree, and sang a hymn and hung out a roll of Bible pictures, and when the crowd had gathered, Woodburne and Cornelius, a native preacher, preached. The faces of the listeners were a study. Some expressed great interest, some were puzzled and knit their eyebrows, some doubted, others kept interrupting with remarks and questions, but on the whole better attention could not have been asked for.

Then, when the service was over, came the sick and suffering to be healed—those that were lame, those with fever, those with sore eyes, those with skin diseases—and Woodburne did what he could to heal them. Some had toothache, and as I had my forceps along I took charge of this department, and pulled twenty-one teeth before the day was over. Then we came away, and we knew this, that that visit, with its words of Life spoken and help given to the suffering, would be the subject of conversation in that village for weeks to come. This is the way we are sowing.

But how is McMaster this year? I have been seeing good news of it in the papers and I am glad. Tell the fellows we want two or three more strong men from them as soon as possible. Tell them I remember the old Alma Mater with feelings of pride, and wish her all success and prosperity. I will endeavor to hold up her name out here on the frontier. The message I would send the boys is the one we used to make so much of there, "Lose yourself for Christ's sake and for the sake of men." One never finds so much in his life as he does then.

RALPH E. SMITH, '00.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

The publication board of THE MONTHLY take pleasure in announcing a second Prize Story Competition. Like the first, this will be open to both graduates and undergraduates, the term "graduates" being extended in this instance to include all who at any time have been in regular attendance upon lectures at McMaster. Two prizes, of the value of six and four dollars respectively, will be awarded for the best stories submitted by graduates; and three, of the value of five, three, and two dollars respectively, will be awarded to undergraduates. A fuller statement of the conditions will appear in the May number of THE MONTHLY. All stories must be in the hands of the editor not later than November 15th, 1904. It is hoped that, in view of the length of time available for preparation, a large number of creditable stories may be submitted to the judges.

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Editorial Notes.

SOME years ago a member of the Alumni Association made an enquiry as to the success of McMaster graduates in post-graduate work. In our university, as readers of THE MONTHLY know, all undergraduates are required to take a stiff general course, and are permitted to take only a limited amount of special, or, as it is generally called in Ontario, honor work. The view of those responsible for our practice was, that in this way excellent results might be obtained, not only by the large number of students who end their academic training with the under-graduate college, but also by those who proceed to further studies in the graduate school. The results of the somewhat extensive inquiry went to show that our view as to the value of our courses was sound. Since that time others of our graduates have pursued higher courses in the larger universities, and their experience, as reported from time to time, strengthens us in our confidence that we are working along right lines. The following letter from one of our younger graduates speaks for itself:

"The specialist's work is narrowing to the highest degree, and I can see that if one does not receive the liberalizing influences of a general undergraduate course, he must be an exceptional man who can resist the influences of the post-graduate work. . . . As to my preparation in comparison with that of men from Dartmouth, Amherst, Johns Hopkins, etc., I find that I am not a whit behind them in spite of their specialist methods, and besides have a store of useful information gained from my general course that enables me to grasp the relations of things quite expeditiously. Dr. G. told me, just after Christmas, that I was better prepared than the other men, and in that respect classed me with the specialist graduates of Toronto University. This is said not of myself as myself, but as a graduate of McMaster University. You know me well enough to understand me perfectly."

Book Reviews.

The British Nation.*

Morang & Co. have again put the reading public under obligation by adding to their series of text books this extremely valuable work, at a very moderate price. In several respects this work is fairly unique among British histories. In the title chosen the author gives expression to the feeling that histories of England, Ireland and Scotland, or of the English people, no longer suffice to express the broad ideas of Britain's dominions, namely, that the peoples under her flag present to the world an inner unity whose only fitting designation is "The British Nation." In the author's treatment of his subject, the people of the two islands, and especially of England, receive most, but not exclusive, attention. Every phase of the life of the British people —political, social, commercial, industrial, intellectual, moral and religious—is treated, and is carefully traced from the earliest

*The British Nation. A History. By George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., 1904. pp. xxxii. and 616. $1.

times. The division into periods is not conventional, not by dynasties or even world-wide conditions, but according to the unfolding of the nation's life. But the view is not of narrow range. At the beginning of each chapter, with a couple of exceptions, a survey is taken of great world-movements. The book gives us a story simply and entertainingly written and containing a profusion of information. Cuts, small and large, illustrating great events, noted scenes, styles of architecture, methods of warfare, dress, social habits, industries, and, especially, pictures of famous men and women, abound, and constitute a valuable aid to the reader. There are 285 of them, in addition to maps and plans. The pedagogical qualities of the book are good. If we may find fault at all, it will be in the form of a question whether the author has not attempted to put too much into one book. For colleges and high schools it will make an excellent text book, and it ought to be found on the library tables in our homes. G. C.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

THE FRESHMAN'S FATE.

The student sat silent, with desk all awry,
With hands tightly clenched and with fire in his eye;
All his hair fully drenched o'er the thought-shop that whirred
In his strenuous effort to think of a word.

For he wanted a word both magnetic and true,
And long did he travail for that which was new.
But he died in the struggle! and so will you
If you seek for a new thing under the sun,
For, as says Solomon, "there is not one."—K.W.

THE freshman class, in the throes of their first great examination scare, are absorbing elements of Euclid from a book and hypophosphites from a drug store around the corner.

The McMaster Evangelistic Band has been visiting churches in the city Sunday by Sunday, and doing excellent work. On February 28th three different groups went to various parts of the city, and each returned with encouraging reports. Last Sunday (April 10th) the Band went to Brantford, where a very successful series of meetings was held. Despite the fact that so many were away, twenty-six boys held a meeting at Weston Road Mission, Toronto Junction, and experienced the blessing that has always accompanied the work. One of the encouraging features of the work is the fact, shown by these events, that this spirit of evangelism has spread among all the boys, not being found in the leaders alone. This augurs well for the continuance of the work in succeeding years. Besides Brantford the boys have visited King, Aurora, Whitby, Cannington and Markham. Everywhere they have been met by earnest and interested audiences, and have been followed in all places with most encouraging results. In all over eight hundred have professed conversion as a result of the Band's work, and this is probably only a small part of the influence which the meetings will have on the Christian life of the churches, and of all who have been present at the gatherings.

On Friday evening, March 4th, some of the boys again wended their way Moultonward. They were the guests of Year '05 of Moulton, who were giving an "at home" in honor of the senior year. Mrs. Wells proved herself an excellent hostess, and everything passed off smoothly. '05 is to be congratulated on the success of their undertaking. The McMaster deputation reported this on their return early next morning, and also much more in the way of praise, which we omit for lack of space. We are assured by those who know that Moulton is one of our grandest institutions, and we are informed from another source that it is rapidly becoming one of the most popular.

The evening of Friday, March 4th, saw the usual attentive audience in the Chapel to hear the programme given by the Lit. Vice-President Matthews occupied the chair. Secretary Baker, recovered from his recent illness, manipulated the minute book. Miss Healy, '07, opened the programme with a piano solo, pleasingly rendered and heartily encored. Mr. Dadson recited, with great expression, a Bostonian translation of "The House that Jack Built." His gestures added a world of meaning to his expressive voice, and he was warmly encored. His response was "The Poet's Reverie." The paper on "Radium," written and read by Mr. E. H. Mihell, was good. Although much of the discussion necessarily treated of methods hardly fully understood by the ordinary mortal, many interesting facts about radium were learned. A solo by Mr. White, '07, concluded the programme.

Much interest has been aroused this year in the elections of the Literary Society. Some active campaigning has gone on, and the membership of the Lit. gained much fun from the stump speeches extracted from the various candidates the evening before the elections. Some of them took the matter seriously, some jocularly, and some said their say with that weary air, but all were cheered enthusiastically and impartially. On the fateful night which was to decide all, the candidates, very nervous and self-conscious, took the back seats in the chapel, where they would not be accused of "advertising" themselves. The scrutineers, armed to the teeth with weapons to slay anyone present not a Lit. member, carefully distributed the ballots. When collected and counted the following were declared elected for 1904-5 :—Hon. Pres., Chancellor Wallace (by acclamation) ; Pres., W. E. Matthews, '05 ; First Vice-Pres., J. B. Pengelly, '06 ; Second Vice-Pres., Miss Edith Dennington Hartley, '05 ; Rec. Sec., John B. McLaurin, '05 ; Cor. Sec., D. J. McPhail, '07 ; Curator, E. A. Helie, '05 ; Sec. of Committees, G. T. Irons, '07 ; Treas., W. G. Carpenter, '05, Mr. Carpenter later resigned, and Mr. W. C. Riddiford, Theol., was elected to fill his place.

The nominating committee for The Monthly Board brought in the following nominations, which were confirmed by the Society: Assistant Editor, J. M. Warner, '04 ; Business Manager, H. W. Wright, '05 ; Subscription Dept., D. G. Munro, '05 ; Advertising Dept., W. L. McKinnon, '06 ; Around the Hall, J. H. Cranston, '05 ; Here and There, John B. McLaurin, '05 ; Our Graduates, W. C. Pearce, '04 ; Athletics, C. S. Eaton, '05. Reporters—Geo. Robertson, Theol. ; D. J. Welch, B.A. ; E. W. Clarke, '05 ; H. R. Nobles, '06 ; S. R. McEwen, '07 ; Miss Senior, '05, and Miss Wilkins, '07, from the ladies.

The Debating Society continued as a Mock Parliament on March 12th, when a large number of students attended and took their seats with the Opposition. After some amateur red tape proceedings by the heads of the two parties, Hon. Ed. Gray, '06, Minister of Crown Lands, introduced a bill to buy suitable land, adjacent to the University, for athletic purposes. The Opposition objected, on the ground that such land could not be got. The Government was equally certain that it could. After a good debate the motion was put, and the Government was voted down amid the excited cheers of the prospective office-holders on the Opposition benches. As, however, this was the last regular meeting of the term, their dreams of power will have to be shelved till next October.

On March 19th the Society's semi-annual elections took place. The voting was watched with great accuracy, so we have no hesi-

tation in saying that the gentlemen named below were the chosen of the multitude who voted. Whether the said multitude frequented the meetings of the Society and were thus justified in voting, is another matter. The officers elected were :—Pres., C. W. New, B.A., Theol. ; Vice-Pres., E. R. Gray, '06 ; Sec., S. R. McEwen, '07 ; Councillors, John Cohoe, '06; R. W. Young, '07, and E. W. Clarke, '05.

Rev. Francis H. Perry favored the Theological Society on the evening of Tuesday, March 22nd. His subject was the kind to attract, and quite a large audience listened to his address on "Science and Religion : Are they Friends or Foes?"

Photography under Difficulties.—The young ladies of the University recently decided to favor mankind with an exact reproduction of themselves, and C. J. Cameron was the fortunate man selected to carry out the dangerous enterprise. It happened on one of those breezy spring days, and it was quite interesting to watch the frenzied efforts of the photographer to keep his hat, his camera and himself in front of the ladies at the same time. Perseverance, however, ultimately conquered, and with the timely help of a passing pedestrian the front entrance of the Hall, decorated with "sweet girl undergraduates," was successfully "shot" twice.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The afternoon and evening of March 27th, were given over to the interests of the Fyfe. For some who graduate this spring it meant the closing of a pleasant and helpful chapter in the book of college life. At the business meeting, during the afternoon session, it was decided to hand over the River Street mission to the care of one of our city churches. It is likely that either Jarvis Street or Parliament Street churches will adopt the mission. A committee was appointed to prospect for new opportunities of work within the city.

The afternoon programme consisted of three papers on Canadian Baptist missions. Dr. Goodspeed, in his usual clear style, traced the beginnings of Canadian missionary endeavor with respect to India. Mr. D. A. McGregor, '05, dealt with the crisis which arose with the death of Timpany. He also pictured the reinforcements which followed that crisis. The Rev. J. Chute, B.A., a returned missionary from India, closed the topic with an able and somewhat humorous presentation of the position and prospects of Canadian Baptist missions in India to-day. The hope of India, he pointed out, must rest in the sons of India who have been converted to our faith.

At the evening session a large audience gathered in Castle

Memorial Hall. The Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A., former President of the British Columbia Baptist Convention, gave an account of the resources of that Province, referring especially to its lumber, mineral and fishery wealth. He spoke of the difficulties, governmental, speculative and moral, and referred to the kind of pastors or missionaries required. They should be after the kind described in Ralph Connor's "Sky Pilot." The Rev. C. J. Cameron, Field Secretary of McMaster University, spoke of the early pioneer Baptist missionaries in Ontario and Quebec, and of the more recent pioneer work in New Ontario. He referred also to the marvellous resources of that great north land. The addresses were illustrated with beautiful views of places and men, the closing pictures being views of the Baptist educational institutions of Woodstock and Toronto.

THE election of officers of the Student Body for 1904-5 took place on Wednesday, March 30th, in the chapel. The unique feature of the election was the choice of President, or High-Ka-Kiac, which was unanimous for Mr. W. G. Carpenter, '05. For the remaining offices—1st Vice-Pres., 2nd Vice-Pres., and Sec.-Treas.—four nominations were made in each case. The following were elected :—1st Vice-Pres., E. C. Jordan, '05; 2nd Vice-Pres., N. A. Harkness, '04 ; Sec.-Treas., D. L. McLaurin, '05.

THIS is the season for "plugging" and the reorganization of the different societies and associations around the Hall. The Athletic Association met on Thursday, March 31st, to hear the financial report from the Secretary-Treasurer, R. A. F. McDonald, and to elect the officers for the season, 1904-5. (A full report is given under "Athletics.")

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR : F. J. SCOTT, B.A.

The Annual Conference and Business Meeting of the Alumni Association will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 2nd to 4th. Papers on vital topics will be read, and matters of importance to the Alumni will come up for discussion. It is hoped that a large number of graduates may be able to attend, and make this year's conference the best in the history of the Association.

Inasmuch as there is some doubt in the minds of not a few graduates as to the conditions of membership in the Alumni Association, it may be well to make an authoritative statement in connection therewith.

Every graduate becomes a member of the Association in virtue of his graduation with degree or diploma from the University. Immediately upon becoming a member he is entitled to exercise all the privileges pertaining to membership. There is no fee for admission, but, according to the constitution, it is expected that every one shall contribute, if possible, one dollar towards the funds of the Association, *upon becoming a member thereof.* This contribution is not an annual one: it is made once, and only once. If it is not convenient for a member to make his contribution immediately after graduation, he is not expected to do so ; nor is he debarred by his inability so to do from exercising any of the privileges of membership, *e.g.*, voting in the annual elections of representatives of the Alumni upon the Senate of the University. Some graduates have, we understand, felt a diffidence in exercising their franchise : they need not feel any, for the right to vote is in no way contingent upon making a contribution to the Association. Let every graduate vote in the annual elections, and thereby show a genuine interest in the welfare of the University.

Some funds are, however, necessary for carrying on the business of the Association. It is therefore necessary that those who can should make the expected contribution at some convenient season after graduation. Including those who have informed the treasurer of their contribution to the Alumni Association of the Toronto Baptist College, the parent of our present Association, *one hundred and thirty-four* have contributed their quota to the funds. Of these one hundred and five have been graduates in Arts, either in course or *ad eundem*, and twenty-nine in Theology. Of the hundred and five in Arts, however, fourteen are also graduates in Theology. For the information of the members we print herewith lists of all those who have found it convenient to contribute one dollar to the Association.

Arts.

Class of '94.—C. J. Cameron, Miss E. P. Wells, Mrs. H. L. Stark, W. W. McMaster, J. R. Cresswell, B. W. N. Grigg, E. Russell, L. A. Therrien, H. L. McNeill. Total, 9.

Class of '95.—G. H. Clarke, A. P. McDonald, S. R. Tarr, D. Nimmo, R. Wilson Smith, G. R. McFaul, J. W. Russell, C. H. Schutt, O. G. Langford. Total, 9.

Class of '96.—G. N. Simmons, G. J. Menge, C. E. Scott,

L. Brown, A. Imrie, A. G. Baker, W. Findlay, Mrs. J. C. Sycamore, J. C. Sycamore. Total, 9.

Class of '97.—Miss M. E. Burnette, J. F. Vichert, Miss E. M. McDermid, W. J. Pady, H. B. Tapscott, A. M. Overholt, J. H. Cameron, E. P. Churchill (*ob.*), R. D. George, H. H. McKechnie, Miss M. D. Eby. Total, 11.

Class of '98.—W. P. Reekie, Miss A. G. Iler, W. H. B. Teakles, Mrs. A. B. Cohoe, W. Daniel, J. A. Ferguson, W. W. Charters, A. W. Vining, Miss E. R. Whiteside. Total, 9.

Class of '99.—H. H. Procter, A. J. Thomson, D. B. Harkness, J. D. McLachlan, A. S. Cross, R. Shaw. Total, 6.

Class of '00.—G. H. Grant, L. C. Lauchland, S. E. Grigg, Miss N. Cahoon, E. E. Wood, C. J. Triggerson, H. E. Jordan, E. S. Roy, F. N. Goble, A. C. Newcombe, J. Nicole. Total, 11.

Class of '01.—R. C. Matthews, P. C. McLaurin, R. E. Guyatt, W. H. Augustine, A. C. Watson. Total, 5.

Class of '02.—A. J. Madill, E. J. Tarr, C. A. Grant, S. A. Buckborough, R. V. Bellamy, C. C. Sinclair, J. A. McLean, H. S. Arkell Miss M. A. Seldon, Miss J. M. Norton. Total, 10.

Class of '03.—J. N. McLean, Miss M. O. Ardley, B. R. Allen, C. C. Lumley, E. J. Bengough, S. M. McLay, H. McDiarmid, G. W. Langdon. Total, 8.

Ad Eundem.—O. C. S. Wallace, Elmore Harris, W. H. Porter, A. C. McKay, R. R. McKay, W. S. W. McLay, C. Goodspeed, A. P. McDiarmid, W. H. Piersol, A. C. Rutherford, M. S. Clark, . L. Woolverton, A. K. Blackadar, A. H. Newman, S. S. Bates, P. K. Dayfoot, W. Sanderson, E. Norman. Total, 18.

Theology.

Class of '87.—W. J. McKay, J. B. Kennedy. '88—S. J. Arthur, C. H. Phillimore (*ob.*) '89—J. L. Gilmour, C. E. McLeod, J. W. Gregory. '90—L. S. Hughson, J. O'Neil, E. J. Harris. '91—G. M. Lehigh, J. A. Keay (*ob.*) '94—H. P. Whidden, C. W. King. '95—J. McKinnon, R. Garside. '96—E. J. Stobo. '97—D. W. Terry, W. H. Wallace. '98—A. R. Park, D. Brown. '00—C. C. Anderson, P. C. Cameron. '02—R. H. Mode, G. H. Jones, D. Alexander. '03—A. A. Kelley, A. A. Scott, J. B. Grimshaw. Total, 29.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, '05.

ANNUAL MEETING OF MCMASTER A. A. A. — The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held on the Tuesday, March 29th. The attendance was fairly large and representative, and enthusiasm ran high. Sec'y-Treasurer R. A. F. McDonald read a very satisfactory financial statement, which showed a neat balance on the right side. It was as follows :—

RECEIPTS,

104 membership fees at $1.50	$156 00
Special canvas re expenses of teams	103 00
Gate receipts : Varsity Rugby match	15 00
" Queen's "	20 05
" " annual games	23 60
Sale football pins and colors	10 00
Contribution, Rugby team	15 30
" hockey team	9 00
Sale of skating rink tickets	115 00
Levy on classes and faculty	35 20
From other sources	55 90
Total receipts	$558 05

EXPENDITURE.

Entrance fees to Leagues	$20 50
Trip, Rugby team to Kingston	108 15
" hockey " "	82 45
Mutual Street rink, rent	20 00
Varsity athletic field, Sports Day rent	18 00
Deficit from 1903-04	26 00
Field goods	40 00
Medals, engraving, etc.	11 50
Rink tickets, Victoria College	115 00
Other expenses	99 42
Balance on hand	17 02
	$508 02

The expenses have been higher this year than ever before, owing to the fact that McMaster won the district championships in Rugby and hockey, and as a consequence had to go twice to Kingston to settle championships. The members of both teams contributed generously to the expenses, and an extra levy was made upon the students, but even this was not sufficient. A call had to be made on our good city friends to help us out, and according to the report they were "glad to have the privilege." But we must be more independent if we can. It behooves every loyal McMaster student to become a member of the Athletic

Association, an institution which is doing splendid work in developing strong men, and which is bringing much honor and glory to Alma Mater. It was unanimously resolved to raise the membership fee from $1.50 to $2.

The election of officers for 1904-5 resulted as follows :— Hon. Pres., Professor Cohoe ; Pres., W. W. Lailey, '04 ; Vice-Pres., J. B. McArthur, '05 : Sec.-Treas., H. R. Nobles, '06 ; Auditors, T. Dadson, '06 ; F. C. Mabee, '04. The councillors from the various years have yet to be appointed, and the various captains are to be selected. The above executive should make a very capable one. We look forward to next year with great expectations.

The thanks of the Association are due to the retiring executive, especially to Secretary-Treasurer R. A. F. McDonald. Mr. McDonald worked untiringly and unceasingly, and it is a great credit to him that he can show a comfortable balance after financing the most difficult year's athletics in our history. Commencing with a deficit of $26.00 and having an expenditure of over $200 more than any previous year, the task was enough to make any one tremble.

THEY SAY IT'S GAELIC !—"The subject of the 'McMaster' yell has been much debated recently about Trinity, and it is a relief to be informed, through the medium of *Queen's Journal* that it is a Gaelic slogan."—*Trinity University Journal.*

We also are much obliged to our erudite Presbyterian friends. For some time we had been puzzling as to the origin of the blood-curdling "Osciwowow ! skilliwowow !" We fancied it smacked somewhat of the Gaelic, and we are glad to have our conclusions confirmed by the sons of the heather whose Canadian headquarters are at Kingston.

OWING to a typographical error in the March number of THE MONTHLY, the name of Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., in the list of subscribers to the athletic fund, appeared as "Mr. D. C. Thomas."

IT is interesting to note the growth of athletics in McMaster. In 1897-8 the total receipts of the Athletic Association were $102.32, and the expenditure $92.75. The current year's figures show a great increase. The receipts were $558.05 and the expenditure $541.03.

THE McMaster Rugby team, after donning their old suits and some new smiles, had their photograph taken on the University steps, on April 6th.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR : MARETTA GORDON.

WE were pleased to have Miss Helmer with us a few weeks ago. Miss Helmer is a well-known pianist of the city and the girls considered it a treat, indeed, to have her play for us. It is of additional interest to know that Miss Helmer is an old Moulton girl, who through persistent efforts has cultivated her marked talent for musical execution to a high degree of excellence.

WE were glad to have with us at our prayer meetings a few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Chute, lately returned from India. Mrs. Chute talked very earnestly of her work in India, and gave a vivid description of a girl's school there.

THE February meeting of the Heliconian Society, which was held on the 20th, was conducted in a somewhat different manner from what is customary. The Juniors had prepared a French play, "Une Héroine," which everyone enjoyed. The same evening Mrs. Blewett was with us and addressed the girls in her usual sweet manner.

ON the evening of March 3rd Mrs. Wells and the Faculty gave a party to the first and second years. The party was to be a children's party. The different costumes worn to represent children of the past and present were very pretty and interesting, and were the source of much laughter and fun. The evening, it is said, was one of the best of the term, and enjoyed by all the guests.

THE events of the senior year are one by one passing away, and the senior will at last be brought to realize that this is her last year in her Alma Mater. On Friday, March 4th, one of the annual events of the senior year took place, when the third year gave a party to the fourth year and friends. The drawing rooms were thrown open to the guests, who were received by Mrs. Wells, Misses Gray and Davies. Games were the order of the evening, after which refreshments were served.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editors : { E. J. Bengough, B.A.
G. Grobb.

On Feb. 29th the College was delighted to have a visit from Rev. W. E. Morton, Superintendent of Home Missions. He addressed a meeting of the Judson Missionary Society, and thoroughly interested his audience in the cause he represents.

The second public lecture delivered in the College this winter was given by Canon Dann, of London, on February 25th. He described a trip through Ireland, and his remarks were illustrated with limelight views.

The College has always watched with great interest the contests entered by McMaster, whether games or debates. While we are sorry McMaster has lost the debating championship this year, still we are gratified when we think of the long period during which she has stood in the front.

We are glad to be able to report that grippe has practically disappeared from the College.

The hockey season has come and gone. But before "Jack Frost" relinquished his hold on the rink the usual interyear hockey matches were played. The victorious class was naughty-four, with naughty-seven following a close second. The games played were as follows : The first and third years, resulting in a victory for the first year, the score being 1 to 2 in their favor; the second and fourth years, in which the fourth proved their superiority by defeating the second by a score of 5 to 1. The finals, between the first and fourth, resulted in a score of 1-0 in favor of the fourth year.

The College junior hockey team again met the Collegiate Juniors on March 8th, and severely defeated them by a score of 6 to 2.

The College was the scene of a brilliant social function on March 4th, when the faculty and students tendered an "at home" to their friends. This event was the realization of the desires of students and faculty alike. It was an occasion for all students to show their pride and love for their Alma Mater, and

they did it most nobly. Had a stranger entered the halls a week before he could not have helped noticing the enthusiasm of all over this change in the usual spring entertainment. The College presented a changed appearance. The cold bare walls were transformed by deep folds of red, white and blue, while countless flags and Chinese lanterns added greatly to the appearance of these old historic halls. The first two flats of the main building and the dining room were thrown open. The spacious corridors and dining room afforded ample opportunity for all who were disposed to promenade, while the chapel, library, reception room, society room, and a portion of the dining room corridor were used as rendezvous. In the dining room Windsor's orchestra rendered an ideal programme, and in the chapel Mr. D. W. Karn gave an excellent pianauto recital. The college boys' jokes were in evidence and took the form of a fake museum, an art gallery and a hermit cell. Between the hours of ten and twelve refreshments were served in the dining room. The gathering broke up shortly after twelve and every one declared it a great success. The committee in charge were : Hon. Chairman, Acting-Principal N. S. McKechnie, B.A.; Chairman, Wm. Younger ; Secretary, G. Walker and Messrs. Brown, McKerricher, McTavish, McLean, McDiarmid, Moyle, Menzies, Grobb, Rutledge, Haverstock, Telford.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR : E. S. ROY, B.A.

OUR Temperance Society has been holding its regular monthly meetings with good results. Considerable interest is taken in this work among our boys and girls. There are only seven boys in the whole school who are not members of this society.

A VERY interesting and encouraging feature of our work at present is the interest taken by our boys and girls in spiritual things. Our pastor, assisted by Rev. G. R. MacFaul, of Ottawa, held a few special meetings during the second week of February. The ground seemed to have been well prepared and when Mr. MacFaul came with his pleasing and simple way of presenting the truth his message was greatly blessed. So much so that at our last meeting, Rev. A. L. Therrien, of Montreal, who was present with us, counted some seventy persons who stood and thus testified to their having accepted Christ as their personal Saviour during these meetings. Our prayer is that these testimonies may prove genuine in the full sense of this word.

February the 24th and 25th, was an interesting time at Feller Institute. This was the date of our annual Alumni meeting. All the missionaries in connection with this mission arrived on the morning of the 24th. The afternoon of this day was spent in a missionary meeting, talking over the work of the mission in general and listening to reports from the different fields brought to us by the pastors of these fields. In the evening the presence of Dr. Lafleur, Revs. A. L. Therrien, A. J. Lebeau, W. S. Bullock, L. R. Dutaud, G. R. MacFaul and others on the platform added much to the interest of our Wednesday evening prayer meeting. On the forenoon of the 25th these visiting gentlemen gathered in the Library for the purpose of listening to a paper entitled, "Le Monde," given by Dr. Lefleur, who, because of his age and experience, was well able to treat a subject of this kind. At 2 p.m. the Alumni met, with Mr. Eug. Lafleur, B.A., K.C., in the chair. The object of this meeting was the election of officers for the following year and the discussion of things, new and old, arising out of the minutes of last meeting. In the evening at 7.30 p.m., all visiting friends and the school gathered in the chapel of the Institute to listen to a programme prepared by scholars and older members of the Alumni. This brought the exercises of these two days to a close. On the following morning visiting friends returned home and scholars resumed their work, all with a deeper interest and a renewed loyalty to our good old Alma Mater, the favorite old spot, "L'Institut Feller."

Another lecture was added to the list already given on the evening of March the 4th by Rev. John McKay, of Crescent Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, Que. The subject was "Palestine." Mr. McKay's pleasing and instructive way of presenting things made it easy, for even the youngest among us, to follow him in our imagination as he led us through Joppa, Jerusalem, Bethany, the northern shores of the Dead Sea, Samaria, Nazareth and Damascus, telling us things exceedingly interesting and helpful as we passed through each place.

Hockey has been rather a failure this year. It has been more shoveling snow than skating. So much so that the boys have given up all hopes of seeing the ice any more. One game was played, however, with a St. John's team. The score was 9 to 1 in favor of our boys.

Basket-ball is all the game at present. This is a game played on both sides of the house with no small amount of interest.

Here and There.

Editor : W. C. Pearce, '04.

The passing days have brought the following exchanges to the editor's table this month :—"The Mitre," "The Hya Yaka," "The Mercerian," "Vox Collegii," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "The Queen's University Journal," "The Newtonian," "The William Jewell Student," "The Advance," "McGill Outlook," "The Bowdoin Quill," "The Varsity," "The Columbia Monthly," "The Athenæum," "The Northwest Baptist," "The College Review," "Ontario Normal College Monthly," "The O. A. C. Review," "Presbyterian College Journal," "The Manitoba College Journal," "The Educational Monthly," "Trinity University Review," "Acta Victoriana," "The Ottawa Campus," "Vox Wesleyana," "Acta Ridleiana," "University of Ottawa Review," "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "The Philomathean Monthly," "The Monthly Maroon," "Brandon College Monthly."

A NEW VERSION.

The boy sat on the moon-lit deck,
His head was in a whirl;
His eyes and mouth were full of hair.
And his arms were full of girl.—*Tiger.*

In the Hebrew Class.—Prof.—Let us try turning the English into Hebrew. "These women are good." What would that be? Student at the back—A mistake.

Obliged to Keep Silent.—On one occasion Bishop Potter was a guest at the Storm King Club. After a comfortable dinner he sent a telegram to one of the officials of the New York Central Railroad, asking him to stop the night express at Storm King station, on the opposite side of the river. He drove down the mountain and hired a boatman to row him across. Arriving in good time, he and the boatman waited in the rowboat until the approaching train warned them to seek the station, only to see the train arrive, rush by, and disappear in the darkness. The Bishop was irritated. "Well," he said, "I am a bishop of the Episcopal Church, and I suppose my calling will not allow me to say anything." "Well," replied the boatman, "I am a Methodist, and my principles will not let me say anything."

FRESHIE—Not prepared ! I have a bad cold in my head. Prof.—Glad to see you have something there.

A NORSE LOVE SONG.

Love ! I am freer than the strong white wings
That sweep and skim above the wind-lashed sea,
In that I love thee ; richer than great kings
Because thou lovest me.

Love, I am master of a spell more strong
Than ever minstrel wove into his art,
In that I made for thee a little song
That found thy deep, still heart.

Love, I am stronger than the gods that hurled
On men of old their joys and their alarms,
For see, sweetheart, I hold my own whole world
Clasped safe in my own arms.

—K. SAVAGE GOODMAN *in Nassau Lit.*

THE literary gossiper of the *Manchester Guardian* tells a good story relating to the absurd charges of plagiarism brought by William Allingham against Alexander Smith : Lord Neaves made a characteristic contribution to the discussion. No one, he said, had pointed out the most glaring instance of all. Smith had somewhere used the phrase, "With a sigh and a curse together." It was perfectly obvious that this was a direct theft from Sir Walter Scott, who had told us how "The doe lay down with a sigh and died beside its dam." This is really the best kind of criticism of the eternal hunt for plagiarism.—*The British Weekly.*

EMILY, while taking a bath after the lights are out, hears Miss B—r's gentle voice saying, "Who is there ?" Emily : "It is I." Miss B—r : "What are you doing ?" Emily : "I am taking a bath." Miss B—r : "Don't let it occur again." Emily : Suppressed giggle.—*As reported in Vox Collegii.*

NOTHING INTENTIONAL.—One day during the last summer quarter, as Prof. R. D. Salisbury left Cobb Hall and started to cross the Quadrangle, he was accosted by a student from Alabama. "May I walk across the campus with you ?" enquired the Southerner. "Certainly, certainly," responded the professor, "but you'll have to hurry for I'm a pretty fast walker." "Oh, that's all right," was the student's reply, "I've been used to following a mule all my life."—*The Monthly Maroon.*

Roll Call at Harvard (in any course). — Mr. Brown: Hee-yah! Mr. Black—Yeh! Mr. Westerner—Heerrh! Mr. Southerner—Yah, sir! Mr. Middle States—Hirr! Mr. Bass—Yurrh! Mr. Treble—Yip! Mr. Canine—Yep! Mr. Backwoods—Preh-sunt! Mr. Chelsea—HERE!!!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A RED, RED ROSE.

A red, red rose
For my lady's hair—
A red, red rose with a heart of gold,
Nothing on earth is so sweet and fair
As this bud with its fragrant petals rare,
Save my love, and she is a thousand-fold
Sweeter and fairer,
Dearer and rarer,
Than this rose, with its heart of gold.

O red, red rose
With a golden heart
Shining with dew-drops, diamond bright,
Fragrant and sweet, with the sunshine caught
And into your lovely petals wrought,
You shine with a ruby's ruddy light.
O red, red rose,
You are rich and rare;
But my love is—well, she is beyond compare!—*Ex.*

An Irish girl at play on Sunday being accosted by her priest with "Good morning, daughter of the evil one," meekly replied, "Good morning, Father."—*Ex.*

Oberlin College has received as a gift one of the most magnificent organs in the world.—*Ex.*

IN MARCH.

The suns fall warm; the southern winds awake;
The air seethes upwards with a steamy shiver;
Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,
And every rut a little dancing river.
Through great soft clouds that sunder overhead
The deep sky breaks as pearly blue as summer;
Out of a cleft beside the river's bed
Flaps the black crow, the first demure newcomer.
The last seared drifts are eating fast away
With glassy tinkle into glittering laces;
Dogs lie asleep and little children play
With tops and marbles in the sun-bare places;
And I that stroll with many a thoughtful pause
Almost forget that winter ever was.

Archibald Lampman, *in Educational Monthly.*

LECTURE UPON THE RHINOCEROS.—Professor—"I must ask you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."

LITTLE THINGS.

A cheery word, a smile, a nod,
And some poor traveller, bowed and slow,
Forgets the while his secret woe,
And walks with lighter step towards God.—*Ex.*

"I HAVE a few more points to touch upon," said the tramp, as he awkwardly climbed over a barbed wire fence.—*Ex.*

TEACHER—"A fool can ask questions a wise man cannot answer." Pupil—"That's why we all funked."—*Ex.*

A SONG OF SEASONS.

When Spring comes over the meadow,
And the gold light troubles the lake,
Earth tells her sleeping children
'Tis time to wake.

When Summer laughs in the valleys,
With blossom and sun gone mad;
Earth tells her wide-eyed children
'Tis time to be glad.

When Autumn's marching colors
Fill forest, chancel and nave,
Earth calls to her silent children
'Tis time to be brave.

When Winter sends over the barrens
His frosts upon valley and steep,
Earth whispers her tired children
'Tis time to sleep.

—WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS *in University Monthly.*

TOMMY—"Pa, what's the board of education?" Mr. Figgs—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."—*Ex.*

FRESHMAN—"I smell burning cabbage." Sophomore—"You have got your head too near the fire."—*Ex.*

GREEN guy (to the waiter)—"Do you serve lobsters here?" Waiter—"Yes, we serve any one; sit right down."—*Ex.*

Of all the glad words of tongue or pen, the gladdest are these : "I have passed again."—*Ex.*

Teacher—"What is a vacuum?" Pupil—"I've got it in my head, but can't explain it."—*Ex.*

He—"Don't you think that I'd make a good basketball player?" She—"I'm afraid you would be penalized too often for holding."—*Ex.*

News of the Colleges from Exchanges.

Cornell University is about to erect two buildings at an expense of $250,000 each. One is the Rockefeller Hall of Physics, the other is the Goldwin Smith Hall of Languages. The latter will include a large museum of archæology.

A significant event in the world of education was the opening of the University of Porto Rico on Sept. 26th, with an enrollment of one hundred and fifty regular students. This is the first university on the island.

According to report there are 266 periodicals published by students in American universities and colleges. Of this number 150 are monthlies, 65 are weeklies, 11 are dailies, 12 are quarterlies, 10 are bi-weeklies, 9 are semi-monthlies, 3 are semi-weeklies and 2 are bi-monthlies.

In the report of student earnings at Columbia it is shown that the average of each student is $144. The highest amount, $1,600, was earned by a student acting as a newspaper correspondent.

Vassar College is not yet half a century old, dating from 1861. Wellesley, Smith, and Radcliffe have existed only a quarter of a century. Bryn Mawr was begun in 1880, yet, together with Barnard, in 1900, they had 3,378 students, and the students of all women's colleges in that year numbered 15,000, just under one-third of the 50,000 students in the nation's men's colleges, some of which boast foundations more than two centuries old.

The faculty of the University of Michigan has bought the U. of M. daily newspaper, for the sum of $1,250, from the student corporation which has heretofore controlled it. The intention of the faculty is to make the papers a part of the English course, the reporters being drawn from a special course in English.

The University of Wisconsin will, at its next commencement in June, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding.

The entering class in the engineering department of Brown University is more than twice as large as it was last year.

Andrew Carnegie has given $60,000 to Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute on one condition, that suitable provision shall be made from the gift for Booker T. Washington and his family.

One half hour's credit will hereafter be given for attendance at chapel at the University of Indiana.

Harvard will receive about $4,000,000 from the estate of the late Gordon McKay, who invented the machine for sewing shoes.

It will take a twenty-six acre lot to provide for the seven new buildings of Harvard College of Medicine. The cost will be $2,000,000, half of which has been given by J. P. Morgan.

Harvard's library contains 639,700 volumes.

Princeton registration this year numbers 1,431 students.

Between 1889 and 1903 Rockefeller has given to Chicago University $13,302,374.

The annual report of the treasurer of Yale University shows an expenditure of $827,514.15.

Syracuse *Daily Orange* is now printing its own paper, this being the third college paper doing so. Brown and Columbia are the other two.

Harvard's catalogue gives the population of the University this year at 6,718. This includes all schools connected with Harvard and the summer school.

Leland Stanford has been challenged by Johns Hopkins University to a series of debates. This is the first time a Western college has received a challenge from an Eastern college.

Harvard reports a gain in the number of students this year. The registration shows 4,291, which indicates a gain of 125 over the registration of 1902. The gain is entirely in the professional schools.

Eleven applicants for admission to Princeton this fall were debarred by the enforcement of the faculty's new rule, which permanently shuts out of Princeton any person detected in dishonesty in the entrance examination. The requirements for admission are

this year higher than before. Of 550 applicants only 339 passed the examinations.

At Ann Arbor the experiments of students who voluntarily take small quantities of a deadly poison have commenced in the homeopathic department, and fifteen members of the Alpha Sigma Society are getting their daily "dope." The object of experiment is to note the effect on the human system of a poison concerning which little is known, and the tests will cover two months at least. The nature of the poison is a secret with Dr. A. E. Wershoff, who is conducting the experiments. From a New York source, however, it is intimated that the drug which was ordered from there is cyanide of cacodyl, which is ten thousand times more powerful and deadly than prussic acid. Three grains of it thrown into a theatre would kill the whole audience.

One of the professors at Columbia has discovered a very old Algebra in looking through some manuscripts in the Columbia library. The book is a sixteenth century copy of a translation of Mohammed Ben Musa Al Khowarizime, who was a celebrated mathematician of the school of Bagdad. It is the first known treatise bearing the name of "Algebra." An inscription in the book shows that it was translated by Castiensis in 1183.

The qualifications for the ideal college professor, as outlined by President Harper in a lecture at the University of Chicago on "The Faculty of a College," are :—1, He should be married ; 2, He should be a church member ; 3, He should mix with his students outside the classrooms ; 4, He should have a doctor's degree ; 5, He should be willing to work hard eleven months in a year ; 6, He should be in sympathy with the public, and take an active interest in public affairs. "The college professor who is married," said President Harper, "will do three times as much good in his position as one who is single. And if he has three or four children it will be still better."

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EDWARDS, WHITFIELD, AND WESLEY.

AN APPRECIATION AND A CHARACTER STUDY.

These three men were the great heroes of eighteenth century evangelicalism. To them, under the blessing of God, we mainly owe that deep and wide-spread revival of spiritual religion, and that republication of evangelical doctrine which roused both Old and New England from their death-like torpor, arrested the drift toward infidelity, and rescued the churches of both lands from a great apostasy.

Edwards and Wesley were born in the same year, 1703. Whitfield was their junior by thirteen years. When Edwards was ordained to the pastorate at Northampton, Mass., in 1727, he was, and had been for many years, walking in the clear light of Gospel truth, and rejoicing in a sweet experience of emancipating grace. John Wesley, though systematically devoting himself to Biblical studies and religious exercises at Oxford, was yet groping amid the shadows and half-lights on the borderland of spiritual deliverance. Edwards had come to Canaan and was dwelling in a permanent habitation in the land of corn and wine, while Wesley was yet on the march out of Egypt, though steadfastly following the guiding pillar of cloud and flame. At this time Whitfield, a rosy lad of thirteen, clad in blue apron, was busy drawing ale in a common inn at Gloucester, yet already beginning to hear the voice of God within his soul, and to struggle with a confusion of great thoughts about himself and about his destiny. A little later, however, we find Whitfield a student at Pembroke College, and presently a flaming evangelist filling the land with the name and fame of the Saviour of men.

These three men, in their personal characteristics, were as unlike each other as Peter, James and John. Whitfield was the most eloquent preacher, Wesley the greatest organizer, Edwards the most profound and comprehensive thinker. Whitfield was pre-eminently the man of feeling, Wesley the man of affairs, Edwards the man of ideas. Whitfield was soul, Wesley was system, Edwards was spirit. Edwards built his pulpit on Sinai and looked across to Calvary; Whitfield took his stand on Calvary and harked back to Sinai; Wesley erected his platform on the Mount of Beatitudes, with both Sinai and Calvary in view. Edwards thundered of sin, its thraldom, its shame, its curse; Whitfield, in passionate notes, proclaimed the superabundance of grace; Wesley called men from sin, through grace, into a life perfected in Christian love. Wesley was a brook that glided from day to day in pearly brightness and perennial music through the land; Whitfield was a cataract leaping in tumultuous torrent through spray and rainbow, and falling with resistless energy upon the stream below; Edwards was a cloud, dark, massive, portentous, charged with deep thunders and emitting dazzling lightnings, yet pouring upon the land a gracious rain, which gave new verdure to the fields, refreshed the heart of the oak, and caused even the buttercup and harebell to lift their heads with joy. He was, par excellence, the evangelist of the little children.

Whitfield could not help being an orator. He had a voice of such range and power that he could easily be heard by thirty thousand people in the open air—a voice withal so exquisitely toned and so skilfully wielded that high and low were subject to its spell. Add to this a perfection of dramatic action, a vivid imagination, and a holy passion kindled at the cross, and you will not wonder at his unparalleled power over vast assemblages.

"Men saw the scenes he painted. They heard the ripple of the Galilean waters, they felt the awful shadows of the Tabor cloud, they shivered as the fierce wind swept among the olives, or the pale moon gleamed upon the paler brow of the sufferer in Gethsemane; they crouched as if they heard the tramp of nearing demons when he prophesied of doom. Not only were Garrick and Pulteney, themselves orators, eager listeners to his burning words, but David Hume hearkened until he forgot to sneer; the philosophic Franklin acknowledged the sorcery and emptied his pockets like a common man; the artificial Chesterfield yielded for

once to an impulse of real feeling, and sprang forward to arrest the fall of the blind beggar whom the speaker pictured on the cliff's extremest verge. Among the rude and turbulent his triumphs were greater still. "I came to break your head and you have broken my heart," said a ruffian as the brick-bat dropped out of his nerveless hand. In single-handed defiance he went into Bartholomew Fair, and while he spoke the booths were deserted, the acrobats tumbled in vain, and the baffled showmen found their occupation gone. The deaf old woman who had cursed him as he passed along the street was presently clambering up the pulpit stairs that she might not lose a syllable of his sermon." The flowing tears which made white gutters down the faces of Kingswood colliers, black from the grime of the coalpits, gave evidence that his message to them had stricken home. His work was preaching, and he knew it. The pulpit was his throne, and never monarch filled a regal seat with kinglier presence. Worn down with labor, the physicians prescribed a perpetual blister. He says he tried perpetual preaching and found it answered as well. When winter prevented his journeys he mourned like a smitten child; when spring opened his way he bounded to his beloved labor, glad as a gazelle upon the hills. His seal had for its device a winged heart, soaring above the globe, with the motto, "Astra petamus."

It has been said that the results of Whitfield's work were not abiding. It is true that he raised no party of followers who took his name; he established no denominational system of which his own writings should be cardinal elements. Of his converts many remained to constitute the evangelical heart of the Church of England, thousands joined the Wesleyan communion, while others were distributed among the Nonconformists of Great Britain and the New Light churches of America. It was given to him to scatter the seeds of the holy Gospel broadcast with a lavish hand. It was given to him to bind many a sheaf of golden grain and stook it in the field. He cared but little what waggoner came along to haul it into his ecclesiastical barn. It was God's harvest and it was enough for him to know that it was destined for garners in the skies.

If Whitfield could not help being an orator, Wesley could not help being an organizer. Of course he was much more than an organizer. He had the warmth of temperament that made him a

great popular preacher, the imaginative faculty that made him a poet of no mean order. He had the diligence and mental force that made him a foremost scholar and a voluminous writer. But the glittering peak of his genius was his wonderful ability for organization and rulership. Had he not been a preacher he might have become a great statesman or a Napoleon of finance. This man not only breathed the spirit of evangelical religion out of his own soul into the life of a nation, but he gave it a body and organic form in which to dwell and work for centuries to come. For compactness and cohesiveness of organization the world has scarcely seen anything more wonderful than Wesleyan Methodism. During the greater part of his life Wesley seems to have cherished the hope that the results of his work might be held within the church of his fathers, to enrich her life and mould her destiny. The congregations which he organized were called "societies." He desired to consider them societies within the Church, destined to be recognized and adopted by the Church. But as years went by it became increasingly clear that the old ecclesiastical wine-skins could not hold the new evangelical wine. While it would have been great grief to Wesley to see the old wine-skins burst, it would have been greater grief to see the new wine spilled. So he carefully drew it off into a new receptacle. The relation of Wesleyanism to the Established Church was analogous to that of early Christianity to Judaism. The apostles at the first had no thought of displacing Judaism; they rather sought to re-mould it, to complete and crown it with the new thought and life that had come in Christ. They soon found, however, that the only hope for the new evangel lay in the abandonment of the old regime. As the butterfly emerges from the cocoon a winged wonder, with power of flight, so Christianity emerged from Judaism, and Wesleyanism from Episcopacy, strong winged to fly abroad throughout the earth bearing the everlasting Gospel.

If Whitfield was a born orator, Wesley a born organizer, Edwards was a born theologian. True, he was vastly more than that, for there was in each of these men a great totality of personality and life. They were not mere attenuated types, but men of symmetrical and rounded development. Jonathan Edwards was no intellectual monstrosity; he was a man of exquisite emotions. He had the heart of a little child. He trembled like a leaf in a gale under the storm of mighty thoughts that beat upon his soul.

He would sit for hours bathed in tears as he contemplated the majestic sweetness that sits enthroned upon the Saviour's brow, or brooded over the depravity and desolation of the human heart. His executive ability, moreover, was of no mean order, as is evidenced by his administration of the affairs of the Stockbridge Indians and by the fact of his appointment to the presidency of Princeton College upon the death of Aaron Burr.

But he was essentially a *thinker.* Whatever his hands might have found to do in the world's work, his mind would have been busy thinking God's thoughts after him. He was the clearest visioned philosopher, the most seminal and constructive theologian of his century. His writings on the "Freedom of the Will," "The Nature of the Religious Affections," and "The History of Redemption" disclose to us one of the master minds of the ages.

But for an adequate understanding of the work of these men we need to push our investigations further and notice the great elements or conditions of power which were common to them all.

1. *In the first place, then, they were fitted to be the instruments of a great religious service because of their exceedingly acute and vivid consciousness of God.*

This wonderfully developed consciousness of God made them highly specialized organs for the transmission of spiritual power.

Before the consciousness of Whitfield the cross of Christ was continually placarded. It blazed upon the hill-tops of his imagination, all the light of sacred story gathered round its head sublime. In him the name of Jesus was a fragrant ointment poured forth, giving savour to all his communications. "His Master," said one biographer, "was never out of mind. His love, His atonement, His blood, His righteousness, His readiness to receive sinners, His patience and tender dealing with saints are themes which appear ever fresh before his eyes." In this respect there was a striking likeness between Whitfield and that glorious Scottish divine, Samuel Rutherford.

In Wesley, also, the feeling for God, the sense of the divine presence, was a highly developed faculty. It has been said of both the Wesleys that they possessed "a genius for religion." If by a genius for religion we mean a highly sensitized spiritual nature, a quick and full-toned response to the fact and being of God, then these men possessed that genius. When John Wesley was asked how he would spend the intervening hours if he knew

that he should die on the morrow, he answered, "Just as I intend to spend them now. I should preach at Gloucester to-night, and at five o'clock in the morning ride on to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest and wake up in glory." Surely this was a man who abode under the shadow of the Almighty.

But the consciousness of God as an overwhelming sense of the divine immanence and majesty and magnificence, reached its acme in the case of Jonathan Edwards. His soul revelled in the idea of Jehovah's sovereignty. To him it was a sea of glory that rolled from pole to pole all round the globe of his consciousness. To him religion in its fundamental principle meant communion with the Infinite. It is significant that as a child he found entrance into a settled peace with God while reading the words, "Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever."

"As I read these words," he says, "there came upon my soul and was, as it were, diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being, a new sense, quite different from anything I had experienced before. After this the appearance of everything changed. There seemed to be a calm, sweet cast of divine glory in almost everything, as though it were suffused with God. God's excellency, His wisdom, His purity, His love appeared in everything, in sun and moon and stars, in the clouds and the blue sky, in the grass and flowers and trees. Before, I used to be uncommonly struck with terror when I saw a thunderstorm arising, but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me; I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunderstorm, and used to fix myself to view the clouds and see the lightnings play and hear in thunder the majestic voice of my God, which was exceedingly entertaining and filled me with sweet contemplations of Him."

From this time onward Edwards made the glory of God the sole purpose of his life. The absolute sovereignty and glorious majesty of God seemed completely to satisfy the demands of his speculative intelligence, the needs of his moral nature, and the hunger of his heart. His rapture in God had, indeed, a deep tinge of mysticism in it, so that he seemed at times to lose the

sense of self in the sense of God. His whole life was a hymn of praise in a Chamouni vale of contemplation, whence he beheld the glory of God poured as a sunrise upon the rugged but now rosy Alps of Calvinistic theology.

2. *To this acute and vivid consciousness of God we trace in these men their profound sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin.*

It was common to them all. Though they viewed the fact of sin from different standpoints, the light in which they viewed it was the light of God. Wesley's conception of sin was religio-ethical; Whitfield's conception was evangelical; Edward's conception was theological. Wesley grieved over sin because it destroyed the harmony and perfection of being; because it meant disease, corruption, disability; because it marred the beautiful handiwork of God. Whitfield looked at sin in relation to the cross of Christ. He saw in the sacrifice of Christ the great exposure of human wickedness. It never looked so black to him as when he read its condemnation in the Redeemer's blood.

With Edwards the deep disgrace of sin lay in its essence as rebellion against the holy will of the glorious God. Its uttermost shame consisted in the fact that it interrupted communion with God, and incapacitated man for the reflection of God's glory.

In each the growth of the sense of sin was coincident with the development of his central idea concerning the meaning and mission of religion.

With Whitfield the goal of religion was redemption, the recovery of lost men to peace and joy in God. Bathing his soul in the grace-light of the cross, gazing with awed vision upon the wounds of Christ, he passionately denounced the sin that necessitated such unspeakable sacrifice, and the hardness of heart that resisted its supreme appeal.

Wesley thought of Christianity as a redemption in order to a reconstruction. It was the perfection of the human personality which he steadily held in view. He therefore felt more and more the bane of sin as the corruption of nature and the destruction of holiness. To the eye of Edwards the goal of Christianity gleamed upon a loftier height. It was redemption in order to reconstruction, and both in order to a perfect reflection and transmission of the glory of God. The gravamen of his charge against sin was that it made the soul opaque that the glory of God should not shine through. In rapt contemplation of the ravishing sweetness

and majesty of Jehovah he grew more and more amazed, astounded and appalled at the utter and shocking depravity that could choose any other way or end than the will of snch a glorious Being.

By different paths, then, these men plunged into the dismal swamp of the doctrine of sin, but their paths swiftly converged until they met at the deadly upas tree of personal guilt. Nor did they waste their time in pinching the black blossoms from this tree. They laid their keen-edged axes to its roots with blows that are yet resounding through the world.

3. *These men were fitted to be the instruments of a great spiritual service in that they cherished an inextinguishable hope concerning the savability of man.*

While Wesley's hope for men was grounded in the goodness of God, it was mightily reinforced by his belief in the freedom of the human will to turn to God. However heavily sin may have loaded the will of man with irons, he yet retained the ability to break all fetters and come forth at the Gospel's call.

Whitfield's hope was centred in the attractive power of the cross. Christ lifted up could draw all men unto Himself. The cross was a crimson lens that gathered up the scattered rays of the light of love and poured them in a melting blaze upon the heart. That lens needed only to be focussed upon a soul to burn all its bonds and barriers away.

Edwards' hope for humanity rested upon the sovereignty and supremacy of Jehovah. It was inconceivable that anything could withstand the will of God. And God was good. Man had no power to burst his bonds. The city of Mansoul was to him a beleaguered Dothan. No sortie from within could be successful. Not by the most desperate effort could any man break out. But God could break in. God could raise the siege. The encircling hills were crowded with the horses and chariots of Jehovah.

To each of these evangelists it was given, therefore, to blow the silver trumpet of a jubilee. They did not press the same keys or sound the same notes, but they proclaimed one message—the message of a glorious deliverance.

4. *These were men of singular devoutness of spirit, nobility of character and consecration of life.*

There was about each of these men a radiant saintliness. Whitfield was a jet of holy flame. The fire never sank upon the

altar of his heart. "When the bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my vile heart doth not deceive me, I offered my whole spirit and soul and body to the service of God's sanctuary. I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. I have thrown myself blindfold into His Almighty hands. I offered my soul as a blank to Him, to write on it—what He chose."

Of Wesley's piety it has been said that at the first it was like "the young moon with a ragged edge, still in its imperfection beautiful, but waxing lovelier and larger until, full-orbed and calm, it shone in undimmed radiancy before the world."

In the transparent writings of Edwards his heart is always open to view. His conception of heart purity is given in the following beautiful words: "The soul of a true Christian appeared to me like a little white flower, such as we see in the opening of the spring, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

It was an unconscious self-description. Through all his "tract of years" Jonathan Edwards wore "the white flower of a blameless life," a flower that opened more and more to the genial light, and glistened brighter and brighter until God plucked it and placed it among the fadeless blooms of Paradise.

Nor did the fervor of these men spend itself in religious sentimentality. It nourished in each of them a fine nobility and heroism. They felt no fear of man, they knew no love of ease, they indulged no lust of gold, no itch for fame.

Whitfield might easily have amassed a fortune, but he refused money for his own use, even when pressed upon him, once to the extent of £7,000. The Pope's coarse saying about Luther, "This German beast does not love gold," might have been equally applied to him.

The same selflessness characterized Wesley. Meeting with hard work and little food during a tour in Cornwall he congratulated himself that blackberries were plentiful. After three weeks, lying upon the floor at night, in the same county, with the brave John Nelson beside him, one having an overcoat and the other "Burkitt's Notes" for a pillow, he cried out in the middle of the

night "Be of good cheer, the skin is only off one side yet." His measure of giving is well known. At Oxford he lived on £28 a year and gave £2 out of £30 of income. When his income increased to £60, £90, £120, he still lived on £28 and gave the rest. And thereafter in proportion. His reply to the "Accountant General for Household Plate," who demanded a return from him was this:—"I have two silver spoons at London and two more at Bristol. This is all the plate I have at present, and I shall not buy any more, while so many around me need bread."

And there was Edwards, driven out of his pastorate at Northampton after all his glorious work, because he would not smother his conscience.

Said Joseph Cook in a Boston lecture:—"I know where in Massachusetts I can put my hand on little irregular scraps of brown paper stitched together as note books and closely covered with Jonathan Edwards' handwriting. Why did he use such coarse materials in his studies? Because he had opposed the half way covenant! Why did his gentle wife and daughters make fans and sell them to buy bread? Because he defended with vigor the idea that a man should not be a minister unless converted, nor a church member unless converted. Of course he was abandoned by the fashionable. Of course his life was a martyrdom. His note books were made from the refuse of brown paper left from the fans. There is nothing Massachusetts so little likes to be fanned with as those fans Jonathan Edwards' wife and daughters made and sold for bread."

Is it any wonder God honored a quality of manhood like that?

5. Lastly, *these men were used of God as instruments in a great awakening because they preached with fervency and power, a great, pure, divine Gospel.*

Their preaching was Biblical, doctrinal, definite, personal. They did not refer the word of Christ to the verifying faculty within their bearers but preached it as the authoritative word of the King of kings. They called upon men everywhere to repent and believe the Gospel. They proclaimed the universal necessity of regeneration by the Holy Ghost. They found the ground of peace in the atonement made by Christ upon the Cross. They preached justification by faith. They insisted upon the inseparable connection between true faith and personal holiness. They

preached judgment to come with dark doom for the finally impenitent. And God honored the message.

It is not claimed that these men were faultless in life or infallible in utterance. That they sometimes pushed certain doctrines to unwarrantable extremes cannot be denied. Edwards sometimes carried his Calvinism to the verge of fatalism; Wesley his Arminianism to the brink of deism; but only in rare instances and under some special stress. There was always swift recoil to safe and solid ground again. Many can never forgive Edwards for his sermon on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," or Wesley for some things he wrote about Christian perfection. Yet these were but spots upon the sun or temporary clouds that drifted across its face. It needs the telescope of hyper criticism to see them at all to-day, so full is the sky of light from the glorious Gospel which they preached.

J. D. Freeman.

THE SILENT MAN.

A silent man, he sits and sits
  Amid the babbling throng;
No smile across his visage flits
  At jest or passing song.
He looks away across the bay
  Towards the misty hills,
Yet nothing grand of sea or land
  His stoic bosom thrills.

He wots not of the sunlit eye,
  Nor of the tears that dim,
His brother's sorrow and his joy
  Are both alike to him.
The children gaze up in his face,
  Half trustful, half afraid,
But no soft touch that means so much
  Upon their locks is laid.

As well might human plaint or plea
Unto the dead be made,
As well might Nature's symphony
Within her breast be stayed
As voiced unto his callous ear,
E'en though in trumpet tone;
He cannot feel, nor see, nor hear—
For he is carved from stone.

M. A. MAITLAND.

OUR TRIP TO PALESTINE.

After two delightful weeks spent in a little mountain village about twelve hours from Smyrna, we returned to the city for a few days to prepare for our much talked of trip to Palestine and Syria. Finally the day came (July 24th), and we were busily preparing to go on board at 2 or 3 in the afternoon, when about 10.30 word came that the steamer would leave at 12. In the midst of the rush caused by this news came a second message, "The steamer leaves at 11.30—you must come at once," and though it seemed hopeless to try to reach the quay in time, we flung ourselves into carriages, with our baggage, and started off. Miss Mills snatched some freshly ironed collars from the laundress as she passed her on the stair, and thrust them into the first bag she found—it happened to be Mr. MacLachlan's; I received two canvas hats in the same unceremonious fashion, and carried them on board in my hand, along with numerous other small packages which there had been no time to stow away. Our things were rushed through the customs, and we were tumbled into a row boat; only then, as we started for the steamer, did we realize that one of our party was missing! We all exclaimed at the same moment, but I am afraid (to be strictly truthful) that there was more relief than disappointment in our tone! The fact is, this missing member was the only disturbing element in an otherwise singularly harmonious party—a little fussy "old maid" of the most pronounced type (with goloshes, blue glasses, and a mouth-pad to keep out the cold air), who had proposed to take a camp stool, and, when she became tired, to sit down and wait for our

return! It had been with very mixed feelings that we had looked forward to her company, and perhaps we will be pardoned for the relief we undoubtedly felt on realizing that she was left behind. Messages had been sent telling her of the change of time, but she refused to be hurried, and after a leisurely meal walked quietly down to the quay, only to find that the steamer had been gone some hours. You will be glad to know that our gain was *not* her loss, for she was able, after all, to carry out her first plan, and go to England, and so no doubt was as pleased as we.

We travelled second cabin, without food (*i.e.* providing our own), a mode of travel unknown on the Atlantic, but quite respectable here, and often resorted to by missionaries because of the great saving in expense. We had laid in a stock of potted meats, jams, biscuits, hard boiled eggs, flour, etc., and were fortunate in finding a stewardess who was ready to wait on us at all times (we dubbed her "tout de suite" because of her alacrity in responding to our calls), so we had a very jolly time. We were almost alone in the second cabin, and had a nice deck to ourselves, where we read, worked, and sometimes had supper. Our first call, on the afternoon of 24th, was at Chios. We were busy sending picture post cards to our friends, so the time seemed very short till we were off again. The next morning we passed Patmos, of which we saw only the bare shore, and Rhodes. As we passed the town of Rhodes we were shown the space across which the famous Colossus once stood, spanning the inner harbor—a wide stretch. One can realize that this gigantic figure must indeed have been one of the wonders of the world. The next day we were for hours off Cyprus, which we saw in faint outline, and arrived early Saturday morning at Tripoli. The small boats were flocking around us within a few minutes, and the unfamiliar sounds of the Arabic language floated in through our portholes in so ungentle a manner that further sleep was out of the question. After breakfast our party went ashore in a pretty sail boat, which simply flew over the water like a white-winged bird, under the skilful management of two handsome dark skinned boatmen, said to be descendants of the ancient Phoenicians. We spent an hour or two wandering through the picturesque narrow streets, and visiting the hospital of the American mission. We were surprised to see all the patients on the floor,

and were told that at first iron beds were provided. When, however, it was found that the patients refused to sleep in them, stacking them in a corner over night, and restoring them to their places in the morning before the doctor's visit, it was decided to let them please themselves. We were amused at the style of dress which seems to prevail in these parts—a garment resembling a flannellette night-dress, very scanty in the skirt, being much in evidence. On our way to the boat we bought some fruit and bread to replenish our larder, and so made our way back to the steamer.

Early on Sunday morning we reached Beirût. After lunch four of us went ashore, and paid a short visit to Mrs. Dr. Graham, an old acquaintance of Mrs. MacLachlan. Unfortunately Dr. Graham, a Canadian, and a graduate of Toronto University, was away. He is a professor in the Beirût college, but has a large outside practice, and is rarely to be found at home.

On Monday morning we reached Jaffa, where we were met by some missionary friends who had been stranded there by the quarantine, and so had arranged to join us in our trip to Jerusalem. The landing at Jaffa was most interesting. The boats are very large, requiring a crew of six or eight men ; we had six men rowing—they stand, like the gondoliers in Venice, and sing as they row. The rocks lie so close on either hand to the narrow channel through which we must pass that it requires great precision to pass through safely, even in fine weather; in stormy weather it is often impossible to land for days at a time. Once ashore we were driven at a break-neck pace through the quaintest streets to the Hotel du Parc, set in a garden which is a perfect vision of beauty, with palms, oleander, and other tropical trees. It was here the German Emperor stayed on his visit to Jaffa in 1895. That morning we took carriages and drove to the Russian church, built near the tomb of Tabitha. From the tower of this church—a weary climb up a narrow cylindrical stairway—we had a splendid view of the city, with its orange gardens in the near foreground, and beyond to the sea. In the place of the cypress, with which we have grown so familiar, we saw everywhere the palm, which gave the landscape a tropical aspect. We visited the tomb of Tabitha, and were satisfied that if it is not what it claims to be it is at least an ancient tomb. After lunch we took

carriages again for the railway station, en route for Jerusalem.

We found very inadequate accommodation on the train, being bundled—the women of the party—into the women's compartment, the nearest approach to bedlam that I can conceive. All were screaming at once, at the top of their voices, and we sank down in horror at the thought of spending four hours in that place. One woman had a beak and a voice exactly like a parrot; another, of tremendous breadth, routed out half the passengers in the car to look for a lost bundle, and then selecting as victims two of our party, quietly settled herself in their seats, knowing nothing short of an earthquake could move her out of it. We were rescued from this plight by a gentleman who had finally arranged for another car, where we could be together, so we had a much pleasanter ride than we had anticipated. We passed through an immense olive grove, extending for miles on both sides of the track, and later through the plain of Sharon, seeing in the distance the towns of Lydda and Ramleh. The latter part of the ride was a constant ascent, the track doubling back and forth among the hills as if playing at hide-and-seek with itself. Just before sunset we came into Jerusalem, and as we drove to our hotel we were shown various points of interest, whose names gave us a queer thrill—the pool of Gihon, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the tower of David.

Our hotel stood outside the city walls, on a height commanding a fine view of the city, with its various domes and towers, and beyond it the Mount of Olives in bold outline against the sky. A little to the south, in the blue distance, were the hills of Moab, over which there was at sunset a wonderful sky of pink and blue —the wonder was that every sunset was the same. We had a full moon while in Jerusalem, and the evenings spent on the balcony overlooking the city, flooded with that brilliant moonlight, will not soon be forgotten. The next morning, July 30th, we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We entered the city through the Jaffa gate (near which a great opening was cut in the fine old wall a few years ago for the German Emperor to pass through) and passed along the narrow, crowded streets, our eyes wide open to take in every new type. We were most struck by the Jews, of whom many have a curious trick of allowing a lock on either side of the face to grow undisturbed, which gives them

an indescribably effeminate look. Throughout the whole trip we noticed the costumes as being much more varied and more Oriental than in Smyrna, inclining toward the mantle so familiar to us all in Biblical pictures. We saw many a group that we longed to photograph, but as a rule at a time when it was impossible.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a place of much interest, though none of us felt that its pretensions, as covering the site of Christ's crucifixion and burial, are justified. It would be sad to believe that so sacred a spot could be allowed to be so desecrated, wrangled over by various sects, and made the object of idolatry by poor ignorant souls who seem satisfied if they may but kiss the stones which cover the spots they consider so sacred. The church is divided among Armenians, Greeks, Russians, Copts, and Episcopalians, all of whom have chapels within its walls where regular services are held. We saw the hole in the side of the tomb out of which the holy fire is passed on Easter morning, and could well imagine the wild scenes we have so often heard described, when thousands of pilgrims crowd forward, jostling each other in their mad desire to light their torch at the sacred fire—a light which thenceforth is never allowed to go out, and which is carried back to their homes, no matter how remote, to be carefully guarded there as the most sacred of their possessions. Outside, at the entrance, men were selling various articles, among them shrouds such as are used by pilgrims to bathe in the Jordan, and preserved afterwards for use at burial. Near this church is the new German church, opened in '98 by the Emperor. It is built on the site of the ancient church of St. Mary, founded by the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John. We were allowed to try the fine organ, and I played while all sang the hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden." We were shown, too, the bibles presented by the Emperor and Empress, the old sexton explaining with pride that it was not the fine binding that made them precious, but the thought of the God-fearing lives of the royal donors. Beside the church we were shown the ancient cisterns used by the Crusaders, and climbing the lofty tower we had a splendid view of the city in all directions, the Temple area being in plain sight to the south-east. We next visited the Russian Hospice near by, within which is shown a fragment of an

ancient wall, thought by some to be a part of the second wall (that standing in the time of Christ), and by others, a part of the Citadel. It would be interesting to know which it is, for that would decide the authenticity of the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

After lunch, and a rest till tea-time, we walked out in the other direction, passing near the Damascus gate, to some ancient cisterns, recently excavated; beyond them, further excavations revealed a great series of rock-tombs, called "The Tombs of the Kings," but believed to be the monument of Helene, queen of Adiabene. At the left end of the vestibule is seen a small opening, outside which the rolling-stone is still standing in the groove in which it once moved. We examined some of the dark recesses inside, but whatever they may once have contained they are quite empty now, so a short visit is enough. From there we went to Jeremiah's Grotto, in an inner recess of which that prophet is said to have hidden from King Jehoiakim. Just over this grotto is the hill which is generally known as "Gordon's Calvary," because Gen. Gordon upheld it to be the true Calvary. It is a bare place and contrasts strangely with the traditional site, so crowded with chapels and altars. It is safe from desecration, because the Moslems consider it sacred, there being a legend that here Mohammed had a vision. It is said to have been for many centuries a slaughtering-place, and in this connection one is struck by the prophecy in Isaiah, which is said to read in the original, "He was led, as a lamb, to the slaughter-house." In the spring this spot would doubtless be green, and it would then answer to the idea of the hymn which, rightly or wrongly, has described Calvary as "a green hill . . . outside the city wall." It is also at the junction of the two main roads to the city, and so would be open to the gaze of passers-by. Beneath, to the west, is the garden supposed by some to have been that of Joseph of Arimathea, and in it is a tomb called the "garden tomb," which, if this *is* Joseph's garden, must be the one in which Christ was laid. It is impossible not to feel that it, in its severe simplicity, is more sacred than the traditional tomb with its tawdry decorations.

July 31st.—We rose at five, and started shortly after six, for the Mount of Olives. We passed through a corner of the city,

emerging at St. Stephen's gate, on the east, and following the road which leads across the Kedron Valley, past the Garden of Gethsemane, up the hillside. It is a steep ascent, but one is more than repaid by the view of Jerusalem from the slope. Unfortunately the view of the city from the top is obstructed by buildings recently erected, but in the opposite direction (*i.e.*, to the east) one has an uninterrupted sweep over the rolling country which lies between Jerusalem and the Jordan (the Wilderness of Judea), to the Dead Sea, and beyond, to the hills of Moab and Gilead ! From the top of the Russian tower (a climb of over 250 steps) we had a marvellous view. We could see the mouth of the Jordan, and following the valley could trace its course here and there by the line of silver, no wider than a thread to our eyes. The Dead Sea was visible for almost its whole length, and to the south and west were many villages and towns—Hebron, Bethlehem, Bethany, and others less easy to distinguish. As we descended the hill we passed to the south, toward the paths which lead from Bethany, and over which Christ must have walked. Here, in the shelter of a great wall (for the sun was burning), we sat down and read some of his teachings from this very mount, within sight of the very city over which He wept. It was a wonderful thought ! Of all the places we visited none was so sacred as the Mount of Olives, because of the certainty that this at least was genuine, though we like to think it was more beautiful in Christ's day ; now it is almost bare of trees, and, in the dry season, very desolate.

As we descended the hill we entered the Garden of Gethsemane, a small, walled enclosure, neatly kept by the Latin monks, but sadly disappointing. It has some fine old olive trees, carefully fenced around to protect them from the attacks of souvenir-collecting tourists. We passed again through St. Stephen's gate, along the Via Dolorosa, and out the Damascus gate, where we sat a long time in the shade, resting, and watching the motley crowd of passers-by. In the afternoon we drove to Bethlehem by a very dusty road, bordered by olive groves, and noticed that the foliage on one side of the road was a fresh green while on the other side it was gray with dust. Shortly before reaching Bethlehem, we passed Rachel's tomb (a Turkish mosque now marks the spot) and then, by rather a sharp descent, entered

the village, and drove through the narrow streets to the Church of the Nativity. At the entrance we were wrangled over by several guides, all eager for the honor of showing us over the church, and each asserting that the rest knew nothing about the place, while *he* "knew very well English."

The church is believed by the best authorities to be on the site of the Bethlehem khan where Christ was born. It stands inside a monastery common to Latin, Greek and Armenian monks. The basilica was built by Constantine in 327, and is the only one of his basilicas left standing in Palestine; the original columns also remain, and there are traces of ancient frescoes dating from 1143. In the vaults below we were shown the study and tomb of St. Jerome, the altar of the Innocents, where the 20,000 children were massacred by order of Herod, and finally the Chapel of the Nativity, a low vault hewn in the rock, in whose pavement there is a marble slab, with a silver star in the centre bearing this inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." The various grottoes are distributed among the rival sects, and so great is the jealousy among them that Turkish soldiers are always on guard to keep the Christians from fighting! As we left the church, accompanied by our chattering guides, we passed near a confession-box in which sat a priest listening to the story of a penitent kneeling outside. He was evidently angry at being disturbed, for he startled us by giving a thundering knock on the side of the box, and calling for silence in anything but a gentle tone, disturbing the penitent, I should think, much more than we had done.

August 1st.—We spent the morning in the Temple enclosure, escorted by a cavas of the American consulate and a Turkish soldier, without which escort no one is allowed to visit a place held as sacred by Mohammedans and Christians alike. The centre of interest is, of course, the "Dome of the Rock," sometimes called the Mosque of Omar. It is a hexagonal building, decorated on the outside by various-colored marbles, and above, exquisite porcelain tiles, which at a distance give the effect of mosaic. The upper part has fifty-six pointed windows, with stained glass of wonderful richness—from the inside they seem set with jewels. The interior is beyond anything we had imagined, with its wonderful mosaics, its fine columns, its gilded dome, its splendid jewelled windows. I have never seen anything more beautiful.

In the centre, carefully guarded by a railing, is the bare rock believed to be the summit of Mt. Moriah and the site of the Altar of Burnt Offerings. The Moslems honor it, of course, as the place where Abraham offered Isaac, but still more as the spot from which Mohammed ascended, and show the place where he left his footprints, as well as the handprint of the angel Gabriel, who grasped the rock just in time to keep it from following the Prophet! Beneath is a cave, from which there is a circular opening to the surface of the rock, and it is believed that this was the channel for the blood from the altar sacrifice. The Moslems believe this rock to be suspended in the air. We were shown, carefully guarded, a hair from Mohammed's beard, and in another place a stone in the pavement into which he drove a number of golden nails. One after another has sunk through into the vault beneath, till now only two and a half remain, and when the last shall have disappeared the end of the world will come. Though infidels we were told that we would insure our entrance into Paradise by putting "baksheesh" on this stone; but as Mr. McLachlan was the only gentleman of the party, and women cannot hope for admission under any circumstances, the baksheesh was rather smaller than the guide expected, and he urged us not to miss this opportunity, insinuating that an exception might be made for us! The "Dome of the Rock" is approached on three sides by a flight of steps at the top of which are beautiful arches, called "the Scales," and it is believed that souls are to be weighed here on the Day of Judgment. At one side is a small structure, exactly similar in shape and decoration to the Dome of the Rock, called "David's Judgment Seat," and here it is believed "a chain was once suspended from heaven, which acted as a test of evidence. A witness grasped the chain, and if he told the truth no effect was produced; if he told a falsehood, a link dropped off." (Murray.)

We next visited the mosque of El Aksa, at the south of the enclosure, the most sacred of Moslem shrines, outside the Kaaba at Mecca. A portion of the basilica of a church built by Justinian in the sixth century still remains. Afterwards converted into a mosque by Omar, it was restored by the crusaders to its original use, but eventually remodelled by Saladin. The interior was disfigured, just before the visit of the German Emperor, by the painting of its marble pillars; they are now an ugly grey. In

one corner we were shown two pillars close together, and were told that no one who cannot pass between them can hope to enter Paradise. From here we went to the great vaults below called "Solomon's Stables," recently excavated. They were used as stables by the Crusaders, and may have been originally the foundations of Solomon's palace. Near the corner of the wall we were shown a short, projecting stone from which, it is said, a hair of Mohammed's beard is to be stretched across the Kedron valley to the Mount of Olives, on the Day of Judgment, and those who walk across safely will be saved. Mahommedans believe that on that day Mohammed will change into a flea, and will come and help the faithful across! We were accorded a special privilege in being allowed to pass the grating which guards the Golden Gate. The gate itself is walled up, it being believed that when the Christians retake Jerusalem they will enter by that gate.

On our way home we passed near the pool of Bethesda, and walked again along the Via Dolorosa. Near the Ecce Homo Arch we entered the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, built on the site of Pilate's Judgment Hall; in the chapel stands the arch on which Pilate stood when he denounced Christ, exclaiming, "Behold the man." In the basement we were shown a portion of the original pavement, marked in rude figures, where the soldiers whiled away the time playing games. In the afternoon we drove to Bethany, a squalid little village, where all the inhabitants besieged us for baksheesh. They pretended to show us the tomb of Lazarus, and would doubtless have proceeded to show us other sacred spots if we had shown more enthusiasm. One could not help wishing it had been possible to see the country in the spring, when the hillsides are fresh and green and covered with flowers; there is a desolate bareness about them in summer which is very disappointing.

Friday, Aug. 2nd.—We spent the morning with Dr. Merrill the American consul, who sent several hours showing us the traces of the second wall, which is known by the peculiar grooves in the stones, and to which especial interest attaches in connection with the controversy over the site of the Holy Sepulchre. That afternoon, our last in Jerusalem, we went to the Jews' wailing place, just outside a corner of the Temple wall. Here, since time immemorial, the Jews of every sect have assembled each week to mourn over the fate of Jerusalem, and to pray for the deliverance

of their people. Their liturgy is taken from the 79th Psalm, and when they lay aside their Bibles, and take their places at the wall, striking their heads and moaning as a sign of their deep grief, one is touched—or would be if they did not glance round so often to observe the effect of their performance. We *did* see tears in the eyes of one or two women, and possibly one or two *old* men, but the majority seemed to regard it as a part to be gone through, and we were rather disgusted than touched. We returned to the hotel by the south wall, and saw the Zion gate, near which is an Armenian church, where they show the "upper room" where the Last Supper was taken.

On Saturday, August 3rd, we left Jerusalem for Jaffa, and after a hot ride in a crowded car, and another lunch at the beautiful Hotel du Parc, we went on board our steamer, bound for Beirut. The cabins were so hot that, when night came, some of us elected to stay on deck and get what sleep we could in our steamer chairs. The moonlight was splendid, and the air so fresh that we felt repaid, even though we didn't get much sleep—those who went below were nearly boiled. We rested for two days in Beirut, and on Tuesday a.m. left for Damascus, having added meanwhile to our party some missionary friends and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Meyer of London, who wished to make this little trip before the Conference. Though it is a journey of eight hours it was not a minute too long, for the scenery is beautiful and varied. First we crawled slowly up the Lebanon till we reached a point six thousand feet above the sea, from which we had a wonderful view of the beautiful Bakaa plain (Coelo-Syria), five thousand feet below, with its patches of deep green, and wide stretches of harvest fields. Descending, we crossed this plain, and as we entered the Anti-Lebanon, followed the winding course of the Barada river (the ancient Abana). Its course is marked by a wide belt of green trees, in striking contrast to the grey bareness of the hills around. As we approached Damascus we passed through miles of beautiful gardens, which lie like a wreath all about the city. After the bareness of Palestine this was indeed a feast for the eyes.

Damascus is a city of 180,000, of whom all but 28,000 are Moslems; it is a city of mosques, whose minarets rise on all sides, and one of our most vivid memories is of the call to prayer which sounds from them five times a day, and is one of the weird-

est sounds imaginable, especially when it is echoed and re-echoed from all sides. The street scenes are especially interesting—perhaps there is no city more typically Eastern. The "street called Straight" was very near us, and we walked along it many times on our way to and fro. We visited the great mosque, now being rebuilt after the fire of ten years ago. It is said to be on the site of an ancient heathen temple (the House of Rimmon), which in turn gave place to a Christian church, of which there are still traces. One of the most striking is an inscription in Greek, "Thy kingdom, O Lord, is an everlasting kingdom," which is, however, hidden away by buildings of later date. We visited the tomb of Saladin, and in the afternoon drove out through the Eastern gate, and were shown the point of the wall from which it is believed Paul was let down. Then we drove out to a fine elevation from which we had a splendid view of the city in its green setting, lighted by a beautiful golden sunset. To the west we could see Mount Hermon, and nearer the low hill from which Paul had the vision; to the east, beyond the green, lay the desert. The next day we left Damascus, and returning to Zebleh by train, took carriage for a four hour drive along the Bakaa to Baalbec. On the way we passed a Kurdish wedding party in their gayest attire, who danced after our carriages as if trying to excite our envy at their high spirits.

We reached Baalbec just in time for tea, and after a few minutes were ready to visit the ruins, which lie close to the hotel, beautifully set in green. It is worse than useless to attempt to describe the beauty of the ruins, which are the finest in Asia Minor, and are excelled in extent only by those at Karnac and Luxor. Of the colonade which surrounded the Temple of the Sun (called by Murray the most celebrated in antiquity), only six of the fifty-four columns remain standing. They are seventy-five feet high, with an entablature fourteen feet high above. The style is Corinthian, as is that of the Temple of Jupiter, which stands a little to the south of the Temple of the Sun. It is the most perfectly preserved specimen of ancient art in Syria. It had a peristyle of forty-two columns, with an inner row of six fluted columns in the portico. Unfortunately most of these columns have fallen, and the sculptures of the ceiling have been greatly damaged; wherever there were faces the features have been so marred as to be scarcely distinguishable. In one of the great

walls of the enclosure, which are said to be the cyclopean walls of the original (Phœnician) Temple of Baal, there are some gigantic stones, the largest ever quarried ; three of them are sixty-three to sixty-four feet long and fourteen feet through, raised upon masonry twenty feet high ! In the quarry from which they were taken, half a mile away, there is another stone about seventy feet long and so wide that a carriage and pair could easily drive along it. It is estimated that it would have needed 40,000 men to move it !

But my space is exhausted (none too soon, perhaps you say), so I must leave the rest for another time—our delight over the beauty of Bruumana, and its view over mountain and sea ; the inspiration of the Conference, and the meeting with so many lovely people—I can wish you all nothing better than to experience it all for yourselves ! C. P.

Smyrna, Asia Minor.

FAREWELL TO THE GRADUATING CLASSES.

PROFESSOR R. WILSON SMITH.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Graduating Classes : This hour brings both pain and consolation. The time has come for the severance of the relations which have united us for years in a common purpose, and it has fallen to me on behalf of the Faculty to bring to you a farewell message. All this is cause for sorrow. On the other hand it is a pleasant duty to extend to you the hearty congratulations of the Faculty on your having attained the goal which has been before you during many days of patience and nights of persevering effort. I trust the toilsome journey hither has not been without its compensations and rewards. We of the Faculty have endeavored to make it varied and interesting as well as profitable. We have given you opportunity to linger amidst the fair meadows of science, to dig the rich ore of classic literature, to drink from the well of English undefiled, to climb the steps of philosophy.

At this nearness to the storm and stress of the examination period I think it is not necessary to remind you that though you have climbed some of the heights of knowledge all the world does

not lie at your feet. These heights are but the foothills of knowledge—the great mountains lie before you, bridged and graded yet for many a league before they merge into the cloud-capped summits of the unknown.

As a further antidote to any undue sense of elation or superiority, let me warn you that for every advantage which a college education has afforded you it has added a corresponding responsibility and has placed you under a debt of obligation to those who have made this University possible. And not only a debt of obligation, but a pecuniary one also. For in this institution, as in most others of the kind, the tuition fees would not suffice to meet the expenses of instruction for a single month of the year. Thus for the greater part of four, five or six years you are still debtors.

How and to whom are you to discharge that debt? Pay to those who have reared this university. It was conceived in Canadian hearts and founded with Canadian money, and is nurtured to-day by the gifts and the thought and the prayers of Canadian people. Pay your debt to Canada. Let your life's work be done here. We need you. We need the strength of your youth, the keenness and vigor of your minds, the fervor of your hearts. And we have room for you. Our growing country with its untold possibilities and resources can afford ample scope for every variety of talent which you may possess. Stay here, then, and help to build up a nation exalted in righteousness. Stay in Canada, and let your voice and example inculcate purity in the home, in the courts, in the municipal councils and legislatures. Let not the attractions of less arduous or more lucrative positions or pulpits lure you elsewhere, but resolve that, whatever others may do, you will cast in your lot with your own people. *You owe it* means *you ought*, and *we ought* to McMaster men means *we will*.

Ladies and Gentlemen: You have heard much of the McMaster ideal. In this connection let me point out to you one of the greatest dangers incident to student life, which is so largely a time of preparation. It is the danger of living in the future instead of in the present—of setting up a lofty ideal and gazing upon it in admiration from a distance, to the neglect of commonplace duties and opportunities near at hand. If your ideal is so lofty, so visionary that it cannot be made a part and parcel of your

daily tasks, cannot be realized every day in stronger purpose, greater diligence, wider sympathy, in "little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love," then it is but a beautiful summer cloud whose splendor is the irradiance of the sunlight, but which in itself is mist and darkness. While, then, you remember with Lowell that "not failure but low aim is crime," do not forget the greater truth implied in Schiller's precept:

> "Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
> Whatever you can do, or think you can, begin it.
> Boldness hath genius, power and magic in it."

And, further, remember that the pool of water which has no inlet becomes stagnant and foul. So unless you keep your minds refreshed from the springs of learning, you will find your knowledge become "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable." Therefore I advise you to form the habit of keeping up some line of study in continuation of your college course, and as a bond of union with the guild of thought. And do not forget the Source of spiritual power and blessing Whom we have reason to believe all of you know and love. Within a few weeks some of you, taking up new tasks and burdens alone, will sorely miss the wholesome and inspiring enthusiasm of friendships formed here. The more reason this why you should seek the companionship and ever present help of the strong Son of God.

It is still more important to keep the current moving outward, to give as well as receive. The lake which has no outlet becomes bitter and encrusted with salt. So, in case a person concentrates all endeavor and solicitude upon himself, his learning becomes pedantry, his charity becomes sentimentality, his religious zeal, cant. He withholdeth and yet it tendeth to poverty. Be it your part to keep your store rich and sweet, full and overflowing, to increase it constantly by spending it unstintedly in the service of your fellowmen.

We lose you now from these halls, where already others have risen to take your place as the senior classes. We welcome you to the greater university of the world's life and action, where we expect you will erect lasting memorials to the name and fame of your Alma Mater and of the classes of '04.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.

Turn, Wheel of Life and Death, for ever turn !
Turning we come and go ; with us the ages,
Races of men, the worlds, the suns, the systems,
The illimitable Universe, and Heaven and Hell !

The rose, her fragrant bosom bares all night
Filling with amorous breath the soft June air,
And on the morrow lie the fallen petals
A vapid heap ; the rapturous nightingale
Making the summer night a dream of Heaven,
But a year hence is a poor dried-up bunch
Of ruffled feathers; even the maid we love,
In whose fair being all beauty of the world—
Rose, lily, nightingale—yea, and spiritual grace,
All poesy and the awesome joy of prayer
Embodied find we in one faultless form—
Dies, and becomes a horror we must hide
Deep in the damp dark ground away ; or else
Shrinks to a wrinkled crone who groans and frets
Shivering beside the fire ; the godlike souls,
Poet and statesman, warrior, and not least
The strong brave-hearted toiler—they too perish,
Or bide, the wither'd shapes of what were men
But yesterday, to point the cynic's gibe.

Turn, Wheel of Life and Death, for ever turn !
So all begins anew ; another rose
Glows in the tresses of a soft-eyed girl,
Making an aura of sweetness, that some youth
Dreams of, when stricken through his life wells forth
'Mid devilish horrors of a battle-field ;
Another nightingale the night enthrals ;
Once more a lover worships a sweet maid

Fairer than aught on earth, or than his dreams
Shew him of heaven ; once more a poet sings,
And the vext age must pause amid its toil
And games and strife, to listen ; once again
Men moil and wrestle and die for duty and home.
They in their turn all pass ; the place that once
Knew them, knows them no more ; and still the Wheel
Of Life and Death rolls on, nor stays for aye.

Turn, Wheel of Life and Death ! turn, and we come,
Turn, and we go for ever. To what end ?
Are we but bubbles blown in play—a freak
Of infinite Whim ? Or, 'twixt the Great First Cause,
Him unto whom we owe this godlike mind
And heart and hope to help us bear our ills,
And us, poor victims, framed of nerves and dust,
Comes there the Demiurge pitiless, who takes
His pleasure in the tragedy of our lives,
As wanton boys impale a hapless grub,
Then grind beneath their heels when tired of watching
The writhings of its torment ?
Nay, from the depths
We cry to Thee our Father ! Thou mayst slay us,
Yet will we trust in thee ! Dost Thou not lead us
In paths of righteousness for Thy Name's sake ?
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust of death ?
Hast Thou not other mansions for Thy sons,
Whom Thou from out Thine infinite bosom hast drawn
To being, and endow'd with love and thought,
And individual will, that in the end
Thy will shall be, though individual still ?

So must the groaning world whirl in its groove,
Spiral, not straight, and sometimes seem to advance,
Sometimes to retrograde, yet gaining ever,
And urging onward to a heavenly goal !

THOMAS H. MOORE.

Sucre Bolivia.

The McMaster University Monthly.

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Editorial Notes.

In another part of The Monthly we print the admirable farewell address to the Graduating Classes delivered by Professor Smith at Convocation. Further words on behalf of the Faculty are needless, for he has expressed the mingled feelings of regret and pleasure experienced by every member of the teaching staff of McMaster. Every year it seems harder to say farewell to the young men and women with whom we have been so closely united. More and more we feel our responsibility in being guides in the pleasant paths of learning, and more and more we endeavor to make our example and our instruction an inspiration to higher things. As our graduates go out into life we watch them with an affectionate longing that they may quit themselves nobly in the stern battle of life. Our life has in some measure become a part of theirs, and their victories are ours and their defeats ours also. A continual source of satisfaction lies in the thought that our graduates are intensely loyal to their Alma Mater, and that they are grateful for whatever inspiration we may have been to them. From time to time they give expression to their feelings, and their words mean more to us than they can know. Two letters have

lately reached a member of the Faculty that may serve as illustrations of the spirit that we believe characterizes the undergraduates and graduates of McMaster. One is from a member of the graduating class of '03, and reads as follows :—

"Dear Professor :—On the completion of my college course at McMaster I am reminded of the debt of gratitude I owe her. Allow me to say how much I have been helped by my study of ——— under you. My horizon has been widened, and a thirst created for a further knowledge of our poets and their productions. Your kindness to me in the special classes was much appreciated."

Another comes from an older graduate who is now engaged in post-graduate work in a higher institution of learning. It is gratifying to think that even under the influence of world-renowned scholars our graduates do not forget their old teachers at McMaster. We quote a few words : "Again and again there came to me some of the very useful hints that you dealt out to us undergraduates, both in and out of class—things which then seemed trivialities, but which have now taken on elephantine proportions in my eyes. I have been simply astounded at the English employed by some men who both pride themselves on being scholars and who are generally so reputed. It has become an unalterable resolve of mine that such slovenliness shall never characterize anything that comes from my pen. I am telling you this very frankly, for I know you would like to get at the inner life of your old pupils from time to time." Such words as are contained in these letters nerve a teacher to stronger efforts on behalf of his students.

College News.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Annual Commencement Exercises of the University were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 3rd and 4th, and were a fitting climax to a prosperous year's work. Castle Memorial Hall was taxed to its uttermost to hold those who desired to be present at the Baccalaureate Sermon and the Convocation. The graduating classes of 1904 have reason to be gratified at the successful nature of the exercises attending their graduation.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The annual sermon to the graduating classes was delivered by Rev. H. Francis Perry, D.D., the new pastor of the Jarvis St. Church. Chancellor Wallace presided, and with him on the platform were the Faculty of the University and the brethren who took part in the service. Graduates from out of the city in particular, and pastors and members of sister churches of Toronto were glad of the opportunity of hearing the already popular successor of Dr. Thomas in the Jarvis St. pulpit. They were not disappointed, for they found in Dr. Perry one who is sound in faith, eloquent in speech, clear and forcible in the presentation of a vital truth. His words rang true from beginning to end, and must have touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the young men and women to whom they were specially addressed.

The service was opened with an invocation by Rev. W. T. Graham, of Brantford, after which Rev. W. J. McKay, editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, read a portion of Scripture, and Rev. Dr. Sowerby, of College St. Church, led in prayer. Dr. Perry took his text from 2 Cor. v. 16, 17, "Wherefore henceforth know we no man after his flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Paul's conversion changed his standard of judgment both of men and of Jesus Christ. Thereafter he judged according to the spirit, not the flesh. To him Jesus was no longer a despised Nazarene, but a citizen of the Kingly city of Bethlehem; he was no longer a blasphemer, but the Messiah, the great gift of God. To-day some men know Christ according to the spirit, and some according to the flesh, and the difference in life is the difference between a life of devotion to him and a life of alienation from Him. To know Him only according to the flesh is to lose the Christ of redemptive purpose. The radical socialist, the formalist, the secular philanthropist, and the ethical teacher, all know Him according to the

flesh. Some socialists cheer the name of Christ and hiss the name of the church; to them Christ is a bread-King, not a Saviour from sin. The formalist speaks of Christ in creed, and prayer, and hymn, but in his heart selfishness reigns. The philanthropist proposes to redeem life by better tenements and shorter hours, but forgets that Christ insisted that men must be born one by one in the great work of saving the world. The ethical teacher says that sin is merely ignorance, and that if we dispel the latter, the former will vanish. But all of these and the rest of the world need the new judgment. They must see Christ as the revelation of the Father, as the Redeemer. To magnify His humanity may be to know Him only after the flesh.

To know Christ aright is to have a new watchword and to hear a divine call to service. Regeneration is the new watchword. Like Nicodemus, men will gladly say that Christ is a teacher. He is that, but He is more than that. If we really take Him as Teacher, He will teach us that He is Redeemer. The teacher says, "Do in order to be," but Christ says, "Be in order to do." Every man who is born again will feel his heart stirred by Christ's appeal to follow Him to victory and to power. Profound education may go hand in hand with profound evangelism. They are often separated, but to unite the two is to do a great service to the world. Finally, to know Christ aright is to accept Him as guide. The message of the Divine Redeemer clarifies the vision and answers the greatest needs of the heart. Dismal doubt need not precede luminous faith. It is not necessary to surrender to materialistic assaults on the Bible. The supernaturalism of Scripture is not a forest filled with underbrush. Miracles are not underbrush; the supernaturalism of revelation grows timbers for temples. To know Christ after the spirit will at best be unspiritual, will be to know Him afar off, but he who seeks to know Him now shall one day see Him face to face.

Unveiling of Portrait.

At the close of the service an interesting ceremony followed, namely, the unveiling of a portrait of Dr. Malcolm MacVicar, formerly a professor in the Toronto Baptist College, and the first Chancellor of McMaster University. Mr. C. J. Holman, K.C., on behalf of the donors, presented the portrait, and Chancellor Wallace accepted it on behalf of the University. Mr. Holman referred to the fact that Dr. McVicar is a Canadian, and that he received his theological training in Knox College. He came to McMaster as a veteran, and gave Canadian Baptists the benefit of a rich and ripe experience. He was a leader in our educational enterprises. He helped to lay the foundations of McMaster and settle its curriculum. Under his masterful leadership McMaster University became an accomplished fact. He knew the lofty

ideals of the generous founder whose name it bears, and labored faithfully to realize them. He believed that in independence McMaster would make the largest contribution to Canadian life.

In gratefully accepting the portrait, Chancellor Wallace assured the donors that the faculty, graduates and undergraduates would be glad to look on the face of Dr. MacVicar and find inspiration in the strong, rugged character presented on the canvas. The University would be happy to link the present with the past, and to keep sacred the memory of those who have labored in the days that are gone. He was glad honor had been done Dr. MacVicar in his lifetime.

Convocation.

The annual Convocation for the conferring of degrees and awarding of diplomas was held on Wednesday evening, and was a brilliant function. Castle Memorial Hall was filled to overflowing with an audience that well-nigh equalled the great gathering last year. Chancellor Wallace presided and conferred the degrees with the dignity befitting the occasion. On his right sat His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. John Dryden, and His Worship, Mayor Urquhart, and on his left, President Rush Rhees, the orator of the evening; Rev. Dr. Hahn, of Springfield, Mass., and Chancellor Burwash. Members of the Faculty, the Board of Governors, the Senate, the Alumni Association, and several professors from other universities were on the platform.

After the invocation by Rev. Dr. Hahn, degrees were conferred and diplomas awarded as follows :

Honorary.— D.D. : Thomas S. Johnson, London, Ont. ; Malcolm MacVicar, Richmond, Va. LL.D. : Samuel J. McKee, Brandon, Man. ; A. L. McCrimmon, Woodstock, Ont.

In Course.—B.A. : Albert Henry Baker, Sarnia ; Charles Gideon Beck, Delhi ; Henry Herbert Bingham, Burk's Falls ; Edward Gordon Blackadar, Ottawa ; Almer Richardson Borrowman, Middleville ; James Russell Coutts, Bunyan ; Mabel Elida Culver, Waterford ; Nelson Alexander Harkness, Sarnia ; Walter Whitney Lailey, Toronto ; Lillian Isabell Layng, Smith's Falls ; Robert Alexander Fyfe McDonald, Strathcona, N.W.T. ; Kate Ida MacLaurin, Vankleek Hill ; Fred Carlton Mabee, Vittoria ; Harry Clark Mann, Bridgenorth ; John Thomas Morris, Toronto ; William Charles Pearce, London, England ; Wilfred Vincent Poapst, Ottawa ; William Garbutt Sargent, Toronto ; Jessie Shillinglaw Shields, Brockville ; Leslie Vail, Simcoe ; James Morgan Warner, North Valley ; Albert Drummond Werden, Mimico. M.A. : Herbert Samuel Arkell, Teeswater ; Joseph Fletcher Calvert, Reaboro ; Charles Henry Emerson, Meaford ; Richard Emerson Guyatt, Binbrook ; David Bruce Harkness, Emerson, Man. ; George McFaul, Ottawa ; John McLauchlan, London ; Volney Anderson Ray, Galt. B.Th. : William Edwin

Bowyer, B.A., Toronto ; Arthur Lionel Huddleston, B.A., Athens ; Isaac George Matthews, M.A., Almonte ; Freeman John Scott, B.A., Sparta ; John Frederick Vichert, M.A., Victoria, B.C.

Diplomas.—Three Years' English Course in Theology : John Alexander Hilts, Keady ; Charles Richard Jones, Buffalo, N.Y. ; Walter Charles Riddiford, Toronto ; Alexander Torrie, B.A., Strathaven.

The following list of scholarship and prize winners in Arts was announced :

Fourth Year.—Crawford Scholarship, W. C. Pearce.

Third Year.—Shenstone Scholarship in classics, Joseph Janes; Frank Sanderson Scholarship in Mathematics, D. L. McLaurin.

Second Year.—Campbell Scholarship in Classics, D. W. Campbell ; Harry L. Stark Scholarship in Mathematics, E. Fox.

First Year.—A. C. Pratt Scholarship, R. H. Roberts ; Elmore Harris Prize in Latin, R. H. Roberts ; Elmore Harris Prize in Greek, George Irons ; John Firstbrook Prize in French, A. N. Tapscott ; James Ryrie Prize in German, A. N. Tapscott.

Chancellor Wallace made important announcements concerning the work of the University. Professor Dale will no longer serve as special lecturer in history and economics. The Chancellor paid a high tribute to the work of Professor Dale and emphasized his great popularity with Faculty and students. The course in political economy is to be greatly strengthened, and Dr. A. L. McCrimmon will have charge of the department. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause by the graduates and undergraduates. Dr. McCrimmon will still remain at the head of the Woodstock College, but will be aided by a Vice-Principal. Every one will feel the Senate acted wisely in appointing Mr. N. S. McKechnie to be the first Vice-Principal, and thereby giving recognition to his long and faithful service.

Professor Wilson Smith spoke the farewell words of the Faculty to the graduating classes. We print his remarks in full in another part of THE MONTHLY.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor received an exceedingly hearty welcome when he rose to address the audience. He referred to his twenty-five years of service in the cause of Christian education at Knox College, and offered McMaster sincere congratulations, not only on his own behalf, but on behalf of Knox. He referred pleasantly to the debating and athletic contests in which McMaster and Knox had engaged, and expressed the hope that there would be frequent interchanges of pulpits between Baptist and Presbyterian pastors. He thought it most desirable that there should be no conflict of interests and no overlapping of work in the mission fields of Manitoba and the West. There was room and to spare for all, and the interests of the Church of Christ required that there should be no waste of energy. Recall-

ing the statement of an ancient philosopher that "on earth there is nothing great but man, in man nothing great but mind," His Honor deprecated the modern tendency to subordinate the training of the mental faculties to the mere acquiring of knowledge, the tendency to develop professional education instead of culture of the mind. He exhorted the young graduates to seek the higher end, and assured them that the very effort to attain an ideal will bring its own reward.

It was not until 9.30 that Chancellor Wallace was able to introduce President Rush Rhees. In spite of the comparative lateness of the hour Dr. Rhees got a grip of his audience with his first few sentences and held it with increasing power until his peroration. His address was admirably adopted to a university audience. It dealt with a vital question in a masterly manner, and carried conviction to the minds of those who heard it. In the future it will be remembered along with President Harper's address of last year and Dr. Lorimer's memorable sermon several years ago. It was characterized by precision and beauty of expression, logical sequence, orderly development, and weight and sanity of thought. Taking the relation of Christianity and scholarship as his theme, Dr. Rhees described what the Christian temper in scholarship should be and what the Christian temper towards scholarship should be. He held the balance evenly, and left the impression of scrupulous fairness in his presentation of the subject. As he spoke he seemed to be a living illustration of what the Christian and the scholar should be. The following digest will give an idea of the substance and quality of the address:

The present is distinguished by two significant and hopeful features, the increase of range in scholarship and the quickening of interest in religion. Christianity and scholarship are coming into more sympathetic unity. By scholarship is meant interest in the discovery of fact, whether in science, in history, or in literature; by Christianity is meant organized discipleship to Christ rather than the spirit of Christianity, which is more elusive and which for the present purpose does not so closely touch the problems involved. Concerning scholarship one fact is evident; in its very idea, challenged thereto by its nature, scholarship is reverent. Scientific theory holds itself ready to surrender to some new fact; the devotee of scholarship lives and dies for truth. Scholarship is face to face with the immense range of mystery surrounding us and with the consciousness of the greatness of the reality with which we have to do. In the presence of these it bares its head and takes off its sandals. But all devotees of scholarship do not realize this ideal. Some seem eager for novelty, and are ready to announce as fact what has merely been guessed; they substitute theories for truth.

In the face of this organized discipleship to Christ has a right to

demand that scholarship be single-hearted in pursuit of fact, critical in its judgment of fact, and scrupulous in presenting fact. It may demand that hypothesis be kept apart from fact. Out of hypothesis, that imaginative leap of the mind, there has come the light of truth, but often scientists fail to distinguish between wide generalizations and mere speculation. Christianity has also the right to demand sensitiveness to the facts of the religious life. In the case of Charles Darwin a life-long devotion to the facts of science led to the atrophy of the sense of beauty; in the same way men often lose sense for truth in the religious life. But the tide is turning. Men are ceasing to be scornful of religion; they are beginning to learn that to cut out the religious life is to leave an inexplicable puzzle. With the late John Fiske they are realizing that those races that have most sensitively apprehended their relations with the unseen and the calls of duty have led the van of civilization.

There is, however, another side of the shield. Organized discipleship to Christ has had its limitations, and still has its duties in relation to scholarship. From the earliest days it has been extremely inhospitable to unfamiliar truth. From Galileo to Darwin, devotees of Christianity have hurled anathemas at the devotees of science, not because they have found falsity in the discoveries of science, but because the truth announced has been unfamiliar. Because of this scholarship may fairly demand that Christianity show itself teachable. Not even Baptists have always been ready to accept unaccustomed truth. In their day Jesus and Paul were utterly revolutionary, and they got only a handful of men who were ready to venture beyond the beaten track. But how would we act to-day in the presence of truth as fully accredited and as unfamiliar? We are not asked to put another in place of Jesus and Paul. The truth scholarship deals with is lower, but truth it is, and Christianity should rejoice when it is made known. The past century has been full of great discoveries, and we have been bewildered by their newness. We must adjust our thought to the new truth. We need not suppose that we must make the first chapter of Genesis accord with the latest geological theories. Let Genesis speak its own simple word, let us accept the truth of geology, and be troubled not to relate the two.

Scholarship may demand candor on the part of organized discipleship. Though the Master is the Prince of Peace, His disciples have been very busy with controversy. Controversy begets an attitude unfavorable to candor, for the controversialist is the debater, and shows the temper of the advocate rather than of the judge. There has been controversy in science, *e.g.* Darwinism vs. Weissmanism, but the temper of science calls for the judicial mind in pursuit of truth. Christians, as well as scientists, need to discriminate between facts and theories, to be sure that

in reading Paul they may not be reading Augustine. Tradition may hand down truth, but it may also hand down a distorted image of it. In his own thinking in the closet a man will sometimes do well to confess to himself what he does not know, to distinguish between religious philosophizing and religious certainty.

Scholarship may also fairly ask for sympathy with the work of science. There should be a profound conviction that God is God, that God is One, and that the things God has done do not contradict themselves. Men have need of enlarged power to hold fast to two truths, the connection of which is not seen or understood. Finally, Christians must be ready to answer the plea urged by devotees of science that the facts of the religious life be furnished in the living present. A tree is known by its fruit, and by our lives we who are Christians must show the power of Christ in our conduct, in the softening of temper, in the strengthening and beautifying of life. We must give indubitable evidence that the spirit of God is in the minds and spirit of men. The devotees of science and disciples of Christ have much to give to each other, in order that there may be the marriage of all reality, the union of the reverence of scholarship and the teachableness of Christianity.

Rev. Dr. Hahn was introduced as one who had the reputation of being able to make a brief and brilliant address. He declared that Dr. Rhees' words had carried his (Dr. Hahn's) judgment. In the past fierce attacks had been made on Christianity, but now the tide is passing. He rejoiced at the friendly armistice that prevails.

"God Save the King" brought the exercises to a close.

The Alumni Association.

The ninth annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in connection with the Commencement Exercises of the University and shared in their success. The attendance of Alumni from out of the city was not large, but the city graduates were present in goodly number. In the absence of the President, Rev. W. T. Graham, of Brantford, presided, and made an excellent chairman. The papers dealt with interesting topics and showed thoughtful preparation. In every case they evoked stimulating discussions. These made it clear that, while holding to established truth, our graduates are alive to new currents of thought and are ready to grapple with the problems of the time.

At the first meeting on Monday Mr. R. C. Matthews dealt with "Some needs of McMaster," pointing out the only too evident requirements of the library, the necessity of amplifying the course in political economy in order to minister to the demands made by business and political life, and the financial limitations inevitable in respect of laboratory equipment in science. Regard-

ing the last he raised the question of taking advantage of the laboratories and instruction afforded by the province. In the evening about fifty graduates attended the Junior collation, and were delighted with the entertainment provided. The toast to the Alumni was proposed in a witty speech by Mr. G. W. Gorman, '05, and was responded to by Rev. W. T. Graham, who urged the graduating classes to remember what they owed to the state and the denomination.

On Tuesday, Rev. E. J. Stobo, Jr., reviewed Professor H. C. King's "Reconstruction in Theology." He gave a full account of the substance of the book, noting its strength and weakness, and declaring it to be on the whole destructive rather than constructive. Rev. J. D. Freeman's paper on "Wesley, Whitfield and Edwards" characterized these three great men with rare insight and genuine appreciation. It appears in full in this issue of THE MONTHLY, and will abundantly repay reading. On Wednesday morning Rev. P. C. Cameron read a comprehensive paper on "The Inspiration of the Scriptures." The discussion showed that there was practical unanimity of belief as to the fact of inspiration, but that there was not absolute clearness as to the method. In the afternoon Dr. Goodspeed contributed a scholarly paper on "The Fatherhood of God." An animated discussion followed, in which almost every member present took part.

At the business meeting a committee was appointed with power to act in the matter of a contribution to the library. It is expected that this committee will be heard from in the near future. A vote of thanks to all who had prepared papers was unanimously passed. The treasurer's report was adopted, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, R. C. Matthews, B.A.; First Vice-President, E. J. Stobo, Jr., B.A., B.D.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. A. M. Overholt, B.A.; Third Vice-President, J. C. Sycamore, M.A.; Fourth Vice-President, W. H. Wallace; Recording Secretary, G. H. Campbell, M.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, M.A. After the introduction of the newly-elected President by the chairman, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Norton, the meeting adjourned.

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: W. W. LAILEY, '04.

CLASS Naughty-Four held its final social gathering on the banks of the Humber River on Tuesday of Commencement week. The party went by city cars to the Humber boathouses, and thence by canoes and row boats to the rendezvous, the old mill. Here a light lunch was spread on the green sward. Being hungry after the unusual physical exertion the merrymakers fell to eagerly, and all that remains to tell the tale is a cairn of nutshells beneath a weeping willow. Refection over, class interests were discussed, and it was decided to organize the class permanently. The following officers were elected: President, W. W. Lailey; Vice-President, Miss M. Culver; Secretary, F. C. Mabee. The party then proceeded to the boathouses—mostly in twos, and at great intervals. Certain haunts on the river bank had a peculiar charm that afternoon. It is hoped that a reunion of the class will be held during Commencement week of 1908.

FIRST YEAR, OLD TESTAMENT.—"What immediately preceded exodus?" Freshman (to himself, "This is easy") "Genesis."

THE editor of this department finds his pen moving with some difficulty in recording these last events of the College year. The usual inspiration is lacking. The Halls are lifeless. The empty rooms and corridors, not long since the scene of excitement and conflict, now present the appearance of a deserted battle-ground strewn with the damage of a recent engagement. In one corner of the room are some old collars; in another a heap of *righteous* socks; in the centre a loose pile of old clothes containing all the articles necessary to make a gentleman's—or several gentlemen's—toilets complete; rising from the centre of this promiscuous collection, a sign, "For the Poor"; enough paraphernalia to supply every "Weary Willie" in the country with a completely new wardrobe. Amid such difficult surroundings we pen our brief valedictory. Before finally laying aside the duties of editorship we wish to acknowledge the cheerful and efficient work rendered by our reporters. Especially do Messrs. Mabee, McLaurin and Nobles deserve our thankful recognition of their services. Henceforth we leave the work in H. J. Cranston's hands. He is no untried journalist and we feel assured THE MONTHLY will not suffer by his appointment.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. J. SCOTT, B.A.

MR. ROBT. SHAW, B.A., '99, is principal of the public school in Richmond Hill, Ont.

REV. W. S. MCALPINE, B.A., '95, B. Th., '97, after a pastorate of six years in Georgetown, has accepted the pastorate of the church in Brampton.

THE name of Mr. D. C. MacIntosh, '03, was inadvertently omitted last month from the list of those who had contributed to the funds of the Alumni Association.

REV. M. D. COLTMAN, B.A., '01, assumed the pastorate of the Queen street church, St. Catharines, April 1st, after serving for some years the church in Brampton, Ont.

REV. A. E. HAYDON, B.A., '01, B.Th., '03, has resigned the pastorate of the Dresden church in order to go with the Eastern section of the evangelistic band during the summer months.

REV. A. G. CAMPBELL, B.A., '97, of Rockland, Ont., has been seriously ill with typhoid fever in the Protestant Hospital at Ottawa, but we are glad to report that he is now convalescent.

REV. W. J. MCKAY, B.A., B.Th., '87, B.D., '92, after several years' successful pastorate at Stratford, has resigned in order to assume the editorship of the Canadian Baptist. We congratulate Mr. McKay upon his worthy advancement.

W. C. GORDON, B.A., '01, was graduated this spring from the Michigan College of Mines, Houghton, Mich. In '03, Mr. Gordon received the degree of B. S., and this year that of E. M. Mr. Gordon has received the appointment of Assistant State Geologist of Michigan.

WE are belated with the following news, but are glad to inform our readers that on September 29, '03, R. M. Johnstone, B.A., '00, was united in marriage to Miss Mildred Otis, Seagrave, Ont. Mr. Johnstone is in attendance at Toronto University Medical College.

Rev. J. E. Miles, Theol. 03, was lately married to Miss Nellie Williams, of Bowmanville. Since graduation Mr. Miles has been pastor of the Scoten Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit. The Monthly extends its congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Miles.

Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, B.A., '94, has been awarded first prize ($30) in a prize essay competition of the Insurance Institute of Montreal, the subject being "Government Supervision of Insurance Companies." For some years Mr. Grigg has been on the staff of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Montreal.

S. R. Stephens, B.A., '98, has returned to British Columbia, from Manilla in the Philippines, where he has been principal of a large school, and expects to enter the pastorate again in the West. Mr. Stephens gives as his opinion that after the Japanese-Russian war is over there will be a large opening for teachers from McMaster in Japan.

In Winchester, Ont., on April 6, Rev. E. A. Brownlee, B. A., '01, B.Th., '03, was united in marriage to Miss E. M. Henderson, who also was a student at McMaster. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Cornwall, B.A., '00, assisted by Rev. T. M. Shields. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee and extend to them the best wishes of their Alma Mater.

Rev. M. C. McLean, B.A., '98, has resigned his pastorate of the Arnprior church to enter upon the pastorate of the church in Galt. Mr. McLean began work in Galt in the beginning of April. Rev. W. J. Pady, B.A., B.Th., '99, late pastor of Annette street church, Toronto Junction, has succeeded Mr. McLean in Arnprior, and Rev. Mr. LaFlair, '00 Theol., lately of Galt, has received and accepted the call of the Port Rowan and Erie View churches.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: J. H. Cranston, '05.

Even the most athletically inclined of our students have been living strenuously of late. The advent of spring examinations combined with the disappearance of the ice, caused a laying aside of sweaters, hockey sticks and other paraphernalia, and all settled

down for the semi-annual "cram." Consequently ye editor has but little to report this last month of the college year. The year has been a very successful one in many ways. Though we have won no championships we have been so close to it that we almost saw the glitter of those silver cups. In Rugby a margin of two points belonged to the other fellows, and in hockey our opponents came out with three goals more than we had. Of association football, the less said the better. Next year we hope to win the Rugby and hockey championships, and we shall make a try for the intermediate association cup. A. G. Vining, '05, is captain of the Rugby team; H. W. Wright, '05 of the association football team, and J. B. McArthur '05, of the hockey team. R. C. Bensen '96, is baseball captain. We hoped to have some matches before school broke up, but the unpropitious weather caused the cancelling of games arranged with Victoria College.

Our Cricketers.—Although we have no cricket team we have among our number some very fine cricketers. Frank S. Beddow, '06, who has signed as professional with the famous M. C. C., of London, England, for the summer, made top score in Canada last year with 150 runs. In the averages recently published he stands highest in Toronto with an average of 35.23 runs for eleven innings. J. B. McArthur '05, is third in the City League with an average of 20.56 runs for five innings. In the club matches he scored 17.53 runs per innings for fourteen innings and was fourth in the club. R. C. Reade of Varsity, a graduate of Woodstock College, was fifth with an average of 15.68 runs for nine innings.

Notes of Sport.—The hockey team has emulated the example of the Rugby football team and have faced the camera, with no dire results either to the camera or themselves. . . . The tennis courts to the east of McMaster hall have again been secured. . . . Most of our athletes of '04 will return for M. A. work or theology next year. We shall be without the services however of W. V. Poapst, E. G. Blackadar and E. H. Mihell, who have been prominent in our sports during their college career. . . . The usual spring game of "duck on the rock" has been sadly neglected this year. "Pitching coppers" has had about the usual number of devotees, and "leap frog" has occupied the attention of those seniors who have not been playing "flinch."

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARETTA GORDON.

WE are sorry to have several of our number called home through illness, Joy Cook, Jennie Hodson and Hope Simpson. We hope to see them back for the closing or when the school term begins in the fall.

WE were pleased to have with us in chapel services and in our prayer meetings the last few weeks. Mrs. Urquhart, Rev. Mr. Vichert, Mr. Stevens, of the China Inland Mission, Mr. Vining, Secretary of Missions in the Northwest, Chancellor Wallace and Dr. Sowerby.

AT our regular monthly meeting of the Heliconian last month we were favored with a piano solo by Miss Adams, who has been a student of music in Germany for some time.

BEFORE the Easter holidays Chancellor Wallace gave us a very interesting talk on Egypt and Palestine, giving us glimpses of the life of those living in the old world. The talk was made more interesting by pictures which showed the different places of interest.

THE graduating class gave its annual concert last month, which proved to be a great success. The chapel was filled to overflowing with interested friends. A short musical programme was rendered, after which pictures were shown representing heroines of fiction. The programme closed with shadow pictures representing "The Ballad of the Oyster Man," after which the friends were invited into the drawing-rooms, where a pleasant social hour was spent.

THOUGH tennis seemed to have lost favor last year, it is back again this spring and in greater favor than ever. The girls spend all their spare time on the tennis lawn. Basket ball, too, is calling forth great enthusiasm. We hope to play some other college in the near future.

The closing exercises will take place in Castle Memorial Hall, Tuesday, June 14th.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS : { E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.
G. GROBB.

ON April 15th the College enjoyed a lecture by Mr. J. W. Bengough. Unfortunately a very heavy snowfall prevented more than a small attendance from the city, but those who were present felt well repaid for their trouble.

THE College played a baseball match with the Collegiate on May 4th, and made a favorable score of 7 : 4.

MAY 24th is making its approach heard in the advent of fire cracker to the College. The early-rising "plugger" is also a sign of the times.

A recent visit from representatives of the Senate has resulted in the removal of about a dozen of the College trees to the saw mill. The front lawn now presents a rather desolate and forsaken appearance. Ralph Poole, however, declares that the Forestry Department of the College has been successfully opened.

THE College has entered the City Football League, for matches this spring.

ON April 21st the Judson Missionary Society was addressed by Mr. Priest, returned missionary from India. His talk on India was an instructive and interesting one.

AFTER five months' continuous firing the furnaces have been let out, and the lawn mower has been sent to be sharpened.

OWING to the week lost at Christmas the College will not close until June 8th this year. That date is marked a brilliant red on all the calendars about the College.

THE College congratulates its old boys now receiving B.A. and M.A. degrees at McMaster. May their tribe increase !

Here and There.

EDITOR : W. C. PEARCE, '04.

THE following is the exchange list for the month :—"The Manitoba College Journal," "The Athenæum," "The Advance," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "The O.A.C. Review," "McGill Outlook," "The Bowdoin Quill," "The P.E.I. Magazine," "Allisonia," "The William Jewell Student," "The College Review," "The Acadia Athenæum."

We always laugh at a teacher's jokes
No matter how bad they may be,
Not because they are really funny folks,
But because it's policy.—*Ex.*

"BAPTIST REVIEW AND EXPOSITOR."—Believing that there is a need and also an opportunity for a Baptist Quarterly in North America, the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary have entered the field of literature with a magazine bearing the above title. A high plane of exposition based upon sound exegesis, a reverent discussion of difficulties, attention to the constructive element in theology, and articles on theological and related subjects, and on all departments of church life and work, comprise the programme of the editors. The initial number is a feast of good things. The Virgin Birth, Is God's Moral Government Out of Order? Is Jesus Christ the Author of Religious Experience? The Code of Hammurabi and the Laws of Moses, are some of the articles. And the men who treat them are, Prof. M. L. Anderson, Rev. E. B. Pollard, President E. Y. Mullins, and Professor John R. Sampey, not to mention an Analysis of the Sermon on the Mount by our own Dr. Farmer. To those whose minds are alive to the questions of the hour, to those who need help and guidance, to those who need a tonic for their faith, and to all interested in the work of God's kingdom, the "Review and Expositor" will prove useful, a tower of strength and a source of inspiration and blessing. The annual subscription is $2.00.

DR. O. P. GIFFORD, of Buffalo, N.Y., is responsible for the following :—

In the church's field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
You will find the average Christian
Represented by his wife.

School Humor.

A Good Excuse.—Some boys in an English school were requested to write a short letter to the master. One pupil added a P.S., which ran : "Please excuse bad writin an spellin as I arent taught any better."

His Ambition.—Uncle—"Well, Tommy, my little man, what are you going to do when you grow up?" Tommy—"I'm goin' to grow a beard." Uncle—"What for?" Tommy—"So's I wont have so much face to wash."

Elijah's Sacrifice.—A scripture examination was being held in an English school, the lesson being Elijah's offering of a sacrifice on Mount Carmel. As the children looked like good scholars the Inspector gave them a question, saying, "Now, you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar. Why did he put water around the altar?" The children looked up amazed, except one little boy, who stood up and said, "Please, sir, to make the gravey."

Matrimony.—"What do you think of matrimony?" someone asked Franklin. He replied, "I think as those who deny purgatory; it locally contains either heaven or hell; there is no third place in it." This reminds us of a priest who asked, when examining a class in the south of Ireland, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" "It's a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "That," said the curate, "is purgatory; put her down to the bottom of the class." "Leave her alone," said the parish priest, "for anything you or I know to the contrary she may be perfectly right."

Protests from Parents.—"Miss Brown—You must stop teaching my Lizzie fisical torture. She needs yet readin' and figers mit sums more as that. If I want her to do jumpin' I can make her jump.—Mrs. Canavousky." "Miss Jones—My boy tells me that when I trink beer der overcoat from my stummack gets to think. Please be so kind and don't interfere in my family affairs.—Isaac Schwartz."—*P.E.I. Magazine.*

Together they floated onward,
  Free from troubles and cares,
All is sunk in a perfect trust,
  The whole wide world is their's.

Have we a youth with a maiden fair?
  No, hardly that—you see
Merely some bloated billionaires
  A-floating a company.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A PRAYER.

In blackest dark or brightest light,
If pain be great and pleasure slight,
At victor's morn or victim's night,
Still spare to us the manly might.

We pray, O God, this prayer to Thee,
To live our lives courageously,
To play our part—for Thou wilt see
If foul hold sway where fair should be.—*Ex.*

How it Sounded.—To "stump" the teacher used to be the desire of every student, but it has remained for a Chicago coed to accomplish the unparalleled feat of shocking the professor. The following tale relates how Mr. Bruere of the English Department was one day thrown into utter confusion by a question fired at him by one of the women students. The class was discussing Hades from a literary standpoint, and locating all the places of interest. One of the women was evidently puzzled over the geography of the Mephistophelian kingdom. She sat for a time deep in thought and then suddenly, in a moment of silence, she blurted out, "Mr. Bruere, where in Hell is Purgatory?"—*The Monthly Maroon.*

BLOMIDON.

This is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
  Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
  Whose top austere withdraws into the mist.
This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
  Whose towering front inviolable frowns
O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm—
  Whose fame thy song, O tender singer, crowns.
Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,
  Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
What profit now to know if just the doom,
  Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
  The poet's deathless music—these remain!

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

"Young man," said the embryonic preacher, as he took the misguided freshman by the shoulders, "I believe Satan has hold of you." "I believe he has," was the reply.—*Ex.*

The pastor of a country congregation, who had just received a donation from his people, gave out the hymn, "Still there's more to follow." And then the good man wondered why everybody smiled.—*Ex.*

DEAR CHILDREN.—Wee Willie—"I say, faither!" Father—"Noo, I suppose yer gaun tae ask anither redeeklous question. I've told ye already that I dinna ken whether a man who does guid is a good-doer or a do-gooder, or whether the seat of war is what the standing army sits doon on when it's tired, or when a man's fallin' in the comic pictures why his hat is aye up in the air, and sticks there, and never comes doon. If it's one o' thay sully questions, off ye go tae bed; mind that." Wee Willie—"But it' no sully this time, faither." Father—"Well, what is it, then." Wee Wlllie—"What did the Dead Sea dee o'?" Father—"Aff tae bed this meenit!"

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

Winter and his blast
  Cause a man to cower,
And by the winter fire sit fast
  Many an hour.

But May and her fair kind,
  The Flower and the Leaf,
Burgeon in a sad man's mind,
  Change his grief.

Then for one brief hour
  He may sing,
With the green leaf and the flower
  And the Spring.

—*Ernest Rhys in Harpers' Magazine.*

HERE is the latest popular toast in regular army circles: To the Ladies:

Our arms your defense,
Your arms our recompense.
  Fall in!—*Ex.*

"SEE here," said the poet to the editor, "that cheque you sent me for my poem is no good." "Neither is the poem," answered the editor. "Please close the door."—*Ex.*

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